THE

PSALMS OF DAVID

IN

METRE.

TRANSLATED, AND DILIGENTLY COMPARED

WITH THE

ORIGINAL TEXT,

AND

FORMER TRANSLATIONS.

MORE PLAIN, SMOOTH, AND AGREEABLE TO THE TEXT, THAN ANY HERETOFORE.

ALLOWED BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE KIRK OF *SCOTLAND*,
AND APPOINTED TO BE SUNG IN CONGREGATIONS AND FAMILIES.

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THE PSALMS OF DAVID IN METRE.

PSALM I.

1 THAT man hath perfect bleſſedneſs
who walketh not aſtray
In counſel of ungodly men,
nor ſtands in ſinners' way,
Nor ſitteth in the ſcorner's chair:
2 But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
on his law day and night.

3 He ſhall be like a tree that grows
near planted by a river,
Which in his ſeaſon yields his fruit,
and his leaf fadeth never:
And all he do'th ſhall proſper well.
4 The wicked are not ſo;
But like they are unto the chaff,
which wind drives to and fro.

5 In judgment therefore ſhall not ſtand
ſuch as ungodly are;
Nor in th' aſſembly of the juſt
ſhall wicked men appear.
6 For why? the way of godly men
unto the Lord is known:
Whereas the way of wicked men
ſhall quite be overthrown.

PSALM II.

1 WHY rage the Heathen? and vain things
why do the people mind?
2 Kings of the earth do ſet themſelves,
and princes are combin'd,
To plot againſt the Lord, and his
Anointed, ſaying thus,
3 Let us aſunder break their bands,
and caſt their cords from us.

4 He that in heaven ſits ſhall laugh;
the Lord ſhall ſcorn them all:
5 Then ſhall he ſpeak to them in wrath,
in rage he vex them ſhall.
6 Yet, notwithſtanding, I have him
to be my King appointed;
And over Sion, my holy hill,
I have him King anointed.

7 The ſure decree I will declare;
The Lord hath ſaid to me,
Thou art mine only Son; this day
I have begotten thee.
8 Aſk of me, and for heritage
the Heathen I'll make thine;
And for poſſeſſion I to thee
will give earth's utmoſt line.

9 Thou ſhalt, as with a weighty rod
of iron, break them all;
And, as a potter's ſherd, thou ſhalt
them daſh in pieces ſmall.
10 Now, therefore, kings, be wiſe; be taught,
ye judges of the earth;
11 Serve God in fear, and ſee that ye
join trembling with your mirth.

12 Kiſs ye the Son, leſt in his ire
ye periſh from the way,
If once his wrath begin to burn.
Bleſs'd all that on him ſtay.

PSALM III.

1 O LORD, how are my foes increas'd?
againſt me many riſe.
2 Many ſay of my ſoul, For him
in God no ſuccour lies.
3 Yet thou my ſhield and glory art,
th' uplifter of mine head.
4 I cry'd, and from his holy hill
the Lord me anſwer made.

5 I laid me down and ſlept, I wak'd;
for God ſuſtained me.
6 I will not fear though thouſands ten
ſet round againſt me be.
7 Ariſe, O Lord; ſave me, my God;
for thou my foes haſt ſtroke
All on the cheekbone, and the teeth
of wicked men haſt broke.

8 Salvation doth appertain
unto the Lord alone:
Thy bleſſing, Lord, for evermore
thy people is upon.

PSALM IV.

1 GIVE ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs:
Have mercy, hear my pray'r; thou haſt
enlarg'd me in diſtreſs.
2 O ye the ſons of men! how long
will ye love vanities?
How long my glory turn to ſhame,
and will ye follow lyes?

3 But know, that for himſelf the Lord
the godly man doth chooſe:
The Lord, when I on him do call,
to hear will not refuſe.
4 Fear, and ſin not; talk with your heart
on bed, and ſilent be.
5 Off'rings preſent of righteouſneſs,
and in the Lord truſt ye.

6 O who will ſhew us any good?
is that which many ſay:
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.
7 Upon my heart beſtow'd by thee
more gladneſs I have found
Than they, even then when corn and
did moſt with them abound. [wine

8 I will both lay me down in peace,
and quiet ſleep will take;
Becauſe thou only me to dwell
in ſafety, Lord, doſt make.

PSALM V.

1 GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord,
my meditation weigh.
2 Hear my loud cry, my King, my God,
for I to thee will pray.
3 Lord, thou ſhalt early hear my voice:
I early will direct
My pray'r to thee; and, looking up,
an anſwer will expect.

4 For thou art not a God that doth
in wickedneſs delight;
Neither ſhall evil dwell with thee:
5 Nor fools ſtand in thy ſight.
All that ill-doers are thou hat'ſt;
6 Cutt'ſt off that lyars be:
The bloody and deceitful man
abhorred is by thee.

7 But I into thy houſe will come
in thine abundant grace;
And I will worſhip in thy fear
toward thy holy place.
8 Becauſe of thoſe mine enemies,
Lord, in thy righteouſneſs
Do thou me lead; do thou thy way
make ſtraight before my face.

9 For in their mouth there is no truth,
their inward part is ill;
Their throat's an open ſepulchre,
their tongue doth flatter ſtill.
10 O God, deſtroy them; let them be
by their own counſel quell'd:
Them for their many ſins caſt out,
for they 'gainſt thee rebell'd.

11 But let all joy that truſt in thee,
and ſtill make ſhouting noiſe;
For them thou ſav'ſt: let all that love
thy name in thee rejoice.
12 For, Lord, unto the righteous man
thou wilt thy bleſſing yield:
With favour thou wilt compaſs him
about, as with a ſhield.

PSALM VI.

1 LORD, in thy wrath rebuke me not;
nor in thy hot rage chaſten me.
2 Lord, pity me, for I am weak:
heal me, for my bones vexed be.
3 My ſoul is alſo vexed ſore;
but, Lord, how long ſtay wilt thou
4 Return, O Lord, my ſoul ſet free: [make?
O ſave me for thy mercy's ſake.

5 Becauſe thoſe that deceaſed are
of thee ſhall no remembrance have;
And who is he that will to thee
give praiſes lying in the grave?
6 I with my groaning weary am,
I alſo all the night my bed
Have cauſed for to ſwim; and I
with tears my couch have watered.

7 Mine eye, conſum'd with grief, grows
becauſe of all mine enemies. [old,
8 Hence from me, wicked workers all;
for God hath heard my weeping cries.
9 God hath my ſupplication heard,
my pray'r received graciouſly.
10 Sham'd and ſore vex'd be all my foes,
ſham'd and back turned ſuddenly.

Another of the ſame.

1 IN thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not;
Nor on me lay thy chaſt'ning hand
in thy diſpleaſure hot.
2 Lord, I am weak, therefore on me
have mercy, and me ſpare:
Heal me, O Lord, becauſe thou know'ſt
my bones much vexed are.

5 My ſoul is vexed ſore: but, Lord,
how long ſtay wilt thou make?
4 Return, Lord, free my ſoul, and ſave
me for thy mercy's ſake.
5 Becauſe of thee in death there ſhall
no more remembrance be:
Of thoſe that in the grave do lie
who ſhall give thanks to thee?
6 I with my groaning weary am,
and all the night my bed
I cauſed for to ſwim; with tears
my couch I watered.
7 By reaſon of my vexing grief
mine eye conſumed is;
It waxeth old, becauſe of all
that be mine enemies.
8 But now, depart from me all ye
that work iniquity:
For why? the Lord hath heard my voice,
when I did mourn and cry.
9 Unto my ſupplication
the Lord did hearing give:
When I to him my prayer make,
the Lord will it receive.
10 Let all be ſham'd and troubled ſore
that en'mies are to me;
Let them turn back, and ſuddenly
aſhamed let them be.

PSALM VII.

1 O LORD my God, in thee do I
my confidence repoſe:
Save and deliver me from all
my perſecuting foes.
2 Leſt that the enemy my ſoul
ſhould, like a lion, tear,
In pieces rending it, while there
is no deliverer.
3 O Lord my God, if it be ſo
that I committed this;
If it be ſo that in my hands
iniquity there is:
4 If I rewarded ill to him
that was at peace with me;
(Yea, ev'n the man that without cauſe
my foe was I did free;)
5 Then let the foe purſue and take
my ſoul, and my life thruſt
Down to the earth, and let him lay
mine honour in the duſt.
6 Riſe in thy wrath, Lord, raiſe thyſelf,
for my foes raging be;
And, to the judgment which thou haſt
commanded, wake for me.
7 So ſhall th' aſſembly of thy folk
about encompaſs thee:
Thou, therefore, for their ſakes, return
unto thy place on high.
8 The Lord he ſhall the people judge:
my judge, Jehovah, be,
After my righteouſneſs, and mine
integrity in me.
9 O let the wicked's malice end;
but ſtabliſh ſtedfaſtly
The righteous: for the righteous God
the hearts and reins doth try.
10 In God, who ſaves th' upright in heart,
is my defence and ſtay.
11 God juſt men judgeth, God is wroth
with ill men ev'ry day.
12 If he do not return again,
then he his ſword will whet;
His bow he hath already bent,
and hath it ready ſet:
13 He alſo hath for him prepar'd
the inſtruments of death;
Againſt the perſecutors he
his ſhafts ordained hath.
14 Behold, he with iniquity
doth travail, as in birth;
A miſchief he conceived hath,
and falſehood ſhall bring forth.
15 He made a pit, and digg'd it deep,
another there to take;
But he has fall'n into the ditch
which he himſelf did make.
16 Upon his own head his miſchief
ſhall be returned home;
His vi'lent dealing alſo down
on his own pate ſhall come.
17 According to his righteouſneſs
the Lord I'll magnify;
And will ſing praiſe unto the name
of God that is moſt high.

PSALM VIII.

1 HOW excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!
Who haſt thy glory far advanc'd
above the ſtarry frame.
2 From infants and from ſucklings' mouth
thou diddeſt ſtrength ordain,
For thy foes' cauſe, that ſo thou might'ſt
th' avenging foe reſtrain.
3 When I look up unto the heav'ns,
which thine own fingers fram'd,
Unto the moon, and to the ſtars,
which were by thee ordain'd;
4 Then ſay I, What is man, that he
remember'd is by thee?
Or what the ſon of man, that thou
ſo kind to him ſhould'ſt be?
5 For thou a little lower haſt
him than the angels made;
With glory and with dignity
thou crowned haſt his head.
6 Of thy hands' works thou mad'ſt him lord,
all under's feet didſt lay;
7 All ſheep and oxen, yea, and beaſts
that in the field do ſtray;
8 Fowls of the air, fiſh of the ſea,
all that paſs through the ſame.
9 How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!

PSALM IX.

1 LORD, thee I'll praiſe with all my
thy wonders all proclaim. [heart,
2 In thee, moſt high, I'll gladly joy,
and ſing unto thy name.
3 When back my foes were turn'd they
and periſh'd at thy ſight: [fell,
4 For thou maintain'dſt my right and cauſe;
on throne ſatt'ſt judging right.
5 The Heathen thou rebuked haſt,
the wicked overthrown;
Thou haſt put out their names, that they
may never more be known.
6 O en'my! now deſtructions have
an end perpetual:
Thou cities raz'd, periſh'd with them
is their memorial.
7 God ſhall endure for aye; he doth
for judgment ſet his throne;
8 In righteouſneſs to judge the world,
juſtice to give each one.
9 God alſo will a refuge be
for thoſe that are oppreſs'd;
A refuge will he be in times
of trouble to diſtreſs'd.
10 And they that know thy name, in thee
their confidence will place:
For thou haſt not forſaken them
that truly ſeek thy face.
11 O ſing ye praiſes to the Lord
that dwells in Sion hill,
And all the nations among
his deeds record ye ſtill.
12 When he enquireth after blood,
he then rememb'reth them;
The humble folk he not forgets
that call upon his name.
13 Lord, pity me; behold the grief
which I from foes ſuſtain;
Ev'n thou, who from the gates of death
doſt raiſe me up again;
14 That I in Sion's daughters' gates
may all thy praiſe advance;
And that I may rejoice always
in thy deliverance.
15 The Heathen are ſunk in the pit
which they themſelves prepar'd;
And in the net which they have hid
their own feet faſt are ſnar'd.
16 The Lord is by the judgment known
which he himſelf hath wrought:
The ſinners' hands do make the ſnares
wherewith themſelves are caught.
17 They who are wicked into hell
each one ſhall turned be;
And all the nations that forget
to ſeek the Lord moſt high.
18 For they that needy are ſhall not
forgotten be alway;
The expectation of the poor
ſhall not be loſt for ay.
19 Ariſe, Lord, let not man prevail;
judge Heathen in thy ſight.
20 That they may know themſelves but men,
the nations, Lord, affright.

PSALM X.

1 WHEREFORE is it that thou, O Lord,
doſt ſtand from us afar? [
And wherefore hideſt thou thyſelf
when times ſo troublous are?
2 The wicked in his loftineſs
doth perſecute the poor:
In theſe devices they have fram'd
let them be taken ſure.
3 The wicked of his heart's deſire
doth talk with boaſting great;
He bleſſeth him that's covetous,
whom yet the Lord doth hate.
4 The wicked, through his pride of face,
on God he doth not call;
And in the counſels of his heart
the Lord is not at all.
5 His ways they always grievous are;
thy judgments from his ſight
Removed are: at all his foes
he puffeth with deſpight.

6 Within

6 Within his heart he thus hath ſaid,
I ſhall not moved be;
And no adverſity at all
ſhall ever come to me.
7 His mouth with curſing, fraud, deceit,
is fill'd abundantly;
And underneath his tongue there is
miſchief and vanity.
8 He cloſely ſits in villages;
he ſlays the innocent:
Againſt the poor that paſs him by
his cruel eyes are bent.
9 He, lion-like, lurks in his den;
he waits the poor to take:
And, when he draws him in his net,
his prey he doth him make.
10 Himſelf he humbleth very low,
he croucheth down withal,
That ſo a multitude of poor
may by his ſtrong ones fall.
11 He thus hath ſaid within his heart,
The Lord hath quite forgot;
He hides his countenance, and he
for ever ſees it not.
12 O Lord, do thou ariſe; O God,
lift up thine hand on high;
Put not the meek afflicted ones
out of thy memory.
13 Why is it that the wicked man
thus doth the Lord deſpiſe?
Becauſe that God will it require
he in his heart denies.
14 Thou haſt it ſeen; for their miſchief
and ſpite thou wilt repay:
The poor commits himſelf to thee;
thou art the orphans' ſtay.
15 The arm break of the wicked man,
and of the evil one;
Do thou ſeek out his wickedneſs,
until thou findeſt none.
16 The Lord is king through ages all,
even to eternity;
The Heathen people from his land
are periſh'd utterly.
17 O Lord, of thoſe that humble are
thou the deſire didſt hear;
Thou wilt prepare their heart, and thou
to hear wilt bend thine ear;
18 To judge the fatherleſs, and thoſe
that are oppreſſed ſore;
That man, that is but ſprung of earth,
may them oppreſs no more.

PSALM XI.

1 IN the Lord do put my truſt;
how is it then that ye
Say to my ſoul, Flee, as a bird,
unto your mountain high?
2 For, lo, the wicked bend their bow,
their ſhafts on ſtring they fit,
That thoſe who upright are in heart
they privily may hit.
3 If the foundations be deſtroy'd,
what hath the righteous done?
4 God in his holy temple is,
in heaven is his throne:
His eyes do ſee, his eyelids try
5 men's ſons. The juſt he proves:
But his ſoul hates the wicked man,
and him that vi'lence loves.
6 Snares, fire and brimſtone, furious ſtorms,
on ſinners he ſhall rain:
This, as the portion of their cup,
doth unto them pertain.
7 Becauſe the Lord moſt righteous doth
in righteouſneſs delight;
And with a pleaſant countenance
beholdeth the upright.

PSALM XII.

1 HELP, Lord, becauſe the godly man
doth daily fade away,
And from among the ſons of men
the faithful do decay.
2 Unto his neighbour ev'ry one
doth utter vanity;
They with a double heart do ſpeak,
and lips of flattery.
3 God ſhall cut off all flatt'ring lips,
tongues that ſpeak proudly thus,
4 We'll with our tongue prevail, our lips
are our's; who's lord o'er us?
5 For poor oppreſs'd, and for the ſighs
of needy, riſe will I,
Saith God, and him in ſafety ſet
from ſuch as him defy.
6 The words of God are words moſt pure;
they be like ſilver try'd
In earthen furnace, ſeven times
that hath been purify'd.
7 Lord, thou ſhalt them preſerve and keep
for ever from this race.
8 On each ſide walk the wicked, when
vile men are high in place.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
ſhall it for ever be?
O how long ſhall it be that thou
wilt hide thy face from me?
2 How long take counſel in my ſoul,
ſtill ſad in heart, ſhall I?
How long exalted over me
ſhall be mine enemy?
3 O Lord my God, conſider well,
and anſwer to me make:
Mine eyes enlighten, leſt the ſleep
of death me overtake:
4 Leſt that mine enemy ſhould ſay,
Againſt him I prevail'd;
And thoſe that trouble me rejoice
when I am mov'd and fail'd.
5 But I have all my confidence
thy mercy ſet upon;
My heart within me ſhall rejoice
in thy ſalvation.
6 I will unto the Lord my God
ſing praiſes cheerfully,
Becauſe he hath his bounty ſhown
to me abundantly.

PSALM XIV.

1 THAT there is not a God, the fool
doth in his heart conclude:
They are corrupt, their works are vile;
not one of them do'th good.
2 Upon men's ſons the Lord from heav'n
did caſt his eyes abroad,
To ſee if any underſtood,
and did ſeek after God.
3 They altogether filthy are,
they all aſide are gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
yea, ſure there is not one.
4 Theſe workers of iniquity
do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
and on God do not call?
5 There fear'd they much; for God is with
the whole race of the juſt.
6 You ſhame the counſel of the poor,
becauſe God is his truſt.
7 Let Iſr'el's help from Sion come;
when back the Lord ſhall bring
His captives, Jacob ſhall rejoice,
and Iſrael ſhall ſing.

PSALM XV.

1 WITHIN thy tabernacle, Lord,
who ſhall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill
who ſhall a dweller be?
2 The man that walketh uprightly,
and worketh righteouſneſs,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
ſo doth he truth expreſs.
3 Who doth not ſlander with his tongue,
nor to his friend do'th hurt;
Nor yet againſt his neighbour doth
take up an ill report.
4 In whoſe eyes vile men are deſpis'd;
but thoſe that God do fear
He honoureth; and changeth not,
though to his hurt he ſwear.
5 His coin puts not to uſury,
nor take reward will he
Againſt the guiltleſs. Who do'th thus
ſhall never moved be.

PSALM XVI.

1 LORD, keep me; for I truſt in thee.
2 To God thus was my ſpeech,
Thou art my Lord, and unto thee
my goodneſs doth not reach:
3 To ſaints on earth, to th' excellent,
where my delight's all plac'd.
4 Their ſorrows ſhall be multiply'd
to other gods that haſte:
Of their drink-offerings of blood
I will no off'ring make;
Yea, neither I their very names
up in my lips will take.
5 God is of mine inheritance
and cup the portion;
The lot that fallen is to me
thou doſt maintain alone.
6 Unto me happily the lines
in pleaſant places fell;
Yea, the inheritance I got
in beauty doth excel.
7 I bleſs the Lord, becauſe he doth
by counſel me conduct;
And in the ſeaſons of the night
my reins do me inſtruct.
8 Before me ſtill the Lord I ſet:
ſith it is ſo that he
Doth ever ſtand at my right hand,
I ſhall not moved be.
9 Becauſe of this my heart is glad,
and joy ſhall be expreſt:
Ev'n by my glory; and my fleſh
in confidence ſhall reſt.

10 Becauſe my ſoul in grave to dwell
ſhall not be left by thee;
Nor wilt thou give thine holy One
corruption to ſee.
11 Thou wilt me ſhew the path of life:
of joys there is full ſtore
Before thy face; at thy right hand
are pleaſures evermore.

PSALM XVII.

1 LORD, hear the right, attend my cry,
unto my pray'r give heed,
That doth not in hypocriſy
from feigned lips proceed.
2 And from before thy preſence forth
my ſentence do thou ſend:
Toward thoſe things that equal are
do thou thine eyes intend.
3 Thou prov'dſt mine heart, thou viſit'dſt me
by night, thou didſt me try,
Yet nothing found'ſt; for that my mouth
ſhall not ſin purpos'd I.
4 As for men's works, I, by the word
that from thy lips doth flow,
Did me preſerve out of the paths
wherein deſtroyers go.
5 Hold up my goings, Lord, me guide
in thoſe thy paths divine,
So that my footſteps may not ſlide
out of thoſe ways of thine.
6 I called have on thee, O God,
becauſe thou wilt me hear:
That thou may'ſt hearken to my ſpeech,
to me incline thine ear.
7 Thy wondrous loving-kindneſs ſhew,
thou that, by thy right hand,
Sav'ſt them that truſt in thee from thoſe
that up againſt them ſtand.
8 As th' apple of the eye me keep;
in thy wings ſhade me cloſe
9 From lew'd oppreſſors, compaſſing
me round, as deadly foes.
10 In their own fat they are inclos'd;
their mouth ſpeaks loftily.
11 Our ſteps they compaſs'd; and to ground
down bowing ſet their eye.
12 He like unto a lion is
that's greedy of his prey,
Or lion young, which, lurking, doth
in ſecret places ſtay.
13 Ariſe and diſappoint my foe,
and caſt him down, O Lord:
My ſoul ſave from the wicked man,
the man which is thy ſword.
14 From men, which are thy hand, O Lord,
from worldly men me ſave,
Which only in this preſent life
their part and portion have:
Whoſe belly with thy treaſure hid
thou fill'ſt: they children have
In plenty; of their goods the reſt
they to their children leave.
15 But as for me, I thine own face
in righteouſneſs will ſee;
And with thy likeneſs, when I wake,
I ſatisfy'd ſhall be.

PSALM XVIII.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my ſtrength.
2 My fortreſs is the Lord,
My rock, and he that doth to me
deliverance afford:
My God, my ſtrength, whom I will truſt,
a buckler unto me,
The horn of my ſalvation,
and my high tow'r, is he.

3 Upon the Lord, who worthy is
of praiſes, will I cry;
And then ſhall I preſerved be
ſafe from mine enemy.
4 Floods of ill men affrighted me,
death's pangs about me went;
5 Hell's ſorrows me environed;
death's ſnares did me prevent.

6 In my diſtreſs I call'd on God,
cry to my God did I:
He from his temple heard my voice,
to his ears came my cry.
7 Th' earth as affrighted, then did ſhake,
trembling upon it ſeiz'd:
The hills' foundations moved were,
becauſe he was diſpleas'd.

8 Up from his noſtrils came a ſmoke,
and from his mouth there came
Devouring fire, and coals by it
were turned into flame.
9 He alſo bowed down the heav'ns,
and thence he did deſcend;
And thickeſt clouds of darkneſs did
under his feet attend.

10 And he upon a cherub rode,
and thereon he did fly;
Yea, on the ſwift wings of the wind
his flight was from on high.
11 He darkneſs made his ſecret place:
about him, for his tent,
Dark waters were, and thickeſt clouds
of th' airy firmament.

12 And at the brightneſs of that light,
which was before his eye,
His thick clouds paſs'd away, hailſtones
and coals of fire did fly.
13 The Lord God alſo in the heav'ns
did thunder in his ire;
And there the Higheſt gave his voice,
hailſtones and coals of fire.

14 Yea, he his arrows ſent abroad,
and them he ſcattered;
His lightnings alſo he ſhot out,
and them diſcomfited.
15 The waters' channels then were ſeen,
the world's foundations vaſt
At thy rebuke diſcover'd were,
and at thy noſtrils' blaſt.

16 And from above the Lord ſent down,
and took me from below;
From many waters he me drew,
which would me overflow.
17 He me reliev'd from my ſtrong foes,
and ſuch as did me hate;
Becauſe he ſaw that they for me
too ſtrong were, and too great.

18 They me prevented in the day
of my calamity;
But even then the Lord himſelf
a ſtay was unto me.
19 He to a place where liberty
and room was hath me brought;
Becauſe he took delight in me,
he my deliv'rance wrought.

20 According to my righteouſneſs
he did me recompenſe,
He me repaid according to
my hands' pure innocence.
21 For I God's ways kept, from my God
did not turn wickedly.
22 His judgments were before me, I
his laws put not from me.

23 Sincere before him was my heart,
with him upright was I:
And watchfully I kept myſelf
from mine iniquity.
24 After my righteouſneſs the Lord
hath recompenſed me,
After the cleanneſs of my hands
appearing in his eye.

25 Thou gracious to the gracious art,
to upright men upright:
26 Pure to the pure, froward thou kyth'ſt
unto the froward wight.
27 For thou wilt the afflicted ſave
in grief that low do lie:
But wilt bring down the countenance
of them whoſe looks are high.

28 The Lord will light my candle ſo,
that it ſhall ſhine full bright:
The Lord my God will alſo make
my darkneſs to be light.
29 By thee through troops of men I break,
and them diſcomfit all;
And, by my God aſſiſting me,
I over-leap a wall.

30 As for God, perfect is his way:
the Lord his word is try'd;
He is a buckler to all thoſe
who do in him confide.
31 Who but the Lord is God? but he
who is a rock and ſtay?
32 'Tis God that girdeth me with ſtrength,
and perfect makes my way.

33 He made my feet ſwift as the hind's,
ſet me on my high places.
34 Mine hands to war he taught, mine arms
brake bows of ſteel in pieces.
35 The ſhield of thy ſalvation
thou didſt on me beſtow:
Thy right hand held me up, and great
thy kindneſs made me grow.

36 And in my way my ſteps thou haſt
enlarged under me,
That I go ſafely, and my feet
are kept from ſliding free.
37 Mine en'mies I purſued have,
and did them overtake;
Nor did I turn again till I
an end of them did make.

38 I wounded them, they could not riſe;
they at my feet did fall.
39 Thou girdedſt me with ſtrength for war;
my foes thou brought'ſt down all.
40 And thou haſt giv'n to me the necks
of all mine enemies;
That I might them deſtroy and ſlay,
who did againſt me riſe.

41 They cried out, but there was none
that would or could them ſave;
Yea, they did cry unto the Lord,
but he no anſwer gave.

42 Then

42 Then did I beat them ſmall as duſt
before the wind that flies;
And I did caſt them out like dirt
upon the ſtreet that lies.

43 Thou mad'ſt me free from people's ſtriſe,
and Heathen's head to be:
A people whom I have not known
ſhall ſervice do to me.

44 At hearing they ſhall me obey,
to me they ſhall ſubmit.

45 Strangers for fear ſhall fade away,
who in cloſe places ſit.

46 God lives, bleſs'd be my rock; the God
of my health praiſed be.

47 God doth avenge me, and ſubdues
the people under me.

48 He ſaves me from mine enemies;
yea, thou haſt lifted me
Above my foes; and from the man
of vi'lence ſet me free.

49 Therefore to thee will I give thanks
the Heathen folk among;
And to thy name, O Lord, I will
ſing praiſes in a ſong.

50 He great deliv'rance gives his king:
he mercy doth extend
To David, his anointed one,
and his ſeed without end.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE heav'ns God's glory do declare,
the ſkies his hand-works preach:

2 Day utters ſpeech to day, and night
to night doth knowledge teach.

3 There is no ſpeech nor tongue to which
their voice doth not extend:

4 Their line is gone through all the earth,
their words to the world's end.
In them he ſet the ſun a tent;

5 Who, bridegroom like, forth goes
From's chamber, as a ſtrong man doth
to run his race rejoice.

6 From heav'n's end is his going forth,
circling to th' end again;
And there is nothing from his heat
that hidden doth remain.

7 God's law is perfect, and converts
the ſoul in ſin that lies:
God's teſtimony is moſt ſure,
and makes the ſimple wiſe.

8 The ſtatutes of the Lord are right,
and do rejoice the heart:
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
light to the eyes impart.

9 Unſpotted is the fear of God,
and doth endure for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true
and righteous altogether.

10 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
to be deſired are:
Than honey, honey from the comb,
that droppeth, ſweeter far.

11 Moreover, they thy ſervant warn
how he his life ſhould frame;
A great reward provided is
for them that keep the ſame.

12 Who can his errors underſtand?
O cleanſe thou me within

13 From ſecret faults. Thy ſervant keep
from all preſumptuous ſin:
And do not ſuffer them to have
dominion over me:
Then, righteous and innocent,
I from much ſin ſhall be.

14 The words which from my mouth proceed,
the thoughts ſent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for thou my ſtrength
and my Redeemer art.

PSALM XX.

1 JEHOVAH hear thee in the day
when trouble he doth ſend;
And let the name of Jacob's God
thee from all ill defend.

2 O let him help ſend from above,
out of his ſanctuary:
From Sion, his own holy hill,
let him give ſtrength to thee.

3 Let him remember all thy gifts,
accept thy ſacrifice:

4 Grant thee thine heart's wiſh, and fulfil
thy thoughts and counſel wiſe.

5 In thy ſalvation we will joy;
in our God's name we will
Diſplay our banners: and the Lord
thy prayers all fulfil.

6 Now know I God his king doth ſave:
he from his holy heav'n
Will hear him, with the ſaving ſtrength
by his own right hand giv'n.

7 In chariots ſome put confidence,
ſome horſes truſt upon:
But we remember will the name
of our Lord God alone.

8 We riſe, and upright ſtand, when they
are bowed down, and fall.

9 Deliver, Lord; and let the King
us hear when we do call.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE king in thy great ſtrength, O Lord,
ſhall very joyful be:
In thy ſalvation rejoice
how veh'mently ſhall he!

2 Thou haſt beſtowed upon him
all that his heart would have,
And thou from him didſt not with-hold
whate'er his lips did crave.

3 For thou with bleſſings him prevent'ſt
of goodneſs manifold;
And thou haſt ſet upon his head
a crown of pureſt gold.

4 When he deſired life of thee,
thou life to him didſt give;
Ev'n ſuch a length of days, that he
for evermore ſhould live.

5 In that ſalvation wrought by thee
his glory is made great;
Honour and comely majeſty
thou haſt upon him ſet.

6 Becauſe that thou for evermore
moſt bleſſed haſt him made;
And thou haſt with thy countenance
made him exceeding glad:

7 Becauſe the king upon the Lord
his confidence doth lay;
And through the grace of the moſt High
ſhall not be mov'd away.

8 Thine hand ſhall all thoſe men find out
that en'mies are to thee:
Ev'n thy right hand ſhall find out thoſe
of thee that haters be.

9 Like fiery ov'n thou ſhalt them make,
when kindled is thine ire;
God ſhall them ſwallow in his wrath,
devour them ſhall the fire.

10 Their fruit from earth thou ſhalt deſtroy,
their ſeed men from among:

11 For they beyond their might 'gainſt thee
did plot miſchief and wrong.

12 Thou therefore ſhalt make them turn back,
when thou thy ſhafts ſhalt place
Upon thy ſtrings, made ready all
to fly againſt their face.

13 In thy great pow'r and ſtrength, O Lord,
be thou exalted high;
So ſhall we ſing with joyful hearts,
thy power praiſe ſhall we.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why haſt thou me
forſaken? why ſo far
Art thou from helping me, and from
my words that roaring are?

2 All day, my God, to thee I cry,
yet am not heard by thee;
And in the ſeaſon of the night
I cannot ſilent be.

3 But thou art holy, thou that doſt
inhabit Iſr'el's praiſe.

4 Our fathers hop'd in thee, they hop'd,
and thou didſt them releaſe.

5 When unto thee they ſent their cry,
to them deliv'rance came:
Becauſe they put their truſt in thee
they were not put to ſhame.

6 But as for me, a worm I am,
and as no man am priz'd:
Reproach of men I am, and by
the people am deſpis'd.

7 All that me ſee laugh me to ſcorn;
ſhoot out the lip do they;
They nod and ſhake their heads at me,
and, mocking, thus do ſay,

8 This man did truſt in God, that he
would free him by his might:
Let him deliver him, ſith he
had in him ſuch delight.

9 But thou art he out of the womb
that didſt me ſafely take;
When I was on my mother's breaſts
thou me to hope didſt make.

10 And I was caſt upon thy care
ev'n from the womb till now;
And from my mother's belly, Lord,
my God and guide art thou.

11 Be not far off, for grief is near,
and none to help is found.

12 Bulls many compaſs me, ſtrong bulls
of Baſhan me ſurround.

13 Their mouths they open'd wide on me,
upon me gape did they,
Like to a lion ravining
and roaring for his prey.

14 Like water I'm pour'd out, my bones
all out of joint do part:
Amidſt my bowels, as the wax,
ſo melted is my heart.

15 My ſtrength is like a potſherd dry'd;
my tongue it cleaveth faſt
Unto my jaws; and to the duſt
of death thou brought me haſt.

16 For

16 For dogs have compaſs'd me about:
the wicked, that did meet
In their aſſembly, me inclos'd;
they pierc'd my hands and feet.
17 I all my bones may tell; they do
upon me look and ſtare.
18 Upon my veſture lots they caſt,
and clothes among them ſhare.
19 But be not far, O Lord, my ſtrength;
haſte to give help to me.
20 From ſword my ſoul, from pow'r of dogs,
my darling ſet thou free.
21 Out of the roaring lion's mouth
do thou me ſhield and ſave:
For from the horns of unicorns
an ear to me thou gave.
22 I will ſhew forth thy name unto
thoſe that my brethren are;
Amidſt the congregation
thy praiſe I will declare.
23 Praiſe ye the Lord, who do him fear;
him glorify, all ye
The ſeed of Jacob; fear him all
that Iſr'el's children be.
24 For he deſpis'd not nor abhorr'd
th' afflicted's miſery;
Nor from him hid his face, but heard
when he to him did cry.
25 Within the congregation great
my praiſe ſhall be of thee;
My vows before them that him fear
ſhall be perform'd by me.
26 The meek ſhall eat, and ſhall be fill'd;
they alſo praiſe ſhall give
Unto the Lord that do him ſeek:
your heart ſhall ever live.
27 All ends of th' earth remember ſhall,
and turn the Lord unto;
All kindreds of the nations
to him ſhall homage do:
28 Becauſe the kingdom to the Lord
doth appertain as his;
Likewiſe among the nations
the governor he is.
29 Earth's fat ones eat, and worſhip ſhall:
all who to duſt deſcend
Shall bow to him; none of them can
his ſoul from death defend.
30 A ſeed ſhall ſervice do to him;
unto the Lord it ſhall
Be for a generation
reckon'd in ages all.
31 They ſhall come, and they ſhall declare
his truth and righteouſneſs
Unto a people yet unborn,
and that he hath done this.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord's my ſhepherd, I'll not want.
2 He makes me down to lie
In paſtures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
3 My ſoul he doth reſtore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteouſneſs,
ev'n for his own name's ſake.
4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
and ſtaff me comfort ſtill.
5 My table thou haſt furniſhed
in preſence of my foes:
My head thou doſt with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
6 Goodneſs and mercy all my life
ſhall ſurely follow me:
And in God's houſe for evermore
my dwelling-place ſhall be.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THE earth belongs unto the Lord,
and all that it contains;
The world that is inhabited,
and all that there remains.
2 For the foundations thereof
he on the ſeas did lay,
And he hath it eſtabliſhed
upon the floods to ſtay.
3 Who is the man that ſhall aſcend
into the hill of God?
Or who within his holy place
ſhall have a firm abode?
4 Whoſe hands are clean, whoſe heart is pure,
and unto vanity
Who hath not lifted up his ſoul,
nor ſworn deceitfully.
5 He from th' Eternal ſhall receive
the bleſſing him upon,
And righteouſneſs, ev'n from the God
of his ſalvation.
6 This is the generation
that after him enquire,
O Jacob, who do ſeek thy face
with their whole heart's deſire.
7 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high,
ye doors that laſt for ay,
Be lifted up, that ſo the King
of glory enter may.
8 But who of glory is the king?
The mighty Lord is this;
Ev'n that ſame Lord, that great in might
and ſtrong in battle is.
9 Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors,
doors that do laſt for ay,
Be lifted up, that ſo the King
of glory enter may.
10 But who is he that is the king
of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hoſts, and none but he
the King of glory is.

PSALM XXV.

1 TO thee I lift my ſoul:
2 O Lord, I truſt in thee:
My God, let me not be aſham'd,
nor foes triumph o'er me.
3 Let none that wait on thee
be put to ſhame at all;
But thoſe that without cauſe tranſgreſs,
let ſhame upon them fall.
4 Shew me thy ways, O Lord;
thy paths, O teach thou me:
5 And do thou lead me in thy truth,
therein my teacher be:
For thou art God that doſt
to me ſalvation ſend,
And I upon thee all the day
expecting do attend.
6 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray thee to remember,
And loving-kindneſſes; for they
have been of old for ever.
7 My ſins and faults of youth
do thou, O Lord, forget;
After thy mercy think on me,
and for thy goodneſs great.
8 God good and upright is;
the way he'll ſinners ſhow:
9 The meek in judgment he will guide,
and make his path to know.
10 The whole paths of the Lord
are truth and mercy ſure,
To thoſe that do his cov'nant keep,
and teſtimonies pure.
11 Now, for thine own name's ſake,
O Lord, I thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
for it is very great.
12 What man is he that fears
the Lord, and doth him ſerve?
Him ſhall he teach the way that he
ſhall chooſe, and ſtill obſerve.
13 His ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe;
and his poſterity
Shall flouriſh ſtill, and of the earth
inheritors ſhall be.
14 With thoſe that fear him is
the ſecret of the Lord;
The knowledge of his covenant
he will to them afford.
15 Mine eyes upon the Lord
continually are ſet;
For he it is that ſhall bring forth
my feet out of the net.
16 Turn unto me thy face,
and to me mercy ſhow;
Becauſe that I am deſolate,
and am brought very low.
17 My heart's griefs are increas'd:
me from diſtreſs relieve.
18 See mine affliction and my pain,
and all my ſins forgive.
19 Conſider thou my foes,
becauſe they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
which they againſt me bear.
20 O do thou keep my ſoul,
do thou deliver me:
And let me never be aſham'd,
becauſe I truſt in thee.
21 Let uprightneſs and truth
keep me, who thee attend.
22 Redemption, Lord, to Iſrael
from all his troubles ſend.

Another of the ſame.

1 TO thee I lift my ſoul, O Lord:
2 My God, I truſt in thee:
Let me not be aſham'd; let not
my foes triumph o'er me.
3 Yea, let thou none aſhamed be
that do on thee attend:
Aſhamed let them be, O Lord,
who without cauſe offend.
4 Thy ways, Lord, ſhew; teach me thy paths:
5 Lead me in truth, teach me:
For of my ſafety thou art God;
all day I wait on thee.
6 Thy mercies, that moſt tender are,
do thou, O Lord, remember,
And loving-kindneſſes; for they
have been of old for ever.

7 Let

7 Let not the errors of my youth
nor ſins remember'd be:
In mercy, for thy goodneſs' ſake,
O Lord, remember me.
8 The Lord is good and gracious,
he upright is alſo;
He therefore ſinners will inſtruct
in ways that they ſhould go.
9 The meek and lowly he will guide
in judgment juſt alway:
To meek and poor afflicted ones
he'll clearly teach his way.
10 The whole paths of the Lord our God
are truth and mercy ſure,
To ſuch as keep his covenant,
and teſtimonies pure.
11 Now, for thine own name's ſake, O Lord,
I humbly thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
for it is very great.
12 What man fears God? him ſhall he teach
the way that he ſhall chooſe.
13 His ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe; his ſeed
the earth, as heirs, ſhall uſe.
14 The ſecret of the Lord is with
ſuch as do fear his name;
And he his holy covenant
will manifeſt to them.
15 Toward the Lord my waiting eyes
continually are ſet;
For he it is that ſhall bring forth
my feet out of the net.
16 O turn thee unto me, O God,
have mercy me upon;
Becauſe I ſolitary am,
and in affliction.
17 Enlarg'd the griefs are of mine heart;
me from diſtreſs relieve.
18 See mine affliction and my pain,
and all my ſins forgive.
19 Conſider thou mine enemies,
becauſe they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
which they againſt me bear.
20 O do thou keep my ſoul; O God,
do thou deliver me:
Let me not be aſham'd; for I
do put my truſt in thee.
21 O let integrity and truth
keep me, who thee attend.
22 Redemption, Lord, to Iſrael
from all his troubles ſend.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I have walk'd
in mine integrity:
I truſted alſo in the Lord;
ſlide therefore ſhall not I.
2 Examine me, and do me prove;
try heart and reins, O God:
3 For thy love is before mine eyes,
thy truth's paths I have trode.
4 With perſons vain I have not ſat,
nor with diſſemblers gone.
5 Th' aſſembly of ill men I hate;
to ſit with ſuch I ſhun.
6 Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll waſh and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
and compaſs it will I:
7 That I, with voice of thankſgiving,
may publiſh and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works,
that great and wondrous are.
8 The habitation of thy houſe,
Lord, I have loved well;
Yea, in that place I do delight
where doth thine honour dwell.
9 With ſinners gather not my ſoul,
and ſuch as blood would ſpill:
10 Whoſe hands miſchievous plots, right hand
corrupting bribes do fill.
11 But as for me, I will walk on
in mine integrity:
Do thou redeem me, and, O Lord,
be merciful to me.
12 My foot upon an even place
doth ſtand with ſtedfaſtneſs;
Within the congregations
th' Eternal I will bleſs.

PSALM XXVII.

1 THE Lord's my light and ſaving health,
who ſhall make me diſmay'd?
My life's ſtrength is the Lord, of whom
then ſhall I be afraid?
2 When as mine enemies and foes,
moſt wicked perſons all,
To eat my fleſh againſt me roſe,
they ſtumbled and did fall.
3 Againſt me though an hoſt encamp,
my heart yet fearleſs is:
Though war againſt me riſe, I will
be confident in this.
4 One thing I of the Lord deſir'd,
and will ſeek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
within God's houſe remain;
That I the beauty of the Lord
behold may and admire,
And that I in his holy place
may rev'rently enquire.
5 For he in his pavilion ſhall
me hide in evil days;
In ſecret of his tent me hide,
and on a rock me raiſe.
6 And now, ev'n at this preſent time,
mine head ſhall lifted be
Above all thoſe that are my foes,
and round encompaſs me:
Therefore unto his tabernacle
I'll ſacrifices bring
Of joyfulneſs; I'll ſing, yea, I
to God will praiſes ſing.
7 O Lord, give ear unto my voice,
when I do cry to thee;
Upon me alſo mercy have,
and do thou anſwer me.
8 When thou didſt ſay, Seek ye my face,
then unto thee reply
Thus did my heart, Above all things
thy face, Lord, ſeek will I.
9 Far from me hide not thou thy face;
put not away from thee
Thy ſervant in thy wrath: thou haſt
an helper been to me.
O God of my ſalvation,
leave me not, nor forſake:
10 Though me my parents both ſhould leave,
the Lord will me up take.
11 O Lord, inſtruct me in thy way,
to me a leader be
In a plain path, becauſe of thoſe
that hatred bear to me.
12 Give me not to mine en'mies will;
for witneſſes that lye.
Againſt me riſen are, and ſuch
as breathe out cruelty.
13 I fainted had, unleſs that I
believed had to ſee
The Lord's own goodneſs in the land
of them that living be.
14 Wait on the Lord, and be thou ſtrong,
and he ſhall ſtrength afford
Unto thine heart; yea, do thou wait,
I ſay, upon the Lord.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 TO thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock;
hold not thy peace to me;
Leſt like thoſe that to pit deſcend
I by thy ſilence be.
2 The voice hear of my humble pray'rs,
when unto thee I cry;
When to thine holy oracle
I lift mine hands on high.
3 With ill men draw me not away,
that work iniquity;
That ſpeak peace to their friends, while in
their hearts doth miſchief lie.
4 Give them according to their deeds
and ills endeavoured:
And as their handyworks deſerve,
to them be rendered.
5 God ſhall not build, but them deſtroy,
who would not underſtand
The Lord's own works, nor did regard
the doing of his hand.
6 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
for graciouſly he heard
The voice of my petitions,
and prayers did regard.
7 The Lord's my ſtrength and ſhield; my heart
upon him did rely;
And I am helped: hence my heart
doth joy exceedingly.
And with my ſong I will him praiſe.
8 Their ſtrength is God alone:
He alſo is the ſaving ſtrength
of his anointed one.
9 O thine own people do thou ſave,
bleſs thine inheritance;
Them alſo do thou feed, and them
for evermore advance.

PSALM XXIX.

1 GIVE ye unto the Lord, ye ſons
that of the mighty be,
All ſtrength and glory to the Lord
with cheerfulneſs give ye.
2 Unto the Lord the glory give
that to his name is due;
And in the beauty of holineſs
unto Jehovah bow.
3 The Lord's voice on the waters is;
the God of majeſty
Doth thunder, and on multitudes
of waters ſitteth he.
4 A pow'rful voice it is that comes
out from the Lord moſt high;
The voice of that great Lord is full
of glorious majeſty.

5 The voice of the Eternal doth
asunder cedars tear;
Yea, God the Lord doth cedars break
that Lebanon doth bear.
6 He makes them, like a calf, to skip,
ev'n that great Lebanon,
And, like to a young unicorn,
the mountain Sirion.
7 God's voice divides the flames of fire;
8 The desert it doth shake:
The Lord doth make the wilderness
of Kadesh all to quake.
9 God's voice doth make the hinds to calve,
it makes the forest bare:
And in his temple ev'ry one
his glory doth declare.
10 The Lord sits on the floods; the Lord
sits King, and ever shall.
11 The Lord will give his people strength,
and with peace bless them all.

PSALM XXX.

1 LORD, I will thee extol, for thou
hast lifted me on high,
And over me thou to rejoice
mad'st not mine enemy.
2 O thou who art the Lord my God,
I in distress to thee
With loud cries lifted up my voice,
and thou hast healed me.
3 O Lord, my soul thou hast brought up,
and rescu'd from the grave;
That I to pit should not go down,
alive thou didst me save.
4 O ye that are his holy ones,
sing praise unto the Lord;
And give unto him thanks, when ye
his holiness record.
5 For but a moment lasts his wrath;
life in his favour lies:
Weeping may for a night endure,
at morn doth joy arise.
6 In my prosperity I said
that nothing shall me move.
7 O Lord, thou hast my mountain made
to stand strong by thy love:
But when that thou, O gracious God,
didst hide thy face from me,
Then quickly was my prosp'rous state
turn'd into misery.
8 Wherefore unto the Lord my cry
I caused to ascend;
My humble supplication
I to the Lord did send.
9 What profit is there in my blood,
when I go down to pit?
Shall unto thee the dust give praise?
thy truth declare shall it?
10 Hear, Lord, have mercy, help me, Lord:
11 Thou turned hast my sadness
To dancing; yea, my sackcloth loos'd,
and girded me with gladness;
12 That sing thy praise my glory may,
and never silent be.
O Lord my God, for evermore
I will give thanks to thee.

PSALM XXXI.

1 IN thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
sham'd let me never be:
According to thy righteousness
do thou deliver me.
2 Bow down thine ear to me, with speed
send me deliverance:
To save me, my strong rock be thou,
and my house of defence.
3 Because thou art my rock, and thee
I for my fortress take;
Therefore do thou me lead and guide,
ev'n for thine own name's sake.
4 And sith thou art my strength, therefore
pull me out of the net,
Which they in subtilty for me
so privily have set.
5 Into thine hands I do commit
my sp'rit; for thou art he,
O thou, JEHOVAH, God of truth,
that hast redeemed me.
6 Those that do lying vanities
regard, I have abhorr'd:
But as for me, my confidence
is fixed on the Lord.
7 I'll in thy mercy gladly joy;
for thou my miseries
Consider'd hast; thou hast my soul
known in adversities:
8 And thou hast not inclosed me
within the en'mies hand;
And by thee have my feet been made
in a large room to stand.
9 O Lord, upon me mercy have,
for trouble is on me:
Mine eye, my belly, and my soul,
with grief consumed be.
10 Because my life with grief is spent,
my years with sighs and groans:
My strength doth fail; and for my sin
consumed are my bones.
11 I was a scorn to all my foes,
and to my friends a fear;
And specially reproach'd of those
that were my neighbours near:
When they me saw, they from me fled.
12 Ev'n so I am forgot,
As men are out of mind when dead:
I'm like a broken pot.
13 For slanders I of many heard;
fear compass'd me, while they
Against me did consult, and plot
to take my life away.
14 But as for me, O Lord, my trust
upon thee I did lay;
And I to thee, Thou art my God,
did confidently say.
15 My times are wholly in thine hand:
do thou deliver me
From their hands that mine enemies
and persecutors be.
16 Thy countenance to shine do thou
upon thy servant make:
Unto me give salvation,
for thy great mercy's sake.
17 Let me not be asham'd, O Lord,
for on thee call'd I have:
Let wicked men be sham'd, let them
be silent in the grave.
18 To silence put the lying lips,
that grievous things do say,
And hard reports, in pride and scorn,
on righteous men do lay.
19 How great's the goodness thou for them
that fear thee keep'st in store,
And wrought'st for them that trust in
the sons of men before! [thee
20 In secret of thy presence thou
shalt hide them from man's pride:
From strife of tongues thou closely shalt,
as in a tent, them hide.
21 All praise and thanks be to the Lord;
for he hath magnify'd
His wondrous love to me within
a city fortify'd.
22 For from thine eyes cut off I am,
I in my haste had said;
My voice yet heard'st thou, when to thee
with cries my moan I made.
23 O love the Lord, all ye his saints;
because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and he plenteously
proud doers doth reward.
24 Be of good courage, and he strength
unto your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
doth on the Lord depend.

PSALM XXXII.

1 O BLESSED is the man to whom
is freely pardoned
All the transgression he hath done,
whose sin is covered.
2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
imputeth not his sin,
And in whose sp'rit there is no guile,
nor fraud is found therein.
3 When as I did refrain my speech,
and silent was my tongue,
My bones then waxed old; because
I roared all day-long,
4 (For upon me both day and night
thine hand did heavy lie,)
So that my moisture turned is
in summer's drought thereby.
5 I thereupon have unto thee
my sin acknowledged,
And likewise mine iniquity
I have not covered:
I will confess unto the Lord
my trespasses, said I;
And of my sin thou freely didst
forgive th' iniquity.
6 For this shall ev'ry godly one
his prayer make to thee;
In such a time he shall thee seek,
as found thou mayest be.
Surely when floods of waters great
do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
nor once come near to him.
7 Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt
from trouble keep me free:
Thou with songs of deliverance
about shalt compass me.
8 I will instruct thee, and thee teach
the way that thou shalt go;
And, with mine eye upon thee set,
I will direction show.
9 Then be not like the horse or mule,
which do not understand;
Whose mouth, lest they come near to
a bridle must command. [thee,
10 Unto

10 Unto the man that wicked is
his ſorrows ſhall abound;
But him that truſteth in the Lord
mercy ſhall compaſs round.
11 Ye righteous, in the Lord be glad,
in him do ye rejoice:
All ye that upright are in heart,
for joy lift up your voice.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice:
it comely is and right,
That upright men, with thankful voice,
ſhould praiſe the Lord of might.
2 Praiſe God with harp, and unto him
ſing with the pſaltery;
Upon a ten-ſtring'd inſtrument
make ye ſweet melody.
3 A new ſong to him ſing, and play
with loud noiſe ſkilfully:
4 For right is God's word, all his works
are done in verity.
5 To judgment and to righteouſneſs
a love he beareth ſtill;
The loving-kindneſs of the Lord
the earth throughout doth fill.
6 The heavens by the word of God
did their beginning take;
And by the breathing of his mouth
he all their hoſts did make.
7 The waters of the ſeas he brings
together as an heap;
And, in ſtorehouſes as it were,
he layeth up the deep.
8 Let earth, and all that live therein,
with rev'rence fear the Lord;
Let all the world's inhabitants
dread him with one accord.
9 For he did ſpeak the word, and done
it was without delay;
Eſtabliſhed, it firmly ſtood
whatever he did ſay.
10 God doth the counſel bring to nought
which Heathen folk do take;
And what the people do deviſe
of none effect doth make.
11 O but the counſel of the Lord
doth ſtand for ever ſure;
And of his heart the purpoſes
from age to age endure.
12 That nation bleſſed is, whoſe God
JEHOVAH is, and thoſe
A bleſſed people are, whom for
his heritage he choſe.
13 The Lord from heav'n ſees and beholds
all ſons of men full well:
14 He views all from his dwelling-place
that in the earth do dwell.
15 He forms their hearts alike, and all
their doings he obſerves.
16 Great hoſts ſave not a king, much ſtrength
no mighty man preſerves.
17 An horſe for preſervation
is a deceitful thing:
And, by the greatneſs of his ſtrength,
can no deliv'rance bring.
18 Behold, on thoſe that do him fear
the Lord doth ſet his eye;
Ev'n thoſe who in his mercy do on
with confidence rely.
19 From death to free their ſoul, in dearth
life unto them to yield.
20 Our ſoul doth wait upon the Lord;
he is our help and ſhield.
21 Sith in his holy name we truſt,
our heart ſhall joyful be.
22 Lord, let thy mercy be on us,
as we do hope in thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 GOD will I bleſs all times; his praiſe
my mouth ſhall ſtill expreſs.
2 My ſoul ſhall boaſt in God: the meek
ſhall hear with joyfulneſs.
3 Extol the Lord with me, let us
exalt his name together.
4 I ſought the Lord, he heard, and did
me from all fears deliver.
5 They look'd to him, and lighten'd were:
not ſhamed were their faces.
6 This poor man cry'd, God heard, and
him from all his diſtreſſes. [ſav'd
7 The angel of the Lord encamps,
and round encompaſſeth
All thoſe about that do him fear,
and them delivereth.
8 O taſte and ſee that God is good!
who truſts in him is bleſs'd.
9 Fear God, his ſaints: none that him fear
ſhall be with want oppreſs'd.
10 The lions young may hungry be,
and they may lack their food:
But they that truly ſeek the Lord
ſhall not lack any good.
11 O children! hither do ye come,
and unto me give ear;
I ſhall you teach to underſtand
how ye the Lord ſhould fear.
12 What man is he that life deſires,
to ſee good would live long?
13 Thy lips refrain from ſpeaking guile,
and from ill words thy tongue.
14 Depart from ill, do good, ſeek peace,
purſue it earneſtly.
15 God's eyes are on the juſt; his ears
are open to their cry.
16 The face of God is ſet againſt
thoſe that do wickedly,
That he may quite out from the earth
cut off their memory.
17 The righteous cry unto the Lord,
he unto them gives ear;
And they out of their troubles all
by him deliver'd are.
18 The Lord is ever nigh to them
that be of broken ſp'rit;
To them he ſafety doth afford
that are in heart contrite.
19 The troubles that afflict the juſt
in number many be;
But yet at length out of them all
the Lord doth ſet him free.
20 He carefully his bones doth keep,
whatever can befall;
That not ſo much as one of them
can broken be at all.
21 Ill ſhall the wicked ſlay; laid waſte
ſhall be who hate the juſt.
22 The Lord redeems his ſervants' ſouls;
none periſh that him truſt.

PSALM XXXV.

1 PLEAD, Lord, with thoſe that plead,
and fight
with thoſe that fight with me.
2 Of ſhield and buckler take thou hold,
ſtand up mine help to be.
3 Draw alſo out the ſpear, and do
againſt them ſtop the way
That me purſue: unto my ſoul,
I'm thy ſalvation, ſay.
4 Let them confounded be and ſham'd
that for my ſoul have ſought:
Who plot my hurt turn'd back be they,
and to confuſion brought.
5 Let them be like unto the chaff
that flies before the wind;
And let the angel of the Lord
purſue them hard behind.
6 With darkneſs cover thou their way,
and let it ſlipp'ry prove;
And let the angel of the Lord
purſue them from above.
7 For without cauſe have they for me
their net hid in a pit;
They alſo have without a cauſe
for my ſoul digged it.
8 Let ruin ſeize him unawares;
his net he hid withal
Himſelf let catch; and in the ſame
deſtruction let him fall.
9 My ſoul in God ſhall joy; and glad
in his ſalvation be:
10 And all my bones ſhall ſay, O Lord,
who is like unto thee,
Which doſt the poor ſet free from him
that is for him too ſtrong;
The poor and needy from the man
that ſpoils and does him wrong?
11 Falſe witneſſes roſe; to my charge
things I not knew they laid.
12 They, to the ſpoiling of my ſoul,
me ill for good repaid.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick,
in ſackcloth ſad I mourn'd:
My humbled ſoul did faſt, my pray'r
into my boſom turn'd.
14 Myſelf I did behave as he
had been my friend or brother;
I heavily bow'd down as one
that mourneth for his mother.
15 But in my trouble they rejoic'd,
gath'ring themſelves together;
Yea, abjects vile together did
themſelves againſt me gather:
I knew it not; they did me tear,
and quiet would not be.
16 With mocking hypocrites, at feaſts
they gnaſh'd their teeth at me.
17 How long, Lord, look'ſt thou on? from
deſtructions they intend [thoſe
Reſcue my ſoul, from lions young
my darling do defend.
18 I will give thanks to thee, O Lord,
within th' aſſembly great;
And where much people gather'd are,
thy praiſes forth will ſet.
19 Let not my wrongful enemies
proudly rejoice o'er me;
Nor who me hate without a cauſe,
let them wink with the eye.

20 For peace they do not ſpeak at all;
but crafty plots prepare
Againſt all thoſe within the land
that meek and quiet are.

21 With mouths ſet wide, they 'gainſt me ſaid,
Ha, ha! our eye doth ſee.
22 Lord, thou haſt ſeen, hold not thy peace;
Lord, be not far from me.

23 Stir up thyſelf; wake, that thou may'ſt
judgment to me afford,
Ev'n to my cauſe, O thou that art
my only God and Lord.

24 O Lord my God, do thou me judge
after thy righteouſneſs;
And let them not their joy 'gainſt me
triumphantly expreſs:

25 Nor let them ſay within their hearts,
Ah, we would have it thus;
Nor ſuffer them to ſay, that he
is ſwallowed up by us.

26 Sham'd and confounded be they all
that at my hurt are glad;
Let thoſe againſt me that do boaſt
with ſhame and ſcorn be clad.

27 Let them that love my righteous cauſe
be glad, ſhout, and not ceaſe
To ſay, The Lord be magnify'd,
who loves his ſervant's peace.

28 Thy righteouſneſs ſhall alſo be
declared by my tongue;
The praiſes that belong to thee
ſpeak ſhall it all day long.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 THE wicked man's tranſgreſſion
within my heart thus ſays,
Undoubtedly the fear of God
is not before his eyes.

2 Becauſe himſelf he flattereth
in his own blinded eye,
Until the hatefulneſs be found
of his iniquity.

3 Words from his mouth proceeding are,
fraud and iniquity:
He to be wiſe, and to do good,
hath left off utterly.

4 He miſchief, lying on his bed,
moſt cunningly doth plot:
He ſets himſelf in ways not good,
ill he abhorreth not.

5 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns;
thy truth doth reach the clouds:
6 Thy juſtice is like mountains great;
thy judgment deep as floods:
Lord, thou preſerveſt man and beaſt.

7 How precious is thy grace!
Therefore in ſhadow of thy wings
men's ſons their truſt ſhall place.

8 They with the fatneſs of thy houſe
ſhall be well ſatisfy'd;
From rivers of thy pleaſures thou
wilt drink to them provide.

9 Becauſe of life the fountain pure
remains alone with thee;
And in that pureſt light of thine
we clearly light ſhall ſee.

10 Thy loving-kindneſs unto them
continue that thee know;
And ſtill on men upright in heart
thy righteouſneſs beſtow.

11 Let not the foot of cruel pride
come, and againſt me ſtand;
And let me not removed be,
Lord, by the wicked's hand.

12 There fall'n are they, and ruined,
that work iniquities:
Caſt down they are, and never ſhall
be able to ariſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 FOR evil-doers fret thou not
thyſelf unquietly;
Nor do thou envy bear to thoſe
that work iniquity.

2 For, even like unto the graſs,
ſoon be cut down ſhall they;
And, like the green and tender herb,
they wither ſhall away.

3 Set thou thy truſt upon the Lord,
and be thou doing good;
And ſo thou in the land ſhalt dwell,
and verily have food.

4 Delight thyſelf in God; he'll give
thine heart's deſire to thee.

5 Thy way to God commit, him truſt,
it bring to paſs ſhall he.

6 And, like unto the light, he ſhall
thy righteouſneſs diſplay;
And he thy judgment ſhall bring forth
like noon-tide of the day.

7 Reſt in the Lord, and patiently
wait for him: do not fret
For him, who, proſp'ring in his way,
ſucceſs in ſin doth get.

8 Do thou from anger ceaſe, and wrath
ſee thou forſake alſo:
Fret not thyſelf in any wiſe,
that evil thou ſhould'ſt do.

9 For thoſe that evil-doers are
ſhall be cut off and fall:
But thoſe that wait upon the Lord
the earth inherit ſhall.

10 For yet a little while, and then
the wicked ſhall not be;
His place thou ſhalt conſider well,
but it thou ſhalt not ſee.

11 But by inheritance the earth
the meek ones ſhall poſſeſs:
They alſo ſhall delight themſelves
in an abundant peace.

12 The wicked plots againſt the juſt,
and at him whets his teeth.

13 The Lord ſhall laugh at him, becauſe
his day he coming ſeeth.

14 The wicked have drawn out the ſword,
and bent their bow, to ſlay
The poor and needy, and to kill
men of an upright way.

15 But their own ſword, which they have drawn,
ſhall enter their own heart:
Their bows which they have bent ſhall break,
and into pieces part.

16 A little that a juſt man hath
is more and better far
Than is the wealth of many ſuch
as lewd and wicked are.

17 For ſinners' arms ſhall broken be;
but God the juſt ſuſtains.

18 God knows the juſt man's days, and ſtill
their heritage remains.

19 They ſhall not be aſham'd when they
the evil time do ſee;
And when the days of famine are
they ſatisfy'd ſhall be.

20 But wicked men, and foes of God,
as fat of lambs, decay;
They ſhall conſume, yea, into ſmoke
they ſhall conſume away.

21 The wicked borrows, but the ſame
again he doth not pay;
Whereas the righteous mercy ſhows,
and gives his own away.

22 For ſuch as bleſſed be of him
the earth inherit ſhall;
And they that curſed are of him
ſhall be deſtroyed all.

23 A good man's footſteps by the Lord
are ordered aright;
And in the way wherein he walks
he greatly doth delight.

24 Although he fall, yet ſhall he not
be caſt down utterly;
Becauſe the Lord with his own hand
upholds him mightily.

25 I have been young, and now am old,
yet have I never ſeen
The juſt man left, nor that his ſeed
for bread have beggars been.

26 He's ever merciful, and lends:
his ſeed is bleſs'd therefore.

27 Depart from evil, and do good,
and dwell for evermore.

28 For God loves judgment, and his ſaints
leaves not in any caſe;
They are kept ever: but cut off
ſhall be the ſinners' race.

29 The juſt inherit ſhall the land,
and ever in it dwell:
30 The juſt man's mouth doth wiſdom ſpeak;
his tongue doth judgment tell.
31 In's heart the law is of his God,
his ſteps ſlide not away.

32 The wicked man doth watch the juſt,
and ſeeketh him to ſlay.

33 Yet him the Lord will not forſake,
nor leave him in his hands:
The righteous will he not condemn,
when he in judgment ſtands.

34 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
and thee exalt ſhall he
Th' earth to inherit; when cut off
the wicked thou ſhalt ſee.

35 I ſaw the wicked in great pow'r,
ſpread like a green bay-tree:
36 He paſs'd, yea, was not; him I ſought,
but found he could not be.

37 Mark thou the perfect, and behold
the man of uprightneſs;
Becauſe that ſurely of this man
the latter end is peace.

38 But thoſe men that tranſgreſſors are
ſhall be deſtroy'd together;
The latter end of wicked men
ſhall be cut off for ever.

39 But the ſalvation of the juſt
is from the Lord above:
He in the time of their diſtreſs
their ſtay and ſtrength doth prove.

40 The Lord ſhall help, and them deliver:
he ſhall them free and ſave
From wicked men; becauſe in him
their confidence they have.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 IN thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not;
Nor on me lay thy chaſt'ning hand
in thy diſpleaſure hot.
2 For in me faſt thine arrows ſtick,
thine hand doth preſs me ſore:
3 And in my fleſh there is no health,
nor ſoundneſs any more.
This grief I have, becauſe thy wrath
is forth againſt me gone;
And in my bones there is no reſt,
for ſin that I have done.
4 Becauſe gone up above mine head
my great tranſgreſſions be;
And, as a weighty burden, they
too heavy are for me.
5 My wounds do ſtink, and are corrupt;
my folly makes it ſo.
6 I troubled am, and much bow'd down,
all day I mourning go.
7 For a diſeaſe that loathſome is
ſo fills my loins with pain,
That in my weak and weary fleſh
no ſoundneſs doth remain.
8 So feeble and infirm am I,
and broken am ſo ſore,
That, through diſquiet of my heart,
I have been made to roar.
9 O Lord, all that I do deſire
is ſtill before thine eye;
And of my heart the ſecret groans
not hidden are from thee.
10 My heart doth pant inceſſantly,
my ſtrength doth quite decay;
As for mine eyes, their wonted light
is from me gone away.
11 My lovers and my friends do ſtand
at diſtance from my ſore;
And thoſe do ſtand aloof that were
kinſmen and kind before.
12 Yea, they that ſeek my life lay ſnares:
who ſeek to do me wrong
Speak things miſchievous, and deceits
imagine all day long.
13 But, as one deaf that heareth not,
I ſuffer'd all to paſs;
I as a dumb man did become,
whoſe mouth not open'd was:
14 As one that hears not, in whoſe mouth
are no reproofs at all.
15 For, Lord, I hope in thee; my God,
thou'lt hear me when I call.
16 For I ſaid, Hear me, leſt they ſhould
rejoice o'er me with pride;
And o'er me magnify themſelves,
when as my foot doth ſlide.
17 For I am near to halt, my grief
is ſtill before mine eye:
18 For I'll declare my ſin, and grieve
for mine iniquity.
19 But yet mine en'mies lively are,
and ſtrong are they beſide;
And they that hate me wrongfully
are greatly multiply'd.
20 And they for good that render ill,
as en'mies, me withſtood;
Yea, ev'n for this, becauſe that I
do follow what is good.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord; my God,
far from me never be.
22 O Lord, thou my ſalvation art,
haſte to give help to me.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 I SAID, I will look to my ways,
leſt with my tongue I ſin:
In ſight of wicked men my mouth
with bridle I'll keep in.
2 With ſilence I as dumb became,
I did myſelf reſtrain
From ſpeaking good; but then the more
increaſed was my pain.
3 My heart within me waxed hot;
and, while I muſing was,
The fire did burn; and from my tongue
theſe words I did let paſs:
4 Mine end, and meaſure of my days,
O Lord, unto me ſhow,
What is the ſame; that I thereby
my frailty well may know.
5 Lo, thou my days an handbreadth mad'ſt;
mine age is in thine eye
As nothing: ſure each man at beſt
is wholly vanity.
6 Sure each man walks in a vain ſhow,
they vex themſelves in vain;
He heaps up wealth, and doth not know
to whom it ſhall pertain.
7 And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
my hope is fix'd on thee.
8 Free me from all my treſpaſſes,
the fools' ſcorn make not me.
9 Dumb was I, op'ning not my mouth,
becauſe this work was thine.
10 Thy ſtroke take from me; by the blow
of thine hand I do pine.
11 When with rebukes thou doſt correct
man for iniquity,
Thou waſtes his beauty like a moth:
ſure each man's vanity.
12 Attend my cry, Lord, at my tears
and pray'rs not ſilent be:
I ſojourn as my fathers all,
and ſtranger am with thee.
13 O ſpare thou me, that I my ſtrength
recover may again,
Before from hence I do depart,
and here no more remain.

PSALM XL.

1 I WAITED for the Lord my God,
and patiently did bear;
At length to me he did incline
my voice and cry to hear.
2 He took me from a fearful pit,
and from the miry clay,
And on a rock he ſet my feet,
eſtabliſhing my way.
3 He put a new ſong in my mouth,
our God to magnify:
Many ſhall ſee it, and ſhall fear,
and on the Lord rely.
4 O bleſſed is the man whoſe truſt
upon the Lord relies;
Reſpecting not the proud, nor ſuch
as turn aſide to lies.
5 O Lord my God, full many are
the wonders thou haſt done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
above all thoughts are gone;
In order none can reckon them
to thee: if them declare,
And ſpeak of them I would, they more
than can be number'd are.
6 No ſacrifice nor offering
didſt thou at all deſire;
Mine ears thou bor'd: ſin-off'ring thou
and burnt didſt not require:
7 Then to the Lord theſe were my words,
I come, behold and ſee;
Within the volume of the book
it written is of me:
8 To do thy will I take delight,
O thou my God that art;
Yea, that moſt holy law of thine
I have within my heart.
9 Within the congregation great
I righteouſneſs did preach:
Lo, thou doſt know, O Lord, that I
refrained not my ſpeech.
10 I never did within my heart
conceal thy righteouſneſs;
I thy ſalvation have declar'd,
and ſhown thy faithfulneſs:
Thy kindneſs, which moſt loving is,
concealed have not I,
Nor from the congregation great
have hid thy verity.
11 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from me,
O do thou not reſtrain;
Thy loving-kindneſs, and thy truth,
let them me ſtill maintain.
12 For ills paſt reck'ning compaſs me,
and mine iniquities
Such hold upon me taken have,
I cannot lift mine eyes:
They more than hairs are on mine head,
thence is my heart diſmay'd.
13 Be pleaſed, Lord, to reſcue me;
Lord, haſten to mine aid.
14 Sham'd and confounded be they all
that ſeek my ſoul to kill;
Yea, let them backward driven be,
and ſham'd, that wiſh me ill.
15 For a reward of this their ſhame
confounded let them be,
That in this manner ſcoffing ſay,
Aha, aha! to me.
16 In thee let all be glad, and joy,
who ſeeking thee abide;
Who thy ſalvation love, ſay ſtill,
The Lord be magnify'd.
17 I'm poor and needy, yet the Lord
of me a care doth take:
Thou art my help and ſaviour,
my God, no tarrying make.

PSALM XLI.

1 BLESSED is he that wiſely doth
the poor man's caſe conſider;
For when the time of trouble is
the Lord will him deliver.

2 God will him keep, yea, ſave alive;
on earth he bleſs'd ſhall live;
And to his enemies' deſire
thou wilt him not up give.

3 God will give ſtrength when he on bed
of languiſhing doth mourn;
And in his ſickneſs ſore, O Lord,
thou all his bed wilt turn.

4 I ſaid, O Lord, do thou extend
thy mercy unto me;
O do thou heal my ſoul; for why?
I have offended thee.

5 Thoſe that to me are enemies
of me do evil ſay;
When ſhall he die, that ſo his name
may periſh quite away?

6 To ſee me if he comes he ſpeaks
vain words: but then his heart
Heaps miſchief to it, which he tells
when forth he doth depart.

7 My haters jointly whiſpering,
'gainſt me my hurt deviſe.

8 Miſchief, ſay they, cleaves faſt to him;
he ly'th, and ſhall not riſe.

9 Yea, ev'n mine own familiar friend,
on whom I did rely,
Who ate my bread, ev'n he his heel
againſt me lifted high.

10 But, Lord, be merciful to me,
and up again me raiſe,
That I may juſtly them requite
according to their ways.

11 By this I know that certainly
I favour'd am by thee;
Becauſe my hateful enemy
triumphs not over me.

12 But as for me, thou me uphold'ſt
in mine integrity;
And me before thy countenance
thou ſett'ſt continually.

13 The Lord, the God of Iſrael,
be bleſs'd for ever then,
From age to age eternally.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSALM XLII.

1 LIKE as the hart for water-brooks
in thirſt doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing ſoul, O God,
that come to thee I may.

2 My ſoul for God, the living God,
doth thirſt: when ſhall I near
Unto thy countenance approach,
and in God's ſight appear?

3 My tears have unto me been meat,
both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they ſay.

4 My ſoul is poured out in me,
when this I think upon;
Becauſe that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone:
With them into God's houſe I went
with voice of joy and praiſe;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
the ſolemn holy days.

5 O why art thou caſt down, my ſoul?
why in me ſo diſmay'd?
Truſt God, for I ſhall praiſe him yet,
his count'nance is mine aid.

6 My God, my ſoul's caſt down in me;
thee therefore mind I will
From Jordan's land, the Hermonites,
and ev'n from Mizar hill.

7 At the noiſe of thy waterſpouts
deep unto deep doth call;
Thy breaking waves paſs over me,
yea, and thy billows all.

His loving-kindneſs yet the Lord
command will in the day,
His ſong's with me by night; to God,
by whom I live, I'll pray:

9 And I will ſay to God my rock,
Why me forgett'ſt thou ſo?
Why, for my foes' oppreſſion,
thus mourning do I go?

10 'Tis as a ſword within my bones,
when my foes me upbraid;
Ev'n when by them, Where is thy God?
'tis daily to me ſaid.

11 O why art thou caſt down, my ſoul?
why, thus with grief oppreſt,
Art thou diſquieted in me?
in God ſtill hope and reſt:
For yet I know I ſhall him praiſe,
who graciouſly to me
The health is of my countenance,
yea, mine own God is he.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my
againſt th' ungodly nation; [cauſe
From the unjuſt and crafty man,
O be thou my ſalvation.

2 For thou the God art of my ſtrength,
why thruſts thou me thee fro'?
For th' enemy's oppreſſion
why do I mourning go?

3 O ſend thy light forth and thy truth;
let them be guides to me,
And bring me to thine holy hill,
ev'n where thy dwellings be.

4 Then will I to God's altar go,
to God my chiefeſt joy;
Yea, God, my God, thy name to praiſe
my harp I will employ.

5 Why art thou then caſt down, my ſoul?
what ſhould diſcourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
diſquieted in me?
Still truſt in God; for him to praiſe
good cauſe I yet ſhall have:
He of my count'nance is the health,
my God that doth me ſave.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O GOD, we with our ears have heard,
our fathers have us told
What works thou in their days hadſt
ev'n in the days of old. [done,

2 Thy hand did drive the Heathen out,
and plant them in their place;
Thou didſt afflict the nations,
but them thou didſt increaſe.

3 For neither got their ſword the land,
nor did their arm them ſave;
But thy right hand, arm, countenance;
for thou them favour gave.

4 Thou art my King: for Jacob, Lord,
deliv'rances command.

5 Through thee we ſhall puſh down our
that do againſt us ſtand: [foes,
We, through thy name, ſhall tread down
that ris'n againſt us have. [thoſe

6 For in my bow I ſhall not truſt,
nor ſhall my ſword me ſave.

7 But from our foes thou haſt us ſav'd,
our haters put to ſhame:

8 In God we all the day do boaſt,
and ever praiſe thy name.

9 But now we are caſt off by thee,
and us thou putt'ſt to ſhame;
And when our armies do go forth,
thou go'ſt not with the ſame.

10 Thou mak'ſt us from the enemy,
faint-hearted, to turn back;
And they who hate us for themſelves
our ſpoils away do take.

11 Like ſheep for meat thou gaveſt us;
'mong Heathen caſt we be.

12 Thou didſt for nought thy people ſell;
their price enrich'd not thee.

13 Thou mak'ſt us a reproach to be
unto our neighbours near;
Deriſion and a ſcorn to them
that round about us are.

14 A by-word alſo thou doſt us
among the Heathen make:
The people, in contempt and ſpite,
at us their heads do ſhake.

15 Before me my confuſion
continually abides;
And of my baſhful countenance
the ſhame me ever hides:

16 For voice of him that doth reproach,
and ſpeaketh blaſphemy;
By reaſon of th' avenging foe,
and cruel enemy.

17 All this is come on us, yet we
have not forgotten thee;
Nor falſely in thy covenant
behav'd ourſelves have we.

18 Back from thy way our heart not turn'd;
our ſteps no ſtraying made;

19 Though us thou brak'ſt in dragons' place,
and cover'dſt with death's ſhade.

20 If we God's name forgot, or ſtretch'd
to a ſtrange god our hands,

21 Shall not God ſearch this out? for he
hearts' ſecrets underſtands.

22 Yea, for thy ſake we're kill'd all day,
counted as ſlaughter-ſheep.

23 Riſe, Lord, caſt us not ever off;
awake, why doſt thou ſleep?

24 O wherefore hideſt thou thy face?
forgett'ſt our caſe diſtreſs'd,

25 And our oppreſſion? For our ſoul
is to the duſt down preſs'd:
Our belly alſo on the earth
faſt cleaving, hold doth take.

26 Riſe for our help, and us redeem,
ev'n for thy mercy's ſake.

PSALM XLV.

1 MY heart brings forth a goodly thing;
my words that I indite
Concern the King; my tongue's a pen
of one that ſwift doth write.

2 Thou

2 Thou fairer art than ſons of men:
into thy lips is ſtore
Of grace infus'd; God therefore thee
hath bleſs'd for evermore.

3 O thou that art the mighty One,
thy ſword gird on thy thigh;
Ev'n with thy glory excellent,
and with thy majeſty.

4 For meekneſs, truth, and righteouſneſs,
in ſtate ride proſp'rouſly;
And thy right hand ſhall thee inſtruct
in things that fearful be.

5 Thine arrows ſharply pierce the heart
of th' en'mies of the King;
And under thy ſubjection
the people down do bring.

6 For ever and for ever is,
O God, thy throne of might:
The ſceptre of thy kingdom is
a ſceptre that is right.

7 Thou loveſt right, and hateſt ill;
for God, thy God, moſt high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
of joy anointed thee.

8 Of aloes, myrrh, and caſſia,
a ſmell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
whereby they made thee glad.

9 Among thy women honourable
kings' daughters were at hand:
Upon thy right hand did the queen
in gold of Ophir ſtand.

10 O daughter! hearken and regard,
and do thine ear incline;
Likewiſe forget thy father's houſe,
and people that are thine.

11 Then of the King deſir'd ſhall be
thy beauty veh'mently:
Becauſe he is thy Lord, do thou
him worſhip rev'rently.

12 The daughter there of Tyre ſhall be
with gifts and off'rings great;
Thoſe of the people that are rich
thy favour ſhall entreat.

13 Behold, the daughter of the King
all glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
her garments wrought have been.

14 She ſhall be brought unto the King
in robes with needle wrought;
Her fellow-virgins following,
ſhall unto thee be brought.

15 They ſhall be brought with gladneſs great,
and mirth on ev'ry ſide,
Into the palace of the King,
and there they ſhall abide.

16 Inſtead of thoſe thy fathers dear,
thy children thou may'ſt take,
And in all places of the earth
them noble princes make.

17 Thy name remember'd I will make
through ages all to be:
The people, therefore, evermore
ſhall praiſes give to thee.

Another of the ſame.

1 MY heart inditing is
good matter in a ſong:
I ſpeak the things that I have made,
which to the King belong:
My tongue ſhall be as quick,
his honour to indite,
As is the pen of any ſcribe
that uſeth faſt to write.

2 Thou'rt faireſt of all men,
grace in thy lips doth flow;
And therefore bleſſings evermore
on thee doth God beſtow.

3 Thy ſword gird on thy thigh,
thou that art moſt of might:
Appear in dreadful majeſty,
and in thy glory bright.

4 For meekneſs, truth, and right,
ride proſp'rouſly in ſtate;
And thy right hand ſhall teach to thee
things terrible and great.

5 Thy ſhafts ſhall pierce their hearts
that foes are to the King;
Whereby into ſubjection
the people thou ſhalt bring.

6 Thy royal ſeat, O Lord,
for ever ſhall remain:
The ſceptre of thy kingdom doth
all righteouſneſs maintain.

7 Thou lov'ſt right, and hat'ſt ill;
for God, thy God, moſt high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
of joy anointed thee.

8 Of myrrh and ſpices ſweet
a ſmell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
whereby they made thee glad.

9 And in thy glorious train
kings' daughters waiting ſtand:
And thy fair queen in Ophir gold
doth ſtand at thy right hand.

10 O daughter! take good heed,
incline, and give good ear;
Thou muſt forget thy kindred all,
and father's houſe moſt dear.

11 Thy beauty to the King
ſhall then delightful be:
And do thou humbly worſhip him,
becauſe thy Lord is he.

12 The daughter then of Tyre
there with a gift ſhall be,
And all the wealthy of the land
ſhall make their ſuit to thee.

13 The daughter of the King
all glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
her garments wrought have been.

14 She cometh to the King
in robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
ſhall unto thee be brought.

15 They ſhall be brought with joy,
and mirth on ev'ry ſide,
Into the palace of the King,
and there they ſhall abide.

16 And in thy fathers' ſtead,
thy children thou may'ſt take,
And in all places of the earth
them noble princes make.

17 I will ſhew forth thy name
to generations all:
Therefore the people evermore
to thee give praiſes ſhall.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our refuge and our ſtrength,
in ſtraits a preſent aid:
2 Therefore, although the earth remove,
we will not be afraid;
Though hills amid'ſt the ſeas be caſt:
3 Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea, though the hills
by ſwelling ſeas do ſhake.

4 A river is, whoſe ſtreams do glad
the city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
moſt high hath his abode.

5 God in the midſt of her doth dwell;
nothing ſhall her remove:
The Lord to her an helper will,
and that right early, prove.

6 The Heathen rag'd tumultuouſly,
the kingdoms moved were:
The Lord God uttered his voice,
the earth did melt for fear.

7 The Lord of hoſts upon our ſide
doth conſtantly remain:
The God of Jacob's our refuge,
us ſafely to maintain.

8 Come, and behold what wondrous works
have by the Lord been wrought;
Come, ſee what deſolations
he on the earth hath brought.

9 Unto the ends of all the earth
wars into peace he turns:
The bow he breaks, the ſpear he cuts,
in fire the chariot burns.

10 Be ſtill, and know that I am God;
among the Heathen I
Will be exalted; I on earth
will be exalted high.

11 Our God, who is the Lord of hoſts,
is ſtill upon our ſide;
The God of Jacob, our refuge,
for ever will abide.

PSALM XLVII.

1 ALL people, clap your hands; to God
with voice of triumph ſhout:
2 For dreadful is the Lord moſt high,
great King the earth throughout.

3 The heathen people under us
he ſurely ſhall ſubdue;
And he ſhall make the nations
under our feet to bow.

4 The lot of our inheritance
chooſe out for us ſhall he,
Of Jacob, whom he loved well,
ev'n the excellency.

5 God is with ſhouts gone up, the Lord
with trumpets ſounding high.
6 Sing praiſe to God, ſing praiſe, ſing praiſe,
praiſe to our King ſing ye.

7 For God is king of all the earth;
with knowledge praiſe expreſs.
8 God rules the nations, God ſits on
his throne of holineſs.

9 The princes of the people are
aſſembled willingly;
Ev'n of the God of Abraham
they who the people be.

For

For why? the ſhields that do defend
the earth are only his:
They to the Lord belong; yea, he
exalted greatly is.

PSALM XLVIII.

1 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly he
is to be praiſed ſtill,
Within the city of our God,
upon his holy hill.
2 Mount Sion ſtands moſt beautiful,
the joy of all the land:
The city of the mighty King
on her north ſide doth ſtand.

3 The Lord within her palaces
is for a refuge known.
4 For, lo, the kings that gather'd were
together, by have gone.
5 But when they did behold the ſame,
they, wond'ring, would not ſtay;
But, being troubled at the ſight,
they thence did haſte away.

6 Great terror there took hold on them,
they were poſſeſs'd with fear;
Their grief came like a woman's pain,
when ſhe a child doth bear.
7 Thou Tarſhiſh ſhips with eaſt wind brak'ſt:
8 As we have heard it told,
So, in the city of the Lord,
our eyes did it behold;

In our God's city, which his hand
for ever ſtabliſh will.
9 We of thy loving-kindneſs thought,
Lord, in thy temple ſtill.
10 O Lord, according to thy name,
through all the earth's thy praiſe;
And thy right hand, O Lord, is full
of righteouſneſs always.

11 Becauſe thy judgments are made known,
let Sion mount rejoice;
Of Judah let the daughters all
ſend forth a cheerful voice.
12 Walk about Sion, and go round;
the high tow'rs thereof tell:
13 Conſider ye her palaces,
and mark her bulwarks well;

That ye may tell poſterity.
14 For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore; he will
ev'n unto death us guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1 HEAR this all people, and give ear,
all in the world that dwell;
2 Both low and high, both rich and poor.
3 My mouth ſhall wiſdom tell:
My heart ſhall knowledge meditate.
4 I will incline mine ear
To parables, and on the harp
my ſayings dark declare.

5 Amidſt thoſe days that evil be,
why ſhould I, fearing, doubt?
When of my heels th' iniquity
ſhall compaſs me about.
6 Whoe'er they be that in their wealth
their confidence do pitch,
And boaſt themſelves, becauſe they are
become exceeding rich:

7 Yet none of theſe his brother can
redeem by any way;
Nor can he unto God for him
ſufficient ranſom pay,
8 (Their ſoul's redemption precious is,
and it can never be,)
9 That ſtill he ſhould for ever live,
and not corruption ſee.

10 For why? he ſeeth that wiſe men die,
and brutiſh fools alſo
Do periſh; and their wealth, when dead,
to others they let go.
11 Their inward thought is, that their houſe
and dwelling-places ſhall
Stand through all ages; they their lands
by their own names do call.

12 But yet in honour ſhall not man
abide continually;
But paſſing hence, may be compar'd
unto the beaſts that die.
13 Thus brutiſh folly plainly is
their wiſdom and their way;
Yet their poſterity approve
what they do fondly ſay.

14 Like ſheep they in the grave are laid,
and death ſhall them devour;
And in the morning upright men
ſhall over them have pow'r:
Their beauty from their dwelling ſhall
conſume within the grave.
15 But from hell's hand God will me free,
for he ſhall me receive.

16 Be thou not then afraid when one
enriched thou doſt ſee,
Nor when the glory of his houſe
advanced is on high;
17 For he ſhall carry nothing hence
when death his days doth end;
Nor ſhall his glory after him
into the grave deſcend.

18 Although he his own ſoul did bleſs
whilſt he on earth did live;
(And when thou to thyſelf do'ſt well,
men will thee praiſes give;)
19 He to his fathers' race ſhall go,
they never ſhall ſee light.
20 Man honour'd wanting knowledge is
like beaſts that periſh quite.

PSALM L.

1 THE mighty God, the Lord,
hath ſpoken and did call
The earth, from riſing of the ſun,
to where he hath his fall.
2 From out of Sion hill,
which of excellency
And beauty the perfection is,
God ſhined glorioufly.

3 Our God ſhall ſurely come,
keep ſilence ſhall not he:
Before him fire ſhall waſte, great ſtorms
ſhall round about him be.
4 Unto the heavens clear
he from above ſhall call,
And to the earth likewiſe, (that he
may judge his people all,)
5 Together let my ſaints
unto me gather'd be,
Thoſe that by ſacrifice have made
a covenant with me.

6 And then the heavens ſhall
his righteouſneſs declare;
Becauſe the Lord himſelf is he
by whom men judged are.
7 My people Iſr'el hear,
ſpeak will I from on high,
Againſt thee I will teſtify;
God, ev'n thy God, am I.
8 I for thy ſacrifice
no blame will on thee lay,
Nor for burnt-off'rings, which to me
thou offer'dſt every day.

9 I'll take no calf nor goats
from houſe or fold of thine:
10 For beaſts of foreſts, cattle all
on thouſand hills, are mine.
11 The fowls on mountains high
are all to me well known;
Wild beaſts which in the fields do lie,
ev'n they are all mine own.

12 Then, if I hungry were,
I would not tell it thee;
Becauſe the world, and fulneſs all
thereof, belongs to me.
13 Will I eat fleſh of bulls?
or goats' blood drink will I?
14 Thanks offer thou to God, and pay
thy vows to the moſt High.

15 And call upon me when
in trouble thou ſhalt be;
I will deliver thee, and thou
my name ſhalt glorify.
16 But to the wicked man
God ſaith, My laws and truth
Should'ſt thou declare? how dar'ſt thou
my cov'nant in thy mouth? [take

17 Sith thou inſtruction hat'ſt,
which ſhould thy ways direct;
And ſith my words behind thy back
thou caſt'ſt, and doſt reject.
18 When thou a thief didſt ſee,
with him thou didſt conſent;
And with the vile adulterers
partaker on thou went.

19 Thou giv'ſt thy mouth to ill,
thy tongue deceit doth frame:
20 Thou ſitt'ſt, and 'gainſt thy brother ſpeak'ſt,
thy mother's ſon doſt ſhame.
21 Becauſe I ſilence kept,
while thou theſe things haſt wrought;
That I was altogether like
thyſelf, hath been thy thought:
Yet I will thee reprove,
and ſet before thine eyes,
In order ranked, thy miſdeeds,
and thine iniquities.
22 Now, ye that God forget,
this carefully conſider;
Leſt I in pieces tear you all,
and none can you deliver.
23 Whoſo doth offer praiſe
me glorifies, and I
Will ſhew him God's ſalvation,
that orders right his way.

Another of the ſame.

1 THE mighty God, the Lord, hath ſpoke,
and call'd the earth upon,
Ev'n from the riſing of the ſun
unto his going down.

2 From

2 From out of Sion, his own hill,
where the perfection high
Of beauty is, from thence the Lord
hath ſhined gloriouſly.

3 Our God ſhall come, and ſhall no more
be ſilent, but ſpeak out:
Before him fire ſhall waſte, great ſtorms
ſhall compaſs him about.

4 He to the heavens from above,
and to the earth below,
Shall call, (that he his judgments may
before his people ſhow,)

5 Let all my ſaints together be
unto me gathered;
Thoſe that by ſacrifice with me
a covenant have made.

6 And then the heavens ſhall declare
his righteouſneſs abroad:
Becauſe the Lord himſelf doth come;
none elſe is judge but God.

7 Hear, O my people, and I'll ſpeak;
O Iſrael by name,
Againſt thee I will teſtify:
God, ev'n thy God, I am.

8 I for thy ſacrifices few
reprove thee never will,
Nor for burnt-off'rings to have been
before me offer'd ſtill.

9 I'll take no bullock nor he-goats
from houſe nor folds of thine:

10 For beaſts of foreſts, cattle all
on thouſand hills, are mine.

11 The fowls are all to me well known
that mountains high do yield;
And I do challenge as mine own
the wild beaſts of the field.

12 If I were hungry, I would not
to thee for need complain;
For earth, and all its fulneſs, doth
to me of right pertain.

13 That I to eat the fleſh of bulls
take pleaſure doſt thou think?
Or that I need, to quench my thirſt,
the blood of goats to drink?

14 Nay, rather unto me, thy God,
thankſgiving offer thou:
To the moſt High perform thy word,
and fully pay thy vow:

15 And in the day of trouble great
ſee that thou call on me;
I will deliver thee, and thou
my name ſhalt glorify.

16 But God unto the wicked ſaith,
Why ſhould'ſt thou mention make
Of my commands? how dar'ſt thou in
thy mouth my cov'nant take?

17 Sith it is ſo that thou doſt hate
all good inſtruction;
And ſith thou caſt'ſt behind thy back,
and ſlight'ſt my words each one.

18 When thou a thief didſt ſee, then ſtraight
thou join'dſt with him in ſin,
And with the vile adulterers
thou haſt partaker been.

19 Thy mouth to evil thou doſt give,
thy tongue deceit doth frame.

20 Thou ſitt'ſt and 'gainſt thy brother ſpeak'ſt,
thy mother's ſon to ſhame.

21 Theſe things thou wickedly haſt done,
and I have ſilent been;
Thou thought'ſt that I was like thyſelf,
and did approve thy ſin:
But I will ſharply thee reprove,
and I will order right
Thy ſins and thy tranſgreſſions,
in preſence of thy ſight.

22 Conſider this, and be afraid,
ye that forget the Lord,
Leſt I in pieces tear you all,
when none can help afford.

23 Who off'reth praiſe me glorifies:
I will ſhew God's ſalvation
To him that ordereth aright
his life and converſation.

PSALM LI.

1 AFTER thy loving-kindneſs, Lord,
have mercy upon me:
For thy compaſſion's great, blot out
all mine iniquity.

2 Me cleanſe from ſin, and th'roughly waſh
from mine iniquity:

3 For my tranſgreſſions I confeſs;
my ſin I ever ſee.

4 'Gainſt thee, thee only, have I ſinn'd,
in thy ſight done this ill;
That when thou ſpeak'ſt thou may'ſt be
and clear in judging ſtill. [juſt,

5 Behold, I in iniquity
was form'd the womb within;
My mother alſo me conceiv'd
in guiltineſs and ſin.

6 Behold, thou in the inward parts
with truth delighted art;
And wiſdom thou ſhalt make me know
within the hidden part.

7 Do thou with hyſſop ſprinkle me,
I ſhall be cleanſed ſo;
Yea, waſh thou me, and then I ſhall
be whiter than the ſnow.

8 Of gladneſs and of joyfulneſs
make me to hear the voice;
That ſo theſe very bones which thou
haſt broken may rejoice.

9 All mine iniquities blot out,
thy face hide from my ſin.

10 Create a clean heart, Lord, renew
a right ſp'rit me within.

11 Caſt me not from thy ſight, nor take
thy holy Sp'rit away.

12 Reſtore me thy ſalvation's joy;
with thy free Sp'rit me ſtay.

13 Then will I teach thy ways unto
thoſe that tranſgreſſors be;
And thoſe that ſinners are ſhall then
be turned unto thee.

14 O God, of my ſalvation God,
me from blood-guiltineſs
Set free: then ſhall my tongue aloud
ſing of thy righteouſneſs.

15 My cloſed lips, O Lord, by thee
let them be opened;
Then ſhall thy praiſes by my mouth
abroad be publiſhed.

16 For thou deſir'ſt not ſacrifice,
elſe would I give it thee;
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering
at all delighted be.

17 A broken ſpirit is to God
a pleaſing ſacrifice:
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe.

18 Shew kindneſs, and do good, O Lord,
to Sion, thine own hill:
The walls of thy Jeruſalem
build up of thy good will.

19 Then righteous off'rings ſhall thee pleaſe,
and off'rings burnt, which they
With whole burnt-off'rings and with
ſhall on thine altar lay. [calves,

PSALM LII.

1 WHY doſt thou boaſt, O mighty man,
of miſchief and of ill?
The goodneſs of almighty God
endureth ever ſtill.

2 Thy tongue miſchievous calumnies
deviſeth ſubtilely,
Like to a razor ſharp to cut,
working deceitfully.

3 Ill more than good, and more than truth
thou loveſt to ſpeak wrong:

4 Thou loveſt all-devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue.

5 So God ſhall thee deſtroy for ay,
remove thee, pluck thee out
Quite from thy houſe, out of the land
of life he ſhall thee root.

6 The righteous ſhall it ſee, and fear,
and laugh at him they ſhall:

7 Lo, this the man is that did not
make God his ſtrength at all:
But he in his abundant wealth
his confidence did place;
And he took ſtrength unto himſelf
from his own wickedneſs.

8 But I am in the houſe of God
like to an olive green:
My confidence for ever hath
upon God's mercy been.

9 And I for ever will thee praiſe,
becauſe thou haſt done this:
I on thy name will wait; for good
before thy ſaints it is.

PSALM LIII.

1 THAT there is not a God, the fool
doth in his heart conclude;
They are corrupt, their works are vile,
not one of them do'th good.

2 The Lord upon the ſons of men
from heav'n did caſt his eyes,
To ſee if any one there was
that ſought God, and was wiſe.

3 They altogether filthy are,
they all are backward gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
no, not ſo much as one.

4 Theſe workers of iniquity,
do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
and on God do not call?

5 Ev'n there they were afraid, and ſtood
with trembling, all diſmay'd,
Whereas there was no cauſe at all
why they ſhould be afraid:
For God his bones that thee beſieg'd
hath ſcatter'd all abroad;
Thou haſt confounded them, for they
deſpiſed are of God.

6 Let Iſr'el's help from Sion come:
when back the Lord ſhall bring
His captives, Jacob ſhall rejoice,
and Iſrael ſhall ſing.

PSALM LIV.

1 SAVE me, O God, by thy great name,
and judge me by thy ſtrength;
2 My prayer hear, O God: give ear,
unto my words at length.
3 For they that ſtrangers are to me
do up againſt me riſe;
Oppreſſors ſeek my ſoul, and God
ſet not before their eyes.

4 The Lord my God my helper is,
lo, therefore, I am bold:
He taketh part with ev'ry one
that doth my ſoul uphold.
5 Unto mine enemies he ſhall
miſchief and ill repay:
O for thy truth's ſake cut them off,
and ſweep them clean away.

6 I will a ſacrifice to thee
give with free willingneſs:
Thy name, O Lord, becauſe 'tis good,
with praiſe I will confeſs.
7 For he hath me delivered
from all adverſities;
And his deſire mine eye hath ſeen
upon mine enemies.

PSALM LV.

1 LORD, hear my pray'r, hide not thyſelf
from my entreating voice:
2 Attend and hear me; in my plaint
I mourn and make a noiſe.
3 Becauſe of th' en'my's voice, and for
lewd men's oppreſſion great:
On me they caſt iniquity,
and they in wrath me hate.

4 Sore pain'd within me is my heart,
death's terrors on me fall:
5 On me comes trembling, fear and dread
o'erwhelmed me withal.
6 O that I, like a dove, had wings,
ſaid I, then would I flee
Far hence, that I might find a place
where I in reſt might be.

7 Lo, then far off I wander would,
and in the deſert ſtay;
8 From windy ſtorm and tempeſt I
would haſte to 'ſcape away.
9 O Lord, on them deſtruction bring,
and do their tongues divide;
For in the city violence
and ſtrife I have eſpy'd.

10 They day and night upon the walls
do go about it round:
There miſchief is, and ſorrow there
in midſt of it is found.
11 Abundant wickedneſs there is
within her inward part;
And from her ſtreets deceitfulneſs
and guile do not depart.

12 He was no foe that me reproach'd,
then that endure I could;
Nor hater that did 'gainſt me boaſt,
from him me hide I would.

13 But thou, man, who mine equal, guide,
and mine acquaintance waſt:
14 We join'd ſweet counſels, to God's houſe
in company we paſt.

15 Let death upon them ſeize, and down
let them go quick to hell;
For wickedneſs doth much abound
among them where they dwell.
16 I'll call on God: God will me ſave.
17 I'll pray, and make a noiſe
At ev'ning, morning, and at noon;
and he ſhall hear my voice.
18 He hath my ſoul delivered,
that it in peace might be
From battle that againſt me was;
for many were with me.
19 The Lord ſhall hear, and them afflict,
of old who hath abode:
Becauſe they never changes have,
therefore they fear not God.
20 'Gainſt thoſe that were at peace with him
he hath put forth his hand:
The covenant that he had made,
by breaking he profan'd.
21 More ſmooth than butter were his words,
while in his heart was war;
His ſpeeches were more ſoft than oil,
and yet drawn ſwords they are.
22 Caſt thou thy burden on the Lord,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
Yea, he ſhall cauſe the righteous man
unmoved to remain.
23 But thou, O Lord my God, thoſe men
in juſtice ſhalt o'erthrow,
And in deſtruction's dungeon dark
at laſt ſhalt lay them low.

The bloody and deceitful men
ſhall not live half their days:
But upon thee with confidence
I will depend always.

PSALM LVI.

1 SHEW mercy, Lord, to me, for man
would ſwallow me outright;
He me oppreſſeth, while he doth
againſt me daily fight.
2 They daily would me ſwallow up
that hate me ſpitefully;
For they be many that do fight
againſt me, O moſt High.
3 When I'm afraid I'll truſt in thee:
4 In God I'll praiſe his word;
I will not fear what fleſh can do,
my truſt is in the Lord.
5 Each day they wreſt my words; their
'gainſt me are all for ill. (thoughts
6 They meet, they lurk, they mark my ſteps,
waiting my ſoul to kill.
7 But ſhall they by iniquity
eſcape thy judgments ſo?
O God, with indignation down
do thou the people throw.
8 My wand'rings all what they have been
thou know'ſt, their number took;
Into thy bottle put my tears:
are they not in thy book?
9 My foes ſhall, when I cry, turn back;
I know't, God is for me.
10 In God his word I'll praiſe; his word
in God ſhall praiſed be.

11 In God I truſt; I will not fear
what man can do to me.
12 Thy vows upon me are, O God:
I'll render praiſe to thee.

13 Wilt thou not, who from death me ſav'd,
my feet from falls keep free,
To walk before God in the light
of thoſe that living be?

PSALM LVII.

1 BE merciful to me, O God,
thy mercy unto me
Do thou extend; becauſe my ſoul
doth put her truſt in thee:
Yea, in the ſhadow of thy wings
my refuge I will place,
Until theſe ſad calamities
do wholly overpaſs.

2 My cry I will cauſe to aſcend
unto the Lord moſt high;
To God, who doth all things for me
perform moſt perfectly.
3 From heav'n he ſhall ſend down, and me
from his reproach defend
That would devour me: God his truth
and mercy forth ſhall ſend.

4 My ſoul among fierce lions is,
I firebrands live among,
Men's ſons, whoſe teeth are ſpears and
a ſharp ſword is their tongue. (darts,
5 Be thou exalted very high
above the heav'ns, O God;
Let thou thy glory be advanc'd
o'er all the earth abroad.

6 My ſoul's bow'd down; for they a net
have laid my ſteps to ſnare:
Into the pit which they have digg'd
for me they fallen are.
7 My heart is fix'd, my heart is fix'd,
O God: I'll ſing and praiſe.
8 My glory, wake; wake pſalt'ry, harp;
myſelf I'll early raiſe;

9 I'll praiſe thee 'mong the people, Lord;
'mong nations ſing will I:
10 For great to heav'n thy mercy is,
thy truth is to the ſky.
11 O Lord, exalted be thy name
above the heav'ns to ſtand;
Do thou thy glory far advance
above both ſea and land.

PSALM LVIII.

1 DO ye, O congregation,
indeed ſpeak righteouſneſs?
O ye that are the ſons of men,
judge ye with uprightneſs?
2 Yea, ev'n within your very hearts
ye wickedneſs have done;
And ye the vi'lence of your hands
do weigh the earth upon.

3 The wicked men eſtranged are,
ev'n from the very womb;
They, ſpeaking lyes, do ſtray as ſoon
as to the world they come.
4 Unto a ſerpent's poiſon like
their poiſon doth appear;
Yea, they are like the adder deaf,
that cloſely ſtops her ear;

5 That

5 That ſo ſhe may not hear the voice
of one that charm her would,
No, not though he moſt cunning were,
and charm moſt wiſely could.
6 Their teeth, O God, within their mouth
break thou in pieces ſmall;
The great teeth break thou out, O Lord,
of theſe young lions all.
7 Let them like waters melt away,
which downward ſtill do flow:
In pieces cut his arrows all,
when he ſhall bend his bow.
8 Like to a ſnail that melts away,
let each of them be gone;
Like woman's birth untimely, that
they never ſee the ſun.
9 He ſhall them take away before
your pots the thorns can find,
Both living, and in fury great,
as with a ſtormy wind.
10 The righteous, when he vengeance ſees,
he ſhall be joyful then;
The righteous one ſhall waſh his feet
in blood of wicked men.
11 So men ſhall ſay, The righteous man
reward ſhall never miſs;
And verily upon the earth
a God to judge there is.

PSALM LIX.

1 MY God, deliver me from thoſe
that are mine enemies;
And do thou me defend from thoſe
that up againſt me riſe.
2 Do thou deliver me from them
that work iniquity;
And give me ſafety from the men
of bloody cruelty.
3 For, lo, they for my ſoul lay wait:
the mighty do combine
Againſt me, Lord; not for my fault,
nor any ſin of mine.
4 They run, and, without fault in me,
themſelves do ready make:
Awake to meet me with thy help,
and do thou notice take.
5 Awake therefore, Lord God of hoſts,
thou God of Iſrael,
To viſit Heathen all: ſpare none
that wickedly rebel.
6 At ev'ning they go to and fro:
they make great noiſe and ſound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.
7 Behold, they belch out with their mouth,
and in their lips are ſwords:
For they do ſay thus, Who is he
that now doth hear our words?
8 But thou, O Lord, ſhalt laugh at them,
and all the Heathen mock.
9 While he's in pow'r I'll wait on thee;
for God is my high rock.
10 He of my mercy that is God
betimes ſhall me prevent;
Upon mine en'mies God ſhall let
me ſee my heart's content.
11 Them ſlay not, leſt my folk forget;
but ſcatter them abroad
By thy ſtrong pow'r; and bring them
O thou our ſhield and God. (down,
12 For their mouth's ſin, and for the words
that from their lips do fly,
Let them be taken in their pride:
becauſe they curſe and lye.
13 In wrath conſume them, them conſume,
that ſo they may not be:
And that in Jacob God doth rule
to th' earth's ends let them ſee.
14 At ev'ning let thou them return,
making great noiſe and ſound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.
15 And let them wander up and down
in ſeeking food to eat;
And let them grudge when they ſhall not
be ſatisfy'd with meat.
16 But of thy pow'r I'll ſing aloud;
at morn thy mercy praiſe:
For thou to me my refuge waſt,
and tow'r, in troublous days.
17 O God, thou art my ſtrength, I will
ſing praiſes unto thee;
For God is my defence, a God
of mercy unto me.

PSALM LX.

1 O LORD, thou haſt rejected us,
and ſcatter'd us abroad:
Thou juſtly haſt diſpleaſed been;
return to us, O God.
2 The earth to tremble thou haſt made;
therein didſt breaches make:
Do thou therefore the breaches heal,
becauſe the land doth ſhake.
3 Unto thy people thou hard things
haſt ſhewed, and on them ſent;
And thou haſt cauſed us to drink
wine of aſtoniſhment.
4 And yet a banner thou haſt giv'n
to them who thee do fear;
That it by them, becauſe of truth,
diſplayed may appear.
5 That thy beloved people may
deliver'd be from thrall,
Save with the pow'r of thy right hand,
and hear me when I call.
6 God in his holineſs hath ſpoke,
Herein I will take pleaſure;
Shechem I will divide, and forth
will Succoth's valley meaſure;
7 Gilead I claim as mine by right;
Manaſſeh mine ſhall be;
Ephraim is of mine head the ſtrength;
Judah gives laws for me;
8 Moab's my waſhing-pot; my ſhoe
I'll over Edom throw;
And over Paleſtina's land
I will in triumph go.
9 O who is he will bring me to
the city fortify'd?
O who is he that to the land
of Edom will me guide?
10 O God, which hadeſt us caſt off,
this thing wilt thou not do?
Ev'n thou, O God, which diddeſt not
forth with our armies go.
11 Help us from trouble; for the help
is vain which man ſupplies.
12 Through God we'll do great acts; he
tread down our enemies. (ſhall

PSALM LXI.

1 O GOD, give ear unto my cry;
unto my pray'r attend.
2 From th' utmoſt corner of the land
my cry to thee I'll ſend.
What time my heart is overwhelm'd,
and in perplexity,
Do thou me lead unto the Rock
that higher is than I.
3 For thou haſt for my refuge been
a ſhelter by thy pow'r;
And for defence againſt my foes
thou haſt been a ſtrong tow'r.
4 Within thy tabernacle I
for ever will abide;
And under covert of thy wings
with confidence me hide.
5 For thou the vows that I did make,
O Lord my God, didſt hear:
Thou haſt giv'n me the heritage
of thoſe thy name that fear.
6 A life prolong'd for many days
thou to the king ſhalt give;
Like many generations be
the years which he ſhall live.
7 He in God's preſence his abode
for evermore ſhall have:
O do thou truth and mercy both
prepare, that may him ſave.
8 And ſo will I perpetually
ſing praiſe unto thy name;
That having made my vows, I may
each day perform the ſame.

PSALM LXII.

1 MY ſoul with expectation
depends on God indeed:
My ſtrength and my ſalvation doth
from him alone proceed.
2 He only my ſalvation is,
and my ſtrong rock is he;
He only is my ſure defence:
much mov'd I ſhall not be.
3 How long will ye againſt a man
plot miſchief? ye ſhall all
Be ſlain; ye as a tott'ring fence
ſhall be, and bowing wall.
4 They only plot to caſt him down
from his excellency:
They joy in lyes; with mouth they bleſs,
but they curſe inwardly.
5 My ſoul, wait thou with patience
upon thy God alone;
On him dependeth all my hope
and expectation.
6 He only my ſalvation is,
and my ſtrong rock is he;
He only is my ſure defence:
I ſhall not moved be.
7 In God my glory placed is,
and my ſalvation ſure;
In God the rock is of my ſtrength,
my refuge moſt ſecure.
8 Ye people, place your confidence
in him continually;
Before him pour ye out your heart:
God is our refuge high.
9 Surely mean men are vanity,
and great men are a lye;
In balance laid, they wholly are
more light than vanity.

10 Truſt ye not in oppreſſion,
in robb'ry be not vain;
On wealth ſet not your hearts, when as
increaſed is your gain.
11 God hath it ſpoken once to me,
yea, this I heard again,
That power to almighty God
alone doth appertain.
12 Yea, mercy alſo unto thee
belongs, O Lord, alone:
For thou according to his work
rewardeſt ev'ry one.

PSALM LXIII.

1 LORD, thee my God, I'll early ſeek:
my ſoul doth thirſt for thee;
My fleſh longs in a dry parch'd land,
wherein no waters be:
2 That I thy power may behold,
and brightneſs of thy face,
As I have ſeen thee heretofore
within thy holy place.
3 Since better is thy love than life,
my lips thee praiſe ſhall give.
4 I in thy name will lift my hands,
and bleſs thee while I live.
5 Ev'n as with marrow and with fat
my ſoul ſhall filled be;
Then ſhall my mouth with joyful lips
ſing praiſes unto thee:
6 When I do thee upon my bed
remember with delight,
And when on thee I meditate
in watches of the night.
7 In ſhadow of thy wings I'll joy;
for thou mine help haſt been.
8 My ſoul thee follows hard; and me
thy right hand doth ſuſtain.
9 Who ſeek my ſoul to ſpill ſhall ſink
down to earth's loweſt room.
10 They by the ſword ſhall be cut off,
and foxes' prey become.
11 Yet ſhall the king in God rejoice,
and each one glory ſhall
That ſwear by him: but ſtopp'd ſhall be
the mouth of lyars all.

PSALM LXIV.

1 WHEN I to thee my prayer make,
Lord, to my voice give ear;
My life ſave from the enemy,
of whom I ſtand in fear.
2 Me from their ſecret counſel hide
who do live wickedly;
From inſurrection of thoſe men
that work iniquity:
3 Who do their tongues with malice whet,
and make them cut like ſwords;
In whoſe bent bows are arrows ſet,
ev'n ſharp and bitter words:
4 That they may at the perfect man
in ſecret aim their ſhot;
Yea, ſuddenly they dare at him
to ſhoot, and fear it not.
5 In ill encourage they themſelves,
and their ſnares cloſe do lay:
Together conference they have;
Who ſhall them ſee? they ſay.
6 They have ſearch'd out iniquities,
a perfect ſearch they keep:
Of each of them the inward thought,
and very heart, is deep.
7 God ſhall an arrow ſhoot at them,
and wound them ſuddenly:
8 So their own tongue ſhall them confound;
all who them ſee ſhall fly.
9 And on all men a fear ſhall fall,
God's works they ſhall declare:
For they ſhall wiſely notice take
what theſe his doings are.
10 In God the righteous ſhall rejoice,
and truſt upon his might;
Yea, they ſhall greatly glory all
in heart that are upright.

PSALM LXV.

1 PRAISE waits for thee in Sion, Lord:
to thee vows paid ſhall be.
2 O thou that hearer art of pray'r,
all fleſh ſhall come to thee.
3 Iniquities, I muſt confeſs,
prevail againſt me do;
But as for our tranſgreſſions,
them purge away ſhalt thou.
4 Bleſs'd is the man whom thou doſt chooſe,
and mak'ſt approach to thee,
That he within thy courts, O Lord,
may dwell a dweller be:
We ſurely ſhall be ſatisfy'd
with thy abundant grace,
And with the goodneſs of thy houſe,
ev'n of thy holy place.
5 O God of our ſalvation,
thou, in thy righteouſneſs,
By fearful works unto our pray'rs
thine anſwer doſt expreſs;
Therefore the ends of all the earth,
and thoſe afar that be
Upon the ſea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in thee.
6 Who, being girt with pow'r, ſets faſt
by his great ſtrength the hills.
7 Who noiſe of ſeas, noiſe of their waves,
and people's tumult, ſtills.
8 Thoſe in the utmoſt parts that dwell
are at thy ſigns afraid:
Th' outgoings of the morn and ev'n
by thee are joyful made.
9 The earth thou viſit'ſt, wat'ring it;
thou mak'ſt it rich to grow
With God's full flood: thou corn prepar'ſt,
when thou provid'ſt it ſo.
10 Her ridg's thou wat'reſt plenteouſly,
her furrows ſetteſt:
With ſhow'rs thou doſt her mollify,
her ſpring by thee is bleſt.
11 So thou the year moſt lib'rally
doſt with thy goodneſs crown;
And all thy paths abundantly
on us drop fatneſs down.
12 They drop upon the paſtures wide,
that do in deſerts lie:
The little hills on ev'ry ſide
rejoice right pleaſantly.
13 With flocks the paſtures clothed be,
the vales with corn are clad;
And now they ſhout and ſing to thee,
for thou haſt made them glad.

PSALM LXVI.

1 ALL lands to God, in joyful ſounds,
aloft your voices raiſe.
2 Sing forth the honour of his name,
and glorious make his praiſe.
3 Say unto God, How terrible
in all thy works art thou!
Through thy great pow'r thy foes to thee
ſhall be conſtrain'd to bow.
4 All on the earth ſhall worſhip thee,
they ſhall thy praiſe proclaim
In ſongs: they ſhall ſing cheerfully
unto thy holy name.
5 Come, and the works that God hath wrought
with admiration ſee:
In's working to the ſons of men
moſt terrible is he.
6 Into dry land the ſea he turn'd,
and they a paſſage had;
Ev'n marching through the flood on foot,
there we in him were glad.
7 He ruleth ever by his pow'r;
his eyes the nations ſee:
O let not the rebellious ones
lift up themſelves on high.
8 Ye people, bleſs our God; aloud
the voice ſpeak of his praiſe;
9 Our ſoul in life who ſafe preſerves,
our foot from ſliding ſtays.
10 For thou didſt prove and try us, Lord,
as men do ſilver try;
11 Brought'ſt us into the net, and mad'ſt
bands on our loins to lie.
12 Thou haſt caus'd men ride o'er our heads;
and though that we did paſs
Thro' fire and water, yet thou brought'ſt
us to a wealthy place.
13 I'll bring burnt-off'rings to thy houſe;
to thee my vows I'll pay,
14 Which my lips utter'd, my mouth ſpake,
when trouble on me lay.
15 Burnt-ſacrifices of fat rams
with incenſe I will bring;
Of bullocks and of goats I will
preſent an offering.
16 All that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
what he did for my ſoul.
17 I with my mouth unto him cry'd,
my tongue did him extol.
18 If in my heart I ſin regard,
the Lord me will not hear:
19 But ſurely God me heard, and to
my prayer's voice gave ear.
20 O let the Lord, our gracious God,
for ever bleſſed be,
Who turned not my pray'r from him,
nor yet his grace from me.

PSALM LXVII.

1 LORD, bleſs and pity us,
ſhine on us with thy face:
2 That th' earth thy way, and nations all
may know thy ſaving grace.
3 Let people praiſe thee, Lord,
let people all thee praiſe.
4 O let the nations be glad,
in ſongs their voices raiſe:
Thou'lt juſtly people judge,
on earth rule nations all.
5 Let people praiſe thee, Lord; let them
praiſe thee, both great and ſmall.
6 The earth her fruit ſhall yield,
our God ſhall bleſſing ſend.
7 God ſhall us bleſs; men ſhall him fear,
unto earth's utmoſt end.

Another of the ſame.

1 LORD, unto us be merciful,
do thou us alſo bleſs:
And graciouſly cauſe ſhine on us
the brightneſs of thy face:
2 That ſo thy way upon the earth
to all men may be known;
Alſo among the nations all
thy ſaving health be ſhewn.
3 O let the people praiſe thee, Lord,
let people all thee praiſe.
4 O let the nations be glad,
and ſing for joy always:
For rightly thou ſhalt people judge,
and nations rule on earth.
5 Let people praiſe thee, Lord; let all
the folk praiſe thee with mirth.
6 Then ſhall the earth yield her increaſe,
God, our God, bleſs us ſhall.
7 God ſhall us bleſs; and of the earth
the ends ſhall fear him all.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God ariſe, and ſcattered
let all his en'mies be;
And let all thoſe that do him hate
before his preſence flee.
2 As ſmoke is driv'n, ſo drive thou them;
as fire melts wax away,
Before God's face let wicked men
ſo periſh and decay.
3 But let the righteous be glad,
let them before God's ſight
Be very joyful; yea, let them
rejoice with all their might.
4 To God ſing, to his name ſing praiſe;
extol him with your voice,
That rides on heav'n by his name JAH,
before his face rejoice.
5 Becauſe the Lord a father is
unto the fatherleſs;
God is the widow's judge within
his place of holineſs.
6 God doth the ſolitary ſet
in fam'lies: and from bands
The chain'd doth free; but rebels do
inhabit parched lands.
7 O God, what time thou didſt go forth
before thy people's face;
And when through the great wilderneſs
thy glorious marching was;
8 Then at God's preſence ſhook the earth,
then drops from heaven fell;
This Sinai ſhook before the Lord,
the God of Iſrael.
9 O God, thou to thine heritage
didſt ſend a plenteous rain,
Whereby thou, when it weary was,
didſt it refreſh again.
10 Thy congregation then did make
their habitation there:
Of thine own goodneſs for the poor,
O God, thou didſt prepare.
11 The Lord himſelf did give the word,
the word abroad did ſpread;
Great was the company of them
the ſame who publiſhed.
12 Kings of great armies foiled were,
and forc'd to flee away;
And women who remain'd at home
did diſtribute the prey.
13 Though ye have lain among the pots,
like doves ye ſhall appear,
Whoſe wings with ſilver, and with gold
whoſe feathers cover'd are.
14 When there th' Almighty ſcatter'd kings,
like Salmon's ſnow 'twas white.
15 God's hill is like to Baſhan hill,
like Baſhan hill for height.
16 Why do ye leap, ye mountains high?
this is the hill where God
Deſires to dwell; yea, God in it
for ay will make abode.
17 God's chariots twenty thouſand are,
thouſands of angels ſtrong;
In's holy place God is, as in
mount Sinai, them among.
18 Thou haſt, O Lord, moſt glorious,
aſcended up on high;
And in triumph victorious led
captive captivity:
Thou haſt received gifts for men,
for ſuch as did rebel:
Yea, ev'n for them, that God the Lord
in midſt of them might dwell.
19 Bleſs'd be the Lord, who is to us
of our ſalvation God;
Who daily with his benefits
us plenteouſly doth load.
20 He of ſalvation is the God,
who is our God moſt ſtrong;
And unto God the Lord from death
the iſſues do belong.
21 But ſurely God ſhall wound the head
of thoſe that are his foes;
The hairy ſcalp of him that ſtill
on in his treſpaſs goes.
22 God ſaid, My people I will bring
again from Baſhan hill;
Yea, from the ſea's devouring depths
them bring again I will;
23 That in the blood of enemies
thy foot imbru'd may be,
And of thy dogs dipp'd in the ſame
the tongues thou mayeſt ſee.
24 Thy goings they have ſeen, O God;
the ſteps of majeſty
Of my God, and my mighty King,
within the ſanctuary.
25 Before went ſingers, players next
on inſtruments took way;
And them among the damſels were
that did on timbrels play.
26 Within the congregations
bleſs God with one accord:
From Iſr'el's fountain do ye bleſs
and praiſe the mighty Lord.
27 With their prince, little Benjamin,
princes and council there
Of Judah were, there Zabulon's
and Napht'li's princes were.
28 Thy God commands thy ſtrength; make
ſtrong
what thou wrought'ſt for us, Lord.
29 For thy houſe at Jeruſalem
kings ſhall thee gifts afford.
30 The ſpearmen's hoſt, the multitude
of bulls, which fiercely look,
Thoſe calves which people have forthſent,
O Lord our God rebuke,
Till every one ſubmit himſelf,
and ſilver pieces bring:
The people that delight in war
diſperſe, O God and King.
31 Thoſe that be princes great ſhall then
come out of Egypt lands;
And Ethiopia to God
ſhall ſoon ſtretch out her hands.
32 O all ye kingdoms of the earth,
ſing praiſes to this King;
For he is Lord that ruleth all,
unto him praiſes ſing.
33 To him that rides on heav'ns of heav'ns,
which he of old did found;
Lo, he ſends out his voice, a voice
in might that doth abound.
34 Strength unto God do ye aſcribe;
for his excellency
Is over Iſrael, his ſtrength
is in the clouds moſt high.
35 Thou'rt from thy temple dreadful, Lord,
Iſr'el's own God is he,
Who gives his people ſtrength and pow'r:
O let God bleſſed be.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God, becauſe the floods
do ſo environ me,
That ev'n unto my very ſoul
come in the waters be.
2 I downward in deep mire do ſink,
where ſtanding there is none:
I am into deep waters come,
where floods have o'er me gone.
3 I weary with my crying am,
my throat is alſo dry'd;
Mine eyes do fail, while for my God
I waiting do abide.
4 Thoſe men that do without a cauſe
bear hatred unto me,
Than are the hairs upon my head
in number more they be:
They that would me deſtroy, and are
mine en'mies wrongfully,
Are mighty: ſo what I took not
to render forc'd was I.
5 Lord, thou my folly know'ſt, my ſins
not cover'd are from thee.
6 Let none that wait on thee be ſham'd,
Lord God of hoſts, for me.
O Lord, the God of Iſrael,
let none who ſearch do make,
And ſeek thee, be at any time
confounded for my ſake.
7 For I have borne reproach for thee,
my face is hid with ſhame.
8 To brethren ſtrange, to mother's ſons
an alien I became.
9 Becauſe the zeal did eat me up
which to thine houſe I bear;
And the reproaches caſt at thee
upon me fallen are.
10 My tears and faſts, t' afflict my ſoul,
were turned to my ſhame.
11 When ſackcloth I did wear, to them
a proverb I became.
12 The men that in the gate do ſit
againſt me evil ſpake;
They alſo that vile drunkards were
of me their ſong did make.

13 But

13 But, in an acceptable time,
my pray'r, Lord, is to thee:
In truth of thy ſalvation, Lord,
and mercy great, hear me.

14 Deliver me out of the mire,
from ſinking do me keep;
Free me from thoſe that do me hate,
and from the waters deep.

15 Let not the flood on me prevail,
whoſe water overflows;
Nor deep me ſwallow, nor the pit
her mouth upon me cloſe.

16 Hear me, O Lord, becauſe thy love
and kindneſs is moſt good;
Turn unto me, according to
thy mercies' multitude;

17 Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face:
I'm troubled, ſoon attend.

18 Draw near my ſoul, and it redeem;
me from my foes defend.

19 To thee is my reproach well known,
my ſhame, and my diſgrace:
Thoſe that mine adverſaries be
are all before thy face.

20 Reproach hath broke my heart; I'm full
of grief: I look'd for one
To pity me: but none I found;
comforters found I none.

21 They alſo bitter gall did give
unto me for my meat:
They gave me vinegar to drink,
when as my thirſt was great.

22 Before them let their table prove
a ſnare; and do thou make
Their welfare and proſperity
a trap themſelves to take.

23 Let thou their eyes ſo darken'd be,
that ſight may them forſake;
And let their loins be made by thee
continually to ſhake.

24 Thy fury pour thou out on them,
and indignation;
And let thy wrathful anger, Lord,
faſt hold take them upon.

25 All waſte and deſolate let be
their habitation;
And in their tabernacles all
inhabitants be none.

26 Becauſe him they do perſecute,
whom thou didſt ſmite before;
They talk unto the grief of thoſe
whom thou haſt wounded ſore.

27 Add thou iniquity unto
their former wickedneſs;
And do not let them come at all
into thy righteouſneſs.

28 Out of the book of life let them
be raz'd and blotted quite;
Among the juſt and righteous
let not their names be writ.

29 But now become exceeding poor
and ſorrowful am I:
By thy ſalvation, O my God,
let me be ſet on high.

30 The name of God I with a ſong
moſt cheerfully will praiſe;
And I, in giving thanks to him,
his name ſhall highly raiſe.

31 This to the Lord a ſacrifice
more gracious ſhall prove
Than bullock, ox, or any beaſt
that hath both horn and hoof.

32 When this the humble men ſhall ſee,
it joy to them ſhall give:
O all ye that do ſeek the Lord,
your hearts ſhall ever live.

33 For God the poor hears, and will not
his priſoners contemn.

34 Let heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, him praiſe,
and all that move in them.

35 For God will Judah's cities build,
and he will Sion ſave;
That they may dwell therein, and it
in ſure poſſeſſion have.

36 And they that are his ſervants' ſeed
inherit ſhall the ſame;
So ſhall they have their dwelling there
that love his bleſſed name.

PSALM LXX.

1 LORD, haſte me to deliver;
with ſpeed, Lord, ſuccour me.

2 Let them that for my ſoul do ſeek
ſham'd and confounded be:
Turn'd back be they, and ſham'd,
that in my hurt delight.

3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha! that ſay,
their ſhaming to requite.

4 In thee let all be glad,
and joy that ſeek for thee:
Let them who thy ſalvation love
ſay ſtill, God praiſed be.

5 I poor and needy am;
come, Lord, and make no ſtay:
My help thou and deliv'rer art;
O Lord, make no delay.

Another of the ſame.

1 MAKE haſte, O God, me to preſerve;
with ſpeed, Lord, ſuccour me.

2 Let them that for my ſoul do ſeek
ſham'd and confounded be:
Let them be turned back, and ſham'd,
that in my hurt delight.

3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha! that ſay,
their ſhaming to requite.

4 O Lord, in thee let all be glad,
and joy that ſeek for thee:
Let them who thy ſalvation love
ſay ſtill, God praiſed be.

5 But I both poor and needy am;
come, Lord, and make no ſtay:
My help thou and deliv'rer art,
O Lord, make no delay.

PSALM LXXI.

1 O LORD, my hope and confidence
is plac'd in thee alone;
Then let thy ſervant never be
put to confuſion.

2 And let me, in thy righteouſneſs,
from thee deliv'rance have:
Cauſe me eſcape, incline thine ear
unto me, and me ſave.

3 Be thou my dwelling-rock, to which
I ever may reſort:
Thou gav'ſt commandment me to ſave,
for thou'rt my rock and fort.

4 Free me, my God, from wicked hands,
hands cruel and unjuſt:

5 For thou, O Lord God, art my hope,
and from my youth my truſt.

6 Thou from the womb didſt hold me up;
thou art the ſame that me
Out of my mother's bowels took;
I ever will praiſe thee.

7 To many I a wonder am;
but thou'rt my refuge ſtrong.

8 Fill'd let my mouth be with thy praiſe
and honour all day long.

9 O do not caſt me off, when as
old age doth overtake me;
And when my ſtrength decayed is,
then do not thou forſake me.

10 For thoſe that are mine enemies
againſt me ſpeak with hate;
And they together counſel take
that for my ſoul lay wait.

11 They ſaid, God leaves him; him purſue
and take: none will him ſave.

12 Be thou not far from me, my God:
thy ſpeedy help I crave.

13 Confound, conſume them, that unto
my ſoul are enemies;
Cloth'd be they with reproach and ſhame
that do my hurt deviſe.

14 But I with expectation
will hope continually;
And yet with praiſes more and more
I will thee magnify.

15 Thy juſtice and ſalvation
my mouth abroad ſhall ſhow,
Ev'n all the day; for I thereof
the numbers do not know.

16 And I will conſtantly go on
in ſtrength of God the Lord;
And thine own righteouſneſs, ev'n thine
alone, I will record.

17 For even from my youth, O God,
by thee I have been taught;
And hitherto I have declar'd
the wonders thou haſt wrought.

18 And now, Lord, leave me not, when I
old and gray-headed grow;
Till to this age thy ſtrength and pow'r
to all to come I ſhow.

19 And thy moſt perfect righteouſneſs,
O Lord, is very high,
Who haſt ſo great things done: O God,
who is like unto thee?

20 Thou, Lord, who great adverſities,
and ſore, to me didſt ſhow,
Shalt quicken and bring me again
from depths of earth below.

21 My greatneſs and my pow'r thou wilt
increaſe and far extend:
On ev'ry ſide againſt all grief
thou wilt me comfort ſend.

22 Thee, ev'n thy truth, I'll alſo praiſe,
my God, with pſaltery:
Thou holy One of Iſrael,
with harp I'll ſing to thee.

23 My lips ſhall much rejoice in thee,
when I thy praiſes ſound:
My ſoul, which thou redeemed haſt,
in joy ſhall much abound.

24 My tongue thy juſtice ſhall proclaim,
continuing all day long;
For they confounded are, and ſham'd,
that ſeek to do me wrong.

PSALM LXXII.

1 O LORD, thy judgments give the king,
his ſon thy righteouſneſs.
2 With right he ſhall thy people judge,
thy poor with uprightneſs.
3 The lofty mountains ſhall bring forth
unto the people peace;
Likewiſe the little hills the ſame
ſhall do by righteouſneſs.
4 The people's poor ones he ſhall judge,
the needy's children ſave;
And thoſe ſhall he in pieces break
who them oppreſſed have.
5 They ſhall thee fear while ſun and moon
do laſt, through ages all.
6 Like rain on mown graſs he ſhall drop,
or ſhow'rs on earth that fall.
7 The juſt ſhall flouriſh in his days,
and proſper in his reign:
He ſhall, while doth the moon endure,
abundant peace maintain.
8 His large and great dominion ſhall
from ſea to ſea extend:
It from the river ſhall reach forth
unto earth's utmoſt end.
9 They in the wilderneſs that dwell
bow down before him muſt;
And they that are his enemies
ſhall lick the very duſt.
10 The kings of Tarſhiſh, and the iſles,
to him ſhall preſents bring;
And unto him ſhall offer gifts
Sheba's and Seba's king.
11 Yea, all the mighty kings on earth
before him down ſhall fall;
And all the nations of the world
do ſervice to him ſhall.
12 For he the needy ſhall preſerve,
when he to him doth call;
The poor alſo, and him that hath
no help of man at all.
13 The poor man and the indigent
in mercy he ſhall ſpare;
He ſhall preſerve alive the ſouls
of thoſe that needy are.
14 Both from deceit and violence
their ſoul he ſhall ſet free;
And in his ſight right precious
and dear their blood ſhall be.
15 Yea, he ſhall live, and giv'n to him
ſhall be of Sheba's gold:
For him ſtill ſhall they pray, and he
ſhall daily be extoll'd.
16 Of corn an handful in the earth
on tops of mountains high,
With proſp'rous fruit ſhall ſhake, like trees
on Lebanon that be.
The city ſhall be flouriſhing,
her citizens abound
In number ſhall, like to the graſs
that grows upon the ground.
17 His name for ever ſhall endure;
laſt like the ſun it ſhall:
Men ſhall be bleſs'd in him, and bleſs'd
all nations ſhall him call.
18 Now bleſſed be the Lord our God,
the God of Iſrael,
For he alone doth wondrous works,
in glory that excel.
19 And bleſſed be his glorious name
to all eternity:
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, ſo let it be.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 YET God is good to Iſrael,
to each pure-hearted one.
2 But as for me, my ſteps near ſlipp'd,
my feet were almoſt gone.
3 For I envious was and grudg'd
the fooliſh folk to ſee,
When I perceiv'd the wicked ſort
enjoy proſperity.
4 For ſtill their ſtrength continueth firm,
their death of bands is free.
5 They are not toil'd as other men,
nor plagu'd as others be.
6 Therefore their pride, like to a chain,
them compaſſeth about;
And, as a garment, violence
doth cover them throughout.
7 Their eyes ſtand out with fat, they have
more than their hearts could wiſh.
8 They are corrupt; their talk of wrong
both lewd and lofty is.
9 They ſet their mouth againſt the heav'ns
in their blaſphemous talk;
And their reproaching tongue throughout
the earth at large doth walk.
10 His people oftentimes for this
look back and turn about;
Sith waters of ſo full a cup
to theſe are poured out.
11 And thus they ſay, How can it be
that God theſe things doth know?
Or, Can there in the Higheſt be
knowledge of things below?
12 Behold, theſe are the wicked ones,
yet proſper at their will
In worldly things; they do increaſe
in wealth and riches ſtill.
13 I verily have done in vain
my heart to purify;
To no effect in innocence
waſhed my hands have I.
14 For daily, and all day throughout,
great plagues I ſuffer'd have;
Yea, ev'ry morning I of new
did chaſtiſement receive.
15 If in this manner fooliſhly
to ſpeak I would intend,
Thy children's generation,
behold, I ſhould offend.
16 When I this thought to know, it was
too hard a thing for me;
17 Till to God's ſanctuary I went,
then I their end did ſee.
18 Aſſuredly thou didſt them ſet
a ſlipp'ry place upon;
Them ſuddenly thou caſtedſt down
into deſtruction.
19 How in a moment ſuddenly
to ruin brought are they!
With fearful terrors utterly
they are conſum'd away.
20 Ev'n like unto a dream, when one
from ſleeping doth ariſe;
So thou, O Lord, when thou awak'ſt,
their image ſhalt deſpiſe.
21 Thus grieved was my heart in me,
and me my reins oppreſt.
22 So rude was I, and ignorant,
and in thy ſight a beaſt.
23 Nevertheleſs continually,
O Lord, I am with thee:
Thou doſt me hold by my right hand,
and ſtill upholdeſt me.
24 Thou with thy counſel, while I live,
wilt me conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterward
receive me to abide.
25 Whom have I in the heavens high
but thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom I deſire
beſides thee there is none.
26 My fleſh and heart doth faint and fail,
but God doth fail me never:
For of my heart God is the ſtrength
and portion for ever.
27 For, lo, they that are far from thee
for ever periſh ſhall:
Them that a whoring from thee go
thou haſt deſtroyed all.
28 But ſurely it is good for me
that I draw near to God:
In God I truſt, that all thy works
I may declare abroad.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 O GOD, why haſt thou caſt us off?
is it for evermore?
Againſt thy paſture-ſheep why doth
thine anger ſmoke ſo ſore?
2 O call to thy remembrance
thy congregation,
Which thou haſt purchaſed of old;
ſtill think the ſame upon:
The rod of thine inheritance,
which thou redeemed haſt,
This Sion hill, wherein thou hadſt
thy dwelling in times paſt.
3 To theſe long deſolations
thy feet lift, do not tarry;
For all the ills thy foes have done
within thy ſanctuary.
4 Amidſt thy congregations
thine enemies do roar:
Their enſigns they ſet up for ſigns
of triumph thee before.
5 A man was famous, and was had
in eſtimation,
According as he lifted up
his axe thick trees upon.
6 But all at once with axes now
and hammers they go to,
And down the carved work thereof
they break, and quite undo.
7 They fired have thy ſanctuary,
and have defil'd the ſame,
By caſting down unto the ground
the place where dwelt thy name.
8 Thus ſaid they in their hearts, Let us
deſtroy them out of hand:
They burnt up all the ſynagogues
of God within the land.

9 Our ſigns we do not now behold;
there is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
that knows the time how long.

10 How long, Lord, ſhall the enemy
thus in reproach exclaim?
And ſhall the adverſary thus
always blaſpheme thy name?

11 Thy hand, ev'n thy right hand of might,
why doſt thou thus draw back?
O from thy boſom pluck it out
for our deliv'rance' ſake.

12 For certainly God is my king,
ev'n from the times of old,
Working in midſt of all the earth
ſalvation manifold.

13 The ſea, by thy great pow'r, to part
aſunder thou didſt make;
And thou the dragons' heads, O Lord,
within the waters brake.

14 The leviathan's head thou brak'ſt
in pieces, and didſt give
Him to be meat unto the folk
in wilderneſs that live.

15 Thou clav'ſt the fountain and the flood,
which did with ſtreams abound:
Thou dry'dſt the mighty waters up
unto the very ground.

16 Thine only is the day, O Lord,
thine alſo is the night;
And thou alone prepared haſt
the ſun and ſhining light.

17 By thee the borders of the earth
were ſettled ev'ry where:
The ſummer and the winter both
by thee created were.

18 That th' enemy reproached hath,
O keep it in record;
And that the fooliſh people have
blaſphem'd thy name, O Lord.

19 Unto the multitude do not
thy turtle's ſoul deliver:
The congregation of thy poor
do not forget for ever.

20 Unto thy cov'nant have reſpect:
for earth's dark places be
Full of the habitations
of horrid cruelty.

21 O let not thoſe that be oppreſs'd
return again with ſhame:
Let thoſe that poor and needy are
give praiſe unto thy name.

22 Do thou, O God, ariſe and plead
the cauſe that is thine own:
Remember how thou art reproach'd
ſtill by the fooliſh one.

23 Do not forget the voice of thoſe
that are thine enemies:
Of thoſe the tumult ever grows
that do againſt thee riſe.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO thee, O God, do we give thanks,
we do give thanks to thee,
Becauſe thy wondrous works declare
thy great name near to be.

2 I purpoſe, when I ſhall receive
the congregation,
That I ſhall judgment uprightly
render to ev'ry one.

3 Diſſolved is the land, with all
that in the ſame do dwell;
But I the pillars thereof do
bear up, and ſtabliſh well.

4 I to the fooliſh people ſaid,
Do not deal fooliſhly;
And unto thoſe that wicked are,
Lift not your horn on high;

5 Lift not your horn on high, nor ſpeak
6 with ſtubborn neck. But know,
That not from eaſt, nor weſt, nor ſouth,
promotion doth flow.

7 But God is judge; he puts down one,
and ſets another up.

8 For in the hand of God moſt high
of red wine is a cup:

'Tis full of mixture, he pours forth,
and makes the wicked all
Wring out the bitter dregs thereof;
yea, and they drink them ſhall.

9 But I for ever will declare,
I Jacob's God will praiſe.

10 All horns of lewd men I'll cut off;
but juſt men's horns will raiſe.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN Judah's land God is well known;
his name's in Iſr'el great:

2 In Salem is his tabernacle,
in Sion is his ſeat.

3 There arrows of the bow he brake,
the ſhield, the ſword, the war.

4 More glorious thou than hills of prey,
more excellent art far.

5 Thoſe that were ſtout of heart are ſpoil'd,
they ſlept their ſleep outright;
And none of thoſe their hands did find
that were the men of might.

6 When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
had forth againſt them paſt,
Their horſes and their chariots both
were in a dead ſleep caſt.

7 Thou, Lord, ev'n thou art he that ſhould
be fear'd; and who is he
That may ſtand up before thy ſight,
if once thou angry be?

8 From heav'n thou judgment caus'd be
the earth was ſtill with fear, [heard;

9 When God to judgment roſe, to ſave
all meek on earth that were.

10 Surely the very wrath of man
unto thy praiſe redounds:
Thou to the remnant of his wrath
wilt ſet reſtraining bounds.

11 Vow to the Lord your God, and pay:
all ye that near him be,
Bring gifts and preſents unto him;
for to be fear'd is he.

12 By him the ſp'rits ſhall be cut off
of thoſe that princes are:
Unto the kings that are on earth
he fearful doth appear.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 UNTO the Lord I with my voice,
I unto God did cry;
Ev'n with my voice, and unto me
his ear he did apply.

2 I in my trouble ſought the Lord,
my ſore by night did run,
And ceaſed not: my grieved ſoul
did conſolation ſhun.

3 I to remembrance God did call,
yet trouble did remain;
And overwhelm'd my ſpirit was,
whilſt I did ſore complain.

4 Mine eyes, debarr'd from reſt and ſleep,
thou makeſt ſtill to wake:
My trouble is ſo great, that I
unable am to ſpeak.

5 The days of old to mind I call'd,
and oft did think upon
The times and ages that are paſt
full many years agone.

6 By night my ſong I call to mind,
and commune with my heart;
My ſp'rit did carefully enquire
how I might eaſe my ſmart.

7 For ever will the Lord caſt off,
and gracious be no more?

8 For ever is his mercy gone?
fails his word evermore?

9 Is't true that to be gracious
the Lord forgotten hath?
And that his tender mercies he
hath ſhut up in his wrath?

10 Then did I ſay, That ſurely this
is mine infirmity;
I'll mind the years of the right hand
of him that is moſt High.

11 Yea, I remember will the works
performed by the Lord:
The wonders done of old by thee
I ſurely will record.

12 I alſo will of all thy works
my meditation make;
And of thy doings to diſcourſe
great pleaſure I will take.

13 O God, thy way moſt holy is
within thy ſanctuary;
And what God is ſo great in pow'r
as is our God moſt high?

14 Thou art the God that wonders do'ſt
by thy right hand moſt ſtrong;
Thy mighty pow'r thou haſt declar'd
the nations among.

15 To thine own people with thine arm
thou didſt redemption bring;
To Jacob's ſons, and to the tribes
of Joſeph that do ſpring.

16 The waters, Lord, perceived thee,
the waters ſaw thee well;
And they for fear aſide did flee;
the depths on trembling fell:

17 The clouds in water forth were pour'd,
ſound loudly did the ſky;
And ſwiftly through the world abroad
thine arrows fierce did fly.

18 Thy thunder's voice alongſt the heav'n
a mighty noiſe did make:
By lightnings lighten'd was the world;
th' earth tremble did and ſhake.

19 Thy way is in the ſea, and in
the waters great thy path:
Yet are thy footſteps hid, O Lord;
none knowledge thereof hath.

20 Thy

20 Thy people thou didſt ſafely lead,
like to a flock of ſheep;
By Moſes' hand and Aaron's thou
didſt them conduct and keep.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 ATTEND, my people, to my law;
thereto give thou an ear;
The words that from my mouth proceed
attentively do hear.
2 My mouth ſhall ſpeak a parable,
and ſayings dark of old;
3 The ſame which we have heard and known,
and us our fathers told.
4 We alſo will them not conceal
from their poſterity;
Them to the generation
to come declare will we:
The praiſes of the Lord our God,
and his almighty ſtrength,
The wondrous works that he hath done,
we will ſhew forth at length.
5 His teſtimony and his law
in Iſr'el he did place,
And charg'd our fathers it to ſhow
to their ſucceeding race;
6 That ſo the race which was to come
might well them learn and know;
And ſons unborn, who ſhould ariſe,
might to their ſons them ſhow:
7 That they might ſet their hope in God,
and ſuffer not to fall
His mighty works out of their mind,
but keep his precepts all:
8 And might not, like their fathers, be
a ſtiff rebellious race;
A race not right in heart; with God
whoſe ſp'rit not ſtedfaſt was.
9 The ſons of Ephraim, who nor bows
nor other arms did lack,
When as the day of battle was,
they faintly turned back.
10 They brake God's cov'nant, and refus'd
in his commands to go;
11 His works and wonders they forgot,
which he to them did ſhow.
12 Things marvellous he brought to paſs;
their fathers them beheld
Within the land of Egypt done,
yea, ev'n in Zoan's field.
13 By him divided was the ſea,
he caus'd them through to paſs;
And made the waters ſo to ſtand,
as like an heap it was.
14 With cloud by day, with light of fire
all night, he did them guide.
15 In deſert rocks he clave, and drink
as from great depths, ſupply'd.
16 He from the rock brought ſtreams, like floods
made waters to run down.
17 Yet ſinning more, in deſert they
provok'd the higheſt One.
18 For in their heart they tempted God,
and, ſpeaking with miſtruſt,
They greedily did meat require
to ſatisfy their luſt.
19 Againſt the Lord himſelf they ſpake,
and, murmuring, ſaid thus,
A table in the wilderneſs
can God prepare for us?
20 Behold, he ſmote the rock, and thence
came ſtreams and waters great;
But can he give his people bread?
and ſend them fleſh to eat?
21 The Lord did hear and waxed wroth;
ſo kindled was a flame
'Gainſt Jacob, and 'gainſt Iſrael
up indignation came.
22 For they believ'd not God, nor truſt
in his ſalvation had:
23 Though clouds above he did command,
and heav'n's doors open made,
24 And manna rain'd on them, and gave
them corn of heav'n to eat.
25 Man angels' food did eat; to them
he to the full ſent meat.
26 And in the heaven he did cauſe
an eaſtern wind to blow;
And by his power he let out
the ſouthern wind to go.
27 Then fleſh as thick as duſt he made
to rain down them among;
And feather'd fowls, like as the ſand
which ly'th the ſhore along.
28 At his command amidſt their camp
theſe ſhow'rs of fleſh down fell,
All round about the tabernacles
and tents where they did dwell.
29 So did they eat abundantly,
and had of meat their fill;
For he did give to them what was
their own deſire and will.
30 They from their luſt had not eſtrang'd
their heart and their deſire;
But while the meat was in their mouths,
which they did ſo require,
31 God's wrath upon them came, and ſlew
the fatteſt of them all;
So that the choice of Iſrael,
o'erthrown by death, did fall.
32 Yet, notwithſtanding of all this,
they ſinned ſtill the more:
And tho' he had great wonders wrought,
believ'd him not therefore.
33 Wherefore their days in vanity
he did conſume and waſte;
And by his wrath their wretched years
away in trouble paſt.
34 But when he ſlew them, then they did
to ſeek him ſhew deſire;
Yea, they return'd, and after God
right early did enquire.
35 And that the Lord had been their Rock
they did remember then;
Ev'n that the high almighty God
had their Redeemer been.
36 Yet with their mouth they flatter'd him,
and ſpake but feignedly;
And they unto the God of truth
with their falſe tongues did lye.
37 For though their words were good, their heart
with him was not ſincere:
Unſtedfaſt and perfidious
they in his cov'nant were.
38 But, full of pity, he forgave
their ſin, them did not ſlay;
Nor ſtirr'd up all his wrath, but oft
his anger turn'd away.
39 For that they were but fading fleſh
to mind he did recall;
A wind that paſſeth ſoon away,
and not returns at all.
40 How often did they him provoke
within the wilderneſs!
And in the deſert did him grieve
with their rebellioufneſs!
41 Yea, turning back, they tempted God,
and limits ſet upon
Him, who in midſt of Iſr'el is
the only holy One.
42 They did not call to mind his pow'r,
nor yet the day when he
Deliver'd them out of the hand
of their fierce enemy;
43 Nor how great ſigns in Egypt land
he openly had wrought;
What miracles in Zoan's field
his hand to paſs had brought.
44 How lakes and rivers ev'ry where
he turned into blood;
So that no man nor beaſt could drink
of ſtanding lake or flood.
45 He brought among them ſwarms of flies,
which did them ſore annoy;
And diverſe kinds of filthy frogs
he ſent them to deſtroy.
46 He to the caterpiller gave
the fruits of all their ſoil;
Their labours he deliver'd up
unto the locuſts' ſpoil.
47 Their vines with hail, their ſycamores
he with the froſt did blaſt.
48 Their beaſts to hail he gave, their flocks
hot thunderbolts did waſte.
49 Fierce burning wrath he on them caſt,
and indignation ſtrong,
And troubles ſore, by ſending forth
ill angels them among.
50 He to his wrath made way; their ſoul
from death he did not ſave;
But over to the peſtilence
the lives of them he gave.
51 In Egypt land the firſt-born all
he ſmote down ev'ry where;
Among the tents of Ham, ev'n theſe
chief of their ſtrength that were.
52 But his own people, like to ſheep,
thence to go forth he made;
And he, amidſt the wilderneſs,
them, as a flock, did lead.
53 And he them ſafely on did lead,
ſo that they did not fear:
Whereas their en'mies by the ſea
quite overwhelmed were.
54 To borders of his ſanctuary
the Lord his people led,
Ev'n to the mount which his right hand
for them had purchaſed.
55 The nations of Canaan,
by his almighty hand,
Before their face he did expel
out of their native land;
Which for inheritance to them
by line he did divide,
And made the tribes of Iſrael
within their tents abide.

56 Yet God moſt high they did provoke,
and tempted ever ſtill;
And to obſerve his teſtimonies
did not incline their will.
57 But, like their fathers, turned back,
and dealt unfaithfully:
Aſide they turned, like a bow
that ſhoots deceitfully.
58 For they to anger did provoke
him with their places high;
And with their graven images
mov'd him to jealouſy.
59 When God heard this he waxed wroth,
and much loath'd Iſr'el then:
60 So Shiloh's tent he left, the tent
which he had plac'd with men.
61 And he his ſtrength delivered
into captivity;
He left his glory in the hand
of his proud enemy.
62 His people alſo he gave o'er
unto the ſword's fierce rage:
So ſore his wrath inflamed was
againſt his heritage.
63 The fire conſum'd their choice young men:
their maids no marriage had;
64 And when their prieſts fell by the ſword
their wives no mourning made.
65 But then the Lord aroſe, as one
that doth from ſleep awake;
And like a giant that, by wine
refreſh'd, a ſhout doth make:
66 Upon his en'mies' hinder parts
he made his ſtroke to fall;
And ſo upon them he did put
a ſhame perpetual.
67 Moreover, he the tabernacle
of Joſeph did refuſe;
The mighty tribe of Ephraim
he would in no wiſe chooſe:
68 But he did chooſe Jehudah's tribe
to be the reſt above;
And of mount Sion he made choice,
which he ſo much did love.
69 And he his ſanctuary built
like to a palace high,
Like to the earth which he did found
to perpetuity.
70 Of David, that his ſervant was,
he alſo choice did make,
And even from the folds of ſheep
was pleaſed him to take:
71 From waiting on the ewes with young
he brought him forth to feed
Iſrael, his inheritance,
his people, Jacob's ſeed.
72 So after the integrity
he of his heart them fed;
And by the good ſkill of his hands
them wiſely governed.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 O GOD, the heathen enter'd have
thine heritage; by them
Defiled is thy houſe: on heaps
they laid Jeruſalem.
2 The bodies of thy ſervants they
have caſt forth to be meat
To rav'nous fowls: thy dear ſaints' fleſh
they gave to beaſts to eat.
3 Their blood about Jeruſalem
like water they have ſhed;
And there was none to bury them
when they were ſlain and dead.
4 Unto our neighbours a reproach
moſt baſe become are we;
A ſcorn and laughingſtock to them
that round about us be.
5 How long, Lord, ſhall thine anger laſt?
wilt thou ſtill keep the ſame?
And ſhall thy fervent jealouſy
burn like unto a flame?
6 On Heathen pour thy fury forth,
that have thee never known,
And on thoſe kingdoms which thy name
have never call'd upon.
7 For theſe are they who Jacob have
devoured cruelly;
And they his habitation
have cauſed waſte to lie.
8 Againſt us mind not former ſins;
thy tender mercies ſhow;
Let them prevent us ſpeedily,
for we're brought very low.
9 For thy name's glory help us, Lord,
who haſt our Saviour been:
Deliver us, for thy name's ſake;
O purge away our ſin.
10 Why ſay the Heathen, Where's their God?
let him to them be known;
When thoſe who ſhed thy ſervants' blood
are in our ſight o'erthrown.
11 O let the pris'ners' ſighs aſcend
before thy ſight on high;
Preſerve thoſe in thy mighty pow'r
that are deſign'd to die.
12 And to our neighbours' boſom cauſe
it ſeven-fold render'd be,
Ev'n the reproach wherewith they have,
O Lord, reproached thee.
13 So we thy folk, and paſture ſheep,
ſhall give thee thanks always:
And unto generations all
we will ſhew forth thy praiſe.

PSALM LXXX.

1 HEAR, Iſr'el's Shepherd! like a flock
thou that doſt Joſeph guide;
Shine forth, O thou that doſt between
the cherubims abide.
2 In Ephraim's, and Benjamin's,
and in Manaſſeh's ſight,
O come for our ſalvation;
ſtir up thy ſtrength and might.
3 Turn us again, O Lord our God,
and upon us vouchſafe
To make thy countenance to ſhine,
and ſo we ſhall be ſafe.
4 O Lord of hoſts, almighty God,
how long ſhall kindled be
Thy wrath againſt the prayer made
by thine own folk to thee?
5 Thou tears of ſorrow giv'ſt to them
inſtead of bread to eat;
Yea, tears inſtead of drink thou giv'ſt
to them in meaſure great.
6 Thou makeſt us a ſtrife unto
our neighbours round about;
Our enemies among themſelves
at us do laugh and flout.
7 Turn us again, O God of hoſts,
and upon us vouchſafe
To make thy countenance to ſhine,
and ſo we ſhall be ſafe.
8 A vine from Egypt brought thou haſt,
by thine outſtretched hand,
And thou the Heathen out didſt caſt,
to plant it in their land.
9 Before it thou a room didſt make,
where it might grow and ſtand;
Thou cauſedſt it deep root to take,
and it did fill the land.
10 The mountains veil'd were with its ſhade
as with a covering;
Like goodly cedars were the boughs
which out from it did ſpring.
11 Upon the one hand to the ſea
her boughs ſhe did outſend;
On th' other ſide unto the flood
her branches did extend.
12 Why haſt thou then thus broken down
and ta'en her hedge away?
So that all paſſengers do pluck,
and make of her a prey.
13 The boar who from the foreſt comes
doth waſte it at his pleaſure;
The wild beaſt of the field alſo
devours it out of meaſure.
14 O God of hoſts, we thee beſeech
return now unto thine;
Look down from heav'n in love, behold,
and viſit this thy vine:
15 This vineyard, which thine own right hand
hath planted us among; [hand
And that ſame branch, which for thyſelf
thou haſt made to be ſtrong.
16 Burnt up it is with flaming fire,
it alſo is cut down:
They utterly are periſhed
when as thy face doth frown.
17 O let thy hand be ſtill upon
the Man of thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for thyſelf
thou madeſt ſtrong to ſtand.
18 So henceforth we will not go back,
nor turn from thee at all:
O do thou quicken us, and we
upon thy name will call.
19 Turn us again, Lord God of hoſts,
and upon us vouchſafe
To make thy countenance to ſhine,
and ſo we ſhall be ſafe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 SING loud to God our ſtrength; with joy
to Jacob's God do ſing. [joy
2 Take up a pſalm, the pleaſant harp,
timbrel and pſalt'ry bring.
3 Blow trumpets at new-moon, what day
our feaſt appointed is:
4 For charge to Iſr'el, and a law
of Jacob's God was this.
5 To Joſeph this a teſtimony
he made, when Egypt land
He travell'd through, where ſpeech I heard
I did not underſtand. [heard
6 His ſhoulder I from burdens took,
his hands from pots did free.
7 Thou didſt in trouble on me call,
and I deliver'd thee:

In

In ſecret place of thundering
I did thee anſwer make;
And at the ſtreams of Meribah
of thee a proof did take.
8 O thou, my people, give an ear,
I'll teſtify to thee;
To thee, O Iſr'el, if thou wilt
but hearken unto me.

9 In midſt of thee there ſhall not be
any ſtrange god at all;
Nor unto any god unknown
thou bowing down ſhalt fall.
10 I am the Lord thy God, which did
from Egypt land thee guide;
I'll fill thy mouth abundantly,
do thou it open wide.

11 But yet my people to my voice
would not attentive be;
And ev'n my choſen Iſrael
he would have none of me.
12 So to the luſt of their own hearts
I them delivered;
And then in counſels of their own
they vainly wandered.

13 O that my people had me heard,
Iſr'el my ways had choſe!
14 I had their en'mies ſoon ſubdu'd,
my hand turn'd on their foes.
15 The haters of the Lord to him
ſubmiſſion ſhould have feign'd;
But as for them, their time ſhould have
for evermore remain'd.

16 He ſhould have alſo fed them with
the fineſt of the wheat;
Of honey from the rock thy fill
I ſhould have made thee eat.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 IN gods' aſſembly God doth ſtand;
he judgeth gods among.
2 How long, accepting perſons vile,
will ye give judgment wrong?
3 Defend the poor and fatherleſs;
to poor oppreſs'd do right.
4 The poor and needy ones ſet free;
rid them from ill men's might.

5 They know not, nor will underſtand;
in darkneſs they walk on:
All the foundations of the earth
out of their courſe are gone.
6 I ſaid that ye are gods, and are
ſons of the Higheſt all:
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and as
one of the princes fall.

8 O God, do thou raiſe up thyſelf,
the earth to judgment call:
For thou, as thine inheritance,
ſhalt take the nations all.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 KEEP not, O God, we thee entreat,
O keep not ſilence now;
Do thou not hold thy peace, O God,
and ſtill no more be thou.
2 For, lo, thine enemies a noiſe
tumultuouſly have made;
And they that haters are of thee
have lifted up the head.

3 Againſt thy choſen people they
do crafty counſel take;
And they againſt thy hidden ones
do conſultations make.
4 Come, let us cut them off, ſaid they
from being a nation,
That of the name of Iſr'el may
no more be mention.

5 For with joint heart they plot, in league
againſt thee they combine.
6 The tents of Edom, Iſhm'elites,
Moab's and Hagar's line;
7 Gebal, and Ammon, Amalek,
Philiſtines, thoſe of Tyre;
8 And Aſſur join'd with them, to help
Lot's children they conſpire.

9 Do to them as to Midian,
Jabin at Kiſon ſtrand;
10 And Sis'ra, which at Endor fell
as dung to fat the land.
11 Like Oreb and like Zeeb make
their noble men to fall;
Like Zeba and Zalmunna like,
make thou their princes all;

12 Who ſaid, For our poſſeſſion
let us God's houſes take.
13 My God, them like a wheel, as chaff
before the wind, them make.
14 As fire conſumes the wood, as flame
doth mountains ſet on fire,
15 Chaſe and affright them with the ſtorm
and tempeſt of thine ire.

16 Their faces fill with ſhame, O Lord,
that they may ſeek thy name.
17 Let them confounded be, and vex'd,
and periſh in their ſhame:
18 That men may know that thou, to whom
alone doth appertain
The name JEHOVAH, doſt moſt high
o'er all the earth remain.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 HOW lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hoſts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace
how pleaſant, Lord, they be!
2 My thirſty ſoul longs veh'mently,
yea, faints thy courts to ſee:
My very heart and fleſh cry out,
O living God, for thee.

3 Behold, the ſparrow findeth out
an houſe wherein to reſt;
The ſwallow alſo for herſelf
hath purchaſed a neſt;
Ev'n thine own altars, where ſhe ſafe
her young ones forth may bring,
O thou almighty Lord of hoſts,
who art my God and King.

4 Bleſs'd are they in thy houſe that dwell,
they ever give thee praiſe.
5 Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſtrength thou
in whoſe heart are thy ways. [art,
6 Who paſſing thorough Baca's vale,
therein do dig up wells;
Alſo the rain that falleth down
the pools with water fills.

7 So they from ſtrength unwearied go
ſtill forward unto ſtrength,
Until in Sion they appear
before the Lord at length.

8 Lord God of hoſts, my prayer hear;
O Jacob's God, give ear.
9 See, God, our Shield, look on the face
of thine anointed dear.

10 For in thy courts one day excels
a thouſand; rather in
My God's houſe will I keep a door,
than dwell in tents of ſin.
11 For God the Lord's a ſun and ſhield:
he'll grace and glory give;
And will withhold no good from them
that uprightly do live.

12 O thou that art the Lord of hoſts,
that man is truly bleſt,
Who, by aſſured confidence,
on thee alone doth reſt.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 O LORD, thou haſt been favourable
to thy beloved land:
Jacob's captivity thou haſt
recall'd with mighty hand.
2 Thou pardoned thy people haſt
all their iniquities;
Thou all their treſpaſſes and ſins
haſt cover'd from thine eyes.

3 Thou took'ſt off all thine ire, and turn'dſt
from thy wrath's furiouſneſs.
4 Turn us, God of our health, and cauſe
thy wrath 'gainſt us to ceaſe.
5 Shall thy diſpleaſure thus endure
againſt us without end?
Wilt thou to generations all
thine anger forth extend?

6 That in thee may thy people joy,
wilt thou not us revive?
7 Shew us thy mercy, Lord, to us
do thy ſalvation give.
8 I'll hear what God the Lord will ſpeak;
to his folk he'll ſpeak peace,
And to his ſaints; but let them not
return to fooliſhneſs.

9 To them that fear him ſurely near
is his ſalvation;
That glory in our land may have
her habitation.
10 Truth met with mercy, righteouſneſs
and peace kiſs'd mutually:
11 Truth ſprings from earth, and righteouſ-
looks down from heaven high. [neſs

12 Yea, what is good the Lord ſhall give;
our land ſhall yield increaſe.
13 Juſtice to ſet us in his ſteps,
ſhall go before his face.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 O LORD, do thou bow down thine
and hear me graciouſly; [ear,
Becauſe I ſore afflicted am,
and am in poverty.
2 Becauſe I'm holy, let my ſoul
by thee preſerved be:
O thou my God, thy ſervant ſave
that puts his truſt in thee.

3 Sith unto thee I daily cry,
be merciful to me.
4 Rejoice thy ſervant's ſoul; for, Lord,
I lift my ſoul to thee.

5 For thou art gracious, O Lord,
and ready to forgive;
And rich in mercy, all that call
upon thee to relieve.

6 Hear, Lord, my pray'r; unto the voice
of my requeſt attend:
7 In troublous times I'll call on thee;
for thou wilt anſwer ſend.
8 Lord, there is none among the gods
that may with thee compare;
And like the works which thou haſt done
not any work is there.

9 All nations whom thou mad'ſt ſhall come
and worſhip rev'rently
Before thy face; and they, O Lord,
thy name ſhall glorify.
10 Becauſe thou art exceeding great,
and works by thee are done
Which are to be admir'd; and thou
art God thyſelf alone.

11 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth,
O Lord, then walk will I;
Unite my heart, that I thy name
may fear continually.
12 O Lord my God, with all my heart
to thee I will give praiſe;
And I the glory will aſcribe
unto thy name always:

13 Becauſe thy mercy toward me
in greatneſs doth excel;
And thou deliver'd haſt my ſoul
out from the loweſt hell.
14 O God, the proud againſt me riſe,
and vi'lent men have met,
That for my ſoul have ſought; and thee
before them have not ſet.

15 But thou art full of pity, Lord,
a God moſt gracious,
Long-ſuffering, and in thy truth
and mercy plenteous.
16 O turn to me thy countenance,
and mercy on me have;
Thy ſervant ſtrengthen, and the ſon
of thine own handmaid ſave.

17 Shew me a ſign for good, that they
which do me hate may ſee,
And be aſham'd; becauſe thou, Lord,
didſt help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 UPON the hills of holineſs
he his foundation ſets.
2 God more than Jacob's dwellings all
delights in Zion's gates.
3 Things glorious are ſaid of thee,
thou city of the Lord.
4 Rahab, and Babel I, to thoſe
that know me, will record:
Behold ev'n Tyrus, and with it
the land of Paleſtine,
And likewiſe Ethiopia;
this man was born therein.
5 And it of Sion ſhall be ſaid,
This man and that man there
Was born; and he that is moſt High
himſelf ſhall ſtabliſh her.
6 When God the people writes, he'll count
that this man born was there.
7 There be that ſing and play; and all
my well-ſprings in thee are.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God, my Saviour, day and night
before thee cry'd have I.
2 Before thee let my prayer come;
give ear unto my cry.
3 For troubles great do fill my ſoul:
my life draws nigh the grave.
4 I'm counted with thoſe that go down
to pit, and no ſtrength have.

5 Ev'n free among the dead, like them
that ſlain in grave do lie;
Cut off from thy hand, whom no more
thou haſt in memory.
6 Thou haſt me laid in loweſt pit,
in deeps and darkſome caves.
7 Thy wrath lies hard on me, thou haſt
me preſs'd with all thy waves.
8 Thou haſt put far from me my friends,
thou mad'ſt them to abhor me;
And I am ſo ſhut up, that I
find no evaſion for me.
9 By reaſon of affliction
mine eye mourns dolefully:
To thee, Lord, do I call, and ſtretch
my hands continually.

10 Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead?
ſhall they riſe and thee bleſs?
11 Shall in the grave thy love be told?
in death thy faithfulneſs?
12 Shall thy great wonders in the dark,
or ſhall thy righteouſneſs,
Be known to any in the land
of deep forgetfulneſs?

13 But, Lord, to thee I cry'd; my pray'r
at morn prevent ſhall thee.
14 Why, Lord, doſt thou caſt off my ſoul,
and hid'ſt thy face from me?
15 Diſtreſs'd am I, and from my youth
I ready am to die;
Thy terrors I have borne, and am
diſtracted fearfully.

16 The dreadful fierceneſs of thy wrath
quite over me doth go:
Thy terrors great have cut me off,
they did purſue me ſo.
17 For round about me ev'ry day,
like water, they did roll;
And, gathering together, they
have compaſſed my ſoul.
18 My friends thou haſt put far from me,
and him that did me love;
And thoſe that mine acquaintance were
to darkneſs didſt remove.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 GOD's mercies I will ever ſing;
and with my mouth I ſhall
Thy faithfulneſs make to be known
to generations all.
2 For mercy ſhall be built, ſaid I,
for ever to endure;
Thy faithfulneſs ev'n in the heav'ns
thou wilt eſtabliſh ſure.

3 I with my choſen One have made
a cov'nant graciouſly;
And to my ſervant, whom I lov'd,
to David ſworn have I;
4 That I thy ſeed eſtabliſh ſhall
for ever to remain,
And will to generations all
thy throne build and maintain.

5 The praiſes of thy wonders, Lord,
the heavens ſhall expreſs;
And in the congregation
of ſaints thy faithfulneſs.
6 For who in heaven with the Lord
may once himſelf compare?
Who is like God among the ſons
of thoſe that mighty are?

7 Great fear in meeting of the ſaints
is due unto the Lord;
And he of all about him ſhould
with rev'rence be ador'd.
8 O thou that art the Lord of hoſts,
what lord in mightineſs
Is like to thee? who compaſs'd round
art with thy faithfulneſs.

9 Ev'n in the raging of the ſea
thou over it doſt reign;
And when the waves thereof do ſwell,
thou ſtilleſt them again.
10 Rahab in pieces thou didſt break,
like one that ſlaughter'd is;
And with thy mighty arm thou haſt
diſpers'd thine enemies.

11 The heav'ns are thine, thou for thine own
the earth doſt alſo take:
The world, and fulneſs of the ſame,
thy pow'r did found and make.
12 The north and ſouth from thee alone
their firſt beginning had;
Both Tabor mount and Hermon hill
ſhall in thy name be glad.

13 Thou haſt an arm that's full of pow'r,
thy hand is great in might;
And thy right hand exceedingly
exalted is in height.
14 Juſtice and judgment of thy throne
are made the dwelling-place;
Mercy, accompany'd with truth,
ſhall go before thy face.

15 O greatly bleſs'd the people are
the joyful ſound that know;
In brightneſs of thy face, O Lord,
they ever on ſhall go.
16 They in thy name ſhall all the day
rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteouſneſs ſhall they
exalted be on high.

17 Becauſe the glory of their ſtrength
doth only ſtand in thee;
And in thy favour ſhall our horn
and pow'r exalted be.
18 For God is our defence; and he
to us doth ſafety bring:
The holy One of Iſrael
is our almighty King.

19 In viſion to thy holy One
thou ſaidſt, I help upon
A ſtrong one laid; out of the folk
I rais'd a choſen one;
20 Ev'n David I have found him out
a ſervant unto me;
And with my holy oil my king
anointed him to be.

21 With whom my hand ſhall ſtabliſh'd be;
mine arm ſhall make him ſtrong.
22 On him the foe ſhall not exact,
nor ſon of miſchief wrong.

23 I will

23 I will beat down before his face
all his malicious foes;
I will them greatly plague who do
with hatred him oppoſe.

24 My mercy and my faithfulneſs
with him yet ſtill ſhall be;
And in my name his horn and pow'r
men ſhall exalted ſee.
25 His hand and pow'r ſhall reach afar,
I'll ſet it in the ſea;
And his right hand eſtabliſhed
ſhall in the rivers be.

26 Thou art my Father, he ſhall cry,
thou art my God alone;
And he ſhall ſay, Thou art the Rock
of my ſalvation.
27 I'll make him my firſt-born, more high
than kings of any land.
28 My love I'll ever keep for him,
my cov'nant faſt ſhall ſtand.

29 His ſeed I by my pow'r will make
for ever to endure;
And, as the days of heav'n, his throne
ſhall ſtable be and ſure.
30 But if his children ſhall forſake
my laws, and go aſtray,
And in my judgments ſhall not walk,
but wander from my way:

31 If they my laws break, and do not
keep my commandements;
32 I'll viſit then their faults with rods,
their ſins with chaſtiſements.
33 Yet I'll not take my love from him,
nor falſe my promiſe make.
34 My cov'nant I'll not break, nor change
what with my mouth I ſpake.

35 Once by my holineſs I ſware,
to David I'll not lie;
36 His ſeed and throne ſhall, as the ſun,
before me laſt for ay.
37 It, like the moon, ſhall ever be
eſtabliſh'd ſtedfaſtly;
And like to that which in the heav'n
doth witneſs faithfully.

38 But thou, diſpleaſed, haſt caſt off,
thou didſt abhor and loathe;
With him that thine anointed is
thou haſt been very wroth.
39 Thou haſt thy ſervant's covenant
made void, and quite caſt by;
Thou haſt profan'd his crown, while it
caſt on the ground doth lie.

40 Thou all his hedges haſt broke down,
his ſtrong holds down haſt torn.
41 He to all paſſers-by a ſpoil,
to neighbours is a ſcorn.
42 Thou haſt ſet up his foes' right hand,
mad'ſt all his en'mies glad:
43 Turn'd his ſword's edge, and him to ſtand
in battle haſt not made.

44 His glory thou haſt made to ceaſe,
his throne to ground down caſt;
45 Shorten'd his days of youth, and him
with ſhame thou cover'd haſt.
46 How long, Lord, wilt thou hide thyſelf?
for ever, in thine ire?
And ſhall thine indignation
burn like unto a fire?

47 Remember, Lord, how ſhort a time
I ſhall on earth remain:
O wherefore is it ſo that thou
haſt made all men in vain?
48 What man is he that liveth here,
and death ſhall never ſee?
Or from the power of the grave
what man his ſoul ſhall free?

49 Thy former loving-kindneſſes,
O Lord, where be they now?
Theſe which in truth and faithfulneſs
to David ſworn haſt thou?
50 Mind, Lord, thy ſervant's ſad reproach;
how I in boſom bear
The ſcornings of the people all,
who ſtrong and mighty are.

51 Wherewith thy raging enemies
reproach'd, O Lord, think on;
Wherewith they have reproach'd the ſteps
of thine anointed one.
52 All bleſſing to the Lord our God
let be aſcribed then;
For evermore ſo let it be.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSALM XC.

1 LORD, thou haſt been our dwelling-place
in generations all.
2 Before thou ever hadſt brought forth
the mountains great or ſmall;
Ere ever thou hadſt form'd the earth,
and all the world abroad;
Ev'n thou from everlaſting art
to everlaſting God.

3 Thou doſt unto deſtruction
man that is mortal turn;
And unto them thou ſay'ſt again,
Ye ſons of men, return.
4 Becauſe a thouſand years appear
no more before thy ſight
Than yeſterday, when it is paſt,
or than a watch by night.

5 As with an overflowing flood
thou carrieſt them away:
They like a ſleep are, like the graſs
that grows at morn are they.
6 At morn it flouriſhes and grows,
cut down at even doth fade.
7 For by thine anger we're conſum'd,
thy wrath makes us afraid.

8 Our ſins, thou, and iniquities,
doſt in thy preſence place,
And ſett'ſt our ſecret faults before
the brightneſs of thy face.
9 For in thine anger all our days
do paſs on to an end;
And as a tale that hath been told,
ſo we our years do ſpend.

10 Threeſcore and ten years do ſum up
our days and years, we ſee;
Or if, by reaſon of more ſtrength,
in ſome fourſcore they be:
Yet doth the ſtrength of ſuch old men
but grief and labour prove;
For it is ſoon cut off, and we
fly hence, and ſoon remove.

11 Who knows the power of thy wrath?
according to thy fear
12 So is thy wrath: Lord, teach thou us
our end in mind to bear;
And ſo to count our days, that we
our hearts may ſtill apply
To learn thy wiſdom and thy truth,
that we may live thereby.
13 Turn yet again to us, O Lord;
how long thus ſhall it be?
Let it repent thee now for thoſe
that ſervants are to thee.
14 O with thy tender mercies, Lord,
us early ſatisfy;
So we rejoice ſhall all our days,
and ſtill be glad in thee.
15 According as the days have been
wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have ſeen,
ſo do thou make us glad.
16 O let thy work and pow'r appear
thy ſervants' face before;
And ſhew unto their children dear
thy glory evermore:
17 And let the beauty of the Lord
our God be us upon:
Our handy-works eſtabliſh thou,
eſtabliſh them each one.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that doth in the ſecret place
of the moſt High reſide,
Under the ſhade of him that is
th' Almighty ſhall abide.
2 I of the Lord my God will ſay,
He is my refuge ſtill;
He is my fortreſs, and my God,
and in him truſt I will.
3 Aſſuredly he ſhall thee ſave,
and give deliverance
From ſubtile fowler's ſnare, and from
the noiſome peſtilence.
4 His feathers ſhall thee hide; thy truſt
under his wings ſhall be:
His faithfulneſs ſhall be a ſhield
and buckler unto thee.

5 Thou ſhalt not need to be afraid
for terrors of the night;
Nor for the arrow that doth fly
by day, while it is light;
6 Nor for the peſtilence, that walks
in darkneſs ſecretly;
Nor for deſtruction, that doth waſte
at noon-day openly.
7 A thouſand at thy ſide ſhall fall,
on thy right hand ſhall lie
Ten thouſand dead; yet unto thee
it ſhall not once come nigh.
8 Only thou with thine eyes ſhalt look,
and a beholder be;
And thou therein the juſt reward
of wicked men ſhalt ſee.

9 Becauſe the Lord, who conſtantly
my refuge is alone,
Ev'n the moſt High, is made by thee
thy habitation;
10 No plague ſhall near thy dwelling come,
no ill ſhall thee befall;
11 For thee to keep in all thy ways
his angels charge he ſhall.

12 They in their hands ſhall bear thee up,
ſtill waiting thee upon;
Leſt thou at any time ſhould'ſt daſh
thy foot againſt a ſtone.

13 Upon

13 Upon the adder thou ſhalt tread,
and on the lion ſtrong;
Thy feet on dragons trample ſhall,
and on the lions young.
14 Becauſe on me he ſet his love,
I'll ſave and ſet him free;
Becauſe my great name he hath known,
I will him ſet on high.
15 He'll call on me, I'll anſwer him;
I will be with him ſtill
In trouble, to deliver him,
and honour him I will.
16 With length of days unto his mind
I will him ſatisfy;
I alſo my ſalvation
will cauſe his eyes to ſee.

PSALM XCII.

1 TO render thanks unto the Lord
it is a comely thing,
And to thy name, O thou moſt High,
due praiſe aloud to ſing.
2 Thy loving-kindneſs to ſhew forth
when ſhines the morning light;
And to declare thy faithfulneſs
with pleaſure every night.
3 On a ten-ſtringed inſtrument,
upon the pſaltery;
And on the harp with ſolemn ſound
and grave ſweet melody.
4 For thou, Lord, by thy mighty works,
haſt made my heart right glad;
And I will triumph in the works
which by thine hands were made.
5 How great, Lord, are thy works! each
of thine a deep it is. [thought
6 A brutiſh man it knoweth not;
fools underſtand not this.
7 When thoſe that lewd and wicked are
ſpring quickly up like graſs,
And workers of iniquity
do flouriſh all apace;
It is that they for ever may
deſtroyed be and ſlain:
8 But thou, O Lord, art the moſt High,
for ever to remain.
9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
thine en'mies periſh ſhall;
The workers of iniquity
ſhall be diſperſed all.
10 But thou ſhalt, like unto the horn
of th' unicorn, exalt
My horn on high: thou with freſh oil
anoint me alſo ſhalt.
11 Mine eyes ſhall alſo my deſire
ſee on mine enemies;
Mine ear ſhall of the wicked hear,
that do againſt me riſe.
12 But like the palm-tree flouriſhing
ſhall be the righteous one;
He ſhall like to the cedar grow,
that is in Lebanon.
13 Thoſe that within the houſe of God
are planted by his grace,
They ſhall grow up, and flouriſh all
in our God's holy place.
14 And in old age, when others fade,
they fruit ſtill forth ſhall bring;
They ſhall be fat, and full of ſap,
and ay be flouriſhing.
15 To ſhew that upright is the Lord:
he is a rock to me;
And he from all unrighteouſneſs
is altogether free.

PSALM XCIII.

1 THE Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is
with majeſty moſt bright; [he
His works do ſhew him cloth'd to be
and girt about with might:
The world is alſo ſtabliſhed,
that it cannot depart.
2 Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou
from everlaſting art.
3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
they lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
and made a mighty noiſe.
4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
is more of might by far
Than noiſe of many waters is,
or great ſea-billows are.
5 Thy teſtimonies ev'ry one
in faithfulneſs excel;
And holineſs for ever, Lord,
thine houſe becometh well.

PSALM XCIV.

1 O LORD God, unto whom alone
all vengeance doth belong;
O mighty God, who vengeance own'ſt,
ſhine forth, avenging wrong.
2 Lift up thyſelf, thou of the earth
the ſov'reign Judge that art;
And unto thoſe that are ſo proud
a due reward impart.
3 How long, O mighty God, ſhall they
who lewd and wicked be,
How long ſhall they who wicked are,
thus triumph haughtily?
4 How long ſhall things moſt hard by them
be uttered and told?
And all that work iniquity
to boaſt themſelves be bold?
5 Thy folk they break in pieces, Lord,
thine heritage oppreſs;
6 The widow they and ſtranger ſlay,
and kill the fatherleſs.
7 Yet ſay they, God it ſhall not ſee,
nor God of Jacob know.
8 Ye brutiſh people! underſtand;
fools! when wiſe will ye grow?
9 The Lord did plant the ear of man,
and hear then ſhall not he?
He only form'd the eye, and then
ſhall he not clearly ſee?
10 He that the nations doth correct,
ſhall he not chaſtiſe you?
He knowledge unto man doth teach,
and ſhall himſelf not know?
11 Man's thoughts to be but vanity
the Lord doth well diſcern.
12 Bleſs'd is the man thou chaſt'neſt, Lord,
and mak'ſt thy law to learn:
13 That thou may'ſt give him reſt from days
of ſad adverſity,
Until the pit be digg'd for thoſe
that work iniquity.
14 For ſure the Lord will not caſt off
thoſe that his people be,
Neither his own inheritance
quit and forſake will he:
15 But judgment unto righteouſneſs
ſhall yet return again;
And all ſhall follow after it
that are right-hearted men.
16 Who will riſe up for me againſt
thoſe that do wickedly?
Who will ſtand up for me 'gainſt thoſe
that work iniquity?
17 Unleſs the Lord had been my help
when I was ſore oppreſt,
Almoſt my ſoul had in the houſe
of ſilence been at reſt.
18 When I had uttered this word
(my foot doth ſlip away,)
Thy mercy held me up, O Lord,
thy goodneſs did me ſtay.
19 Amidſt the multitude of thoughts
which in my heart do fight,
My ſoul, leſt it be overcharg'd,
thy comforts do delight.
20 Shall of iniquity the throne
have fellowſhip with thee,
Which miſchief, cunningly contriv'd,
doth by a law decree?
21 Againſt the righteous ſouls they join,
they guiltleſs blood condemn.
22 But of my refuge God's the rock,
and my defence from them.
23 On them their own iniquity
the Lord ſhall bring and lay,
And cut them off in their own ſin;
our Lord God ſhall them ſlay.

PSALM XCV.

1 O COME, let us ſing to the Lord,
come, let us ev'ry one
A joyful noiſe make to the Rock,
of our ſalvation.
2 Let us before his preſence come
with praiſe and thankful voice;
Let us ſing pſalms to him with grace,
and make a joyful noiſe.
3 For God, a great God, and great King,
above all gods he is.
4 Depths of the earth are in his hand,
the ſtrength of hills is his.
5 To him the ſpacious ſea belongs,
for he the ſame did make;
The dry land alſo from his hands
its form at firſt did take.
6 O come, and let us worſhip him,
let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
our Maker let us fall.
7 For he's our God, the people we
of his own paſture are,
And of his hand the ſheep; to-day,
if ye his voice will hear,
8 Then harden not your hearts, as in
the provocation,
As in the deſert, on the day
of the tentation:
9 When me your fathers tempt'd and prov'd,
and did my working ſee;
10 Ev'n for the ſpace of forty years
this race hath grieved me,

I ſaid

I ſaid, This people errs in heart,
my ways they do not know:
11 To whom I ſware in wrath, that to
my reſt they ſhould not go.

PSALM XCVI.

1 O SING a new ſong to the Lord,
ſing all the earth to God:
2 To God ſing, bleſs his name, ſhew ſtill
his ſaving health abroad.
3 Among the heathen nations
his glory do declare;
And unto all the people ſhow
his works that wondrous are.

4 For great's the Lord, and greatly he
is to be magnify'd;
Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he
above all gods beſide.
5 For all the gods are idols dumb,
which blinded nations fear;
But our God is the Lord, by whom
the heav'ns created were.

6 Great honour is before his face,
and majeſty divine;
Strength is within his holy place,
and there doth beauty ſhine.
7 Do ye aſcribe unto the Lord,
of people ev'ry tribe,
Glory do ye unto the Lord,
and mighty pow'r aſcribe.

8 Give ye the glory to the Lord
that to his name is due;
Come ye into his courts, and bring
an offering with you.
9 In beauty of his holineſs,
O do the Lord adore;
Likewiſe let all the earth throughout
tremble his face before.

10 Among the Heathen ſay, God reigns;
the world ſhall ſtedfaſtly
Be fix'd from moving; he ſhall judge
the people righteouſly.
11 Let heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
and let the earth rejoice;
Let ſeas, and all that is therein,
cry out, and make a noiſe.

12 Let fields rejoice, and ev'ry thing
that ſpringeth of the earth:
Then woods and ev'ry tree ſhall ſing
with gladneſs and with mirth
13 Before the Lord; becauſe he comes,
to judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteouſneſs,
the people faithfully.

PSALM XCVII.

1 GOD reigneth, let the earth be glad,
and iſles rejoice each one.
2 Dark clouds him compaſs; and in right
with judgment dwells his throne.
3 Fire goes before him, and his foes
it burns up round about:
4 His lightnings lighten did the world;
earth ſaw, and ſhook throughout.

5 Hills at the preſence of the Lord,
like wax, did melt away;
Ev'n at the preſence of the Lord
of all the earth, I ſay.

6 The heav'ns declare his righteouſneſs,
all men his glory ſee.
7 All who ſerve graven images
confounded let them be.

Who do of idols boaſt themſelves,
let ſhame upon them fall:
Ye that are called Gods, ſee that
ye do him worſhip all.
8 Sion did hear, and joyful was,
glad Judah's daughters were;
They much rejoic'd, O Lord, becauſe
thy judgments did appear.

9 For thou, O Lord, art high above
all things on earth that are;
Above all other gods thou art
exalted very far.
10 Hate ill, all ye that love the Lord:
his ſaints' ſouls keepeth he;
And from the hands of wicked men
he ſets them ſafe and free.

11 For all thoſe that be righteous
ſown is a joyful light,
And gladneſs ſown is for all thoſe
that are in heart upright.
12 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
expreſs your thankfulneſs,
When ye into your memory
do call his holineſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 O SING a new ſong to the Lord,
for wonders he hath done:
His right hand and his holy arm
him victory hath won.
2 The Lord God his ſalvation
hath cauſed to be known;
His juſtice in the Heathen's ſight
he openly hath ſhown.

3 He mindful of his grace and truth
to Iſr'el's houſe hath been;
And the ſalvation of our God
all ends of th' earth have ſeen.
4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
ſend forth a joyful noiſe;
Lift up your voice aloud to him,
ſing praiſes and rejoice.

5 With harp, with harp, and voice of pſalms,
unto JEHOVAH ſing:
6 With trumpets, cornets, gladly ſound
before the Lord the King.
7 Let ſeas and all their fulneſs roar,
the world, and dwellers there:
8 Let floods clap hands, and let the hills
together joy declare

9 Before the Lord; becauſe he comes,
to judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteouſneſs,
his folk with equity.

PSALM XCIX.

1 TH' eternal Lord doth reign as king;
let all the people quake:
He ſits between the cherubims,
let th' earth be mov'd and ſhake.
2 The Lord in Sion, great and high
above all people is;
3 Thy great and dreadful name (for it
is holy) let them bleſs.

4 The king's ſtrength alſo judgment loves;
thou ſettleſt equity:
Juſt judgment thou doſt execute
in Jacob righteouſly.
5 The Lord our God exalt on high,
and rev'rently do ye
Before his footſtool worſhip him:
the holy One is he.

6 Moſes and Aaron 'mong his prieſts,
Samuel, with them that call
Upon his name: theſe call'd on God,
and he them anſwer'd all.
7 Within the pillar of the cloud
he unto them did ſpeak:
The teſtimonies he them taught,
and laws, they did not break.

8 Thou anſwer'dſt them, O Lord our God;
thou waſt a God that gave
Pardon to them, though on their deeds
thou wouldeſt vengeance have.
9 Do ye exalt the Lord our God,
and at his holy hill
Do ye him worſhip: for the Lord
our God is holy ſtill.

PSALM C.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
2 Him ſerve with mirth, his praiſe forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
3 Know that the Lord is God indeed:
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his ſheep he doth us take.

4 O enter then his gates with praiſe,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praiſe, laud, and bleſs his name always,
For it is ſeemly ſo to do.
5 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth at all times firmly ſtood,
And ſhall from age to age endure.

Another of the ſame.

1 O ALL ye lands, unto the Lord
make ye a joyful noiſe.
2 Serve God with gladneſs, him before
come with a ſinging voice.
3 Know ye the Lord that he is God:
not we, but he us made;
We are his people, and the ſheep
within his paſture fed.

4 Enter his gates and courts with praiſe,
to thank him go ye thither:
To him expreſs your thankfulneſs,
and bleſs his name together.
5 Becauſe the Lord our God is good,
his mercy faileth never;
And to all generations
his truth endureth ever.

PSALM CI.

1 I MERCY will and judgment ſing,
Lord, I will ſing to thee.
2 With wiſdom in a perfect way
ſhall my behaviour be.
O when, in kindneſs unto me,
wilt thou be pleas'd to come?
I with a perfect heart will walk
within my houſe at home.

3 I will

3 I will endure no wicked thing
before mine eyes to be:
I hate their work that turn aſide,
it ſhall not cleave to me.
4 A ſtubborn and a froward heart
depart quite from me ſhall;
A perſon giv'n to wickedneſs
I will not know at all.
5 I'll cut him off that ſlandereth
his neighbour privily:
The haughty heart I will not bear,
nor him that looketh high.
6 Upon the faithful of the land
mine eyes ſhall be, that they
May dwell with me: he ſhall me ſerve
that walks in perfect way.
7 Who of deceit a worker is
in my houſe ſhall not dwell;
And in my preſence ſhall he not
remain that lyes doth tell.
8 Yea, all the wicked of the land
early deſtroy will I;
All from God's city to cut off
that work iniquity.

PSALM CII.

1 O LORD, unto my pray'r give ear,
my cry let come to thee;
2 And in the day of my diſtreſs
hide not thy face from me.
Give ear to me: what time I call,
to anſwer me make haſte.
3 For, as an hearth, my bones are burnt,
my days, like ſmoke, do waſte.
4 My heart within me ſmitten is,
and it is withered
Like very graſs: ſo that I do
forget to eat my bread.
5 By reaſon of my groaning voice
my bones cleave to my ſkin.
6 Like pelican in wilderneſs
forſaken I have been:
I like an owl in deſert am,
that nightly there doth moan:
7 I watch, and like a ſparrow am
on the houſe-top alone.
8 My bitter en'mies all the day
reproaches caſt on me;
And, being mad at me, with rage
againſt me ſworn they be.
9 For why? I aſhes eaten have
like bread, in ſorrows deep;
My drink I alſo mingled have
with tears that I did weep.
10 Thy wrath and indignation
did cauſe this grief and pain:
For thou haſt lift me up on high,
and caſt me down again.
11 My days are like unto a ſhade,
which doth declining paſs;
And I am dry'd and withered,
ev'n like unto the graſs.
12 But thou, Lord, everlaſting art,
and thy remembrance ſhall
Continually endure, and be
to generations all.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and mercy have
upon thy Sion yet:
The time to favour her is come,
the time that thou haſt ſet.
14 For in her rubbiſh and her ſtones
thy ſervants pleaſure take;
Yea, they the very duſt thereof
do favour for her ſake.
15 So ſhall the heathen people fear
the Lord's moſt holy name;
And all the kings on earth ſhall dread
thy glory and thy fame.
16 When Sion by the mighty Lord
built up again ſhall be,
In glory then and majeſty
to men appear ſhall he.
17 The prayer of the deſtitute
he ſurely will regard;
Their prayer will he not deſpiſe,
by him it ſhall be heard.
18 For generations yet to come
this ſhall be on record;
So ſhall the people that ſhall be
created praiſe the Lord.
19 He from his ſanctuary's height
hath downward caſt his eye;
And from his glorious throne in heav'n
the Lord the earth did ſpy;
20 That of the mournful priſoner
the groanings he might hear,
To ſet them free that unto death
by men appointed are;
21 That they in Sion may declare
the Lord's moſt holy name,
And publiſh in Jeruſalem
the praiſes of the ſame;
22 When as the people gather ſhall
in troops with one accord,
When kingdoms ſhall aſſembled be
to ſerve the higheſt Lord.
23 My wonted ſtrength and force he hath
abated in the way,
And he my days hath ſhortened:
24 Thus therefore did I ſay,
My God, in mid-time of my days
take thou me not away:
From age to age eternally
thy years endure and ſtay.
25 The firm foundation of the earth
of old time thou haſt laid:
The heavens alſo are the work
which thine own hands have made.
26 Thou ſhalt for evermore endure,
but they ſhall periſh all;
Yea, ev'ry one of them wax old,
like to a garment, ſhall:
Thou, as a veſture, ſhalt them change,
and they ſhall changed be:
27 But thou the ſame art, and thy years
are to eternity.
28 The children of thy ſervants ſhall
continually endure;
And in thy ſight, O Lord, their ſeed
ſhall be eſtabliſh'd ſure.

Another of the ſame.

1 LORD, hear my pray'r, and let my cry,
Have ſpeedy acceſs unto thee.
2 In day of my calamity,
O hide not thou thy face from me:
Hear when I call to thee; that day
An anſwer ſpeedily return.
3 My days, like ſmoke, conſume away,
And, as an hearth, my bones do burn.
4 My heart is wounded very ſore,
And withered, like graſs doth fade:
I am forgetful grown therefore
To take and eat my daily bread.
5 By reaſon of my ſmart within,
And voice of my moſt grievous groans,
My fleſh conſumed is, my ſkin,
All parch'd, doth cleave unto my bones.
6 The pelican of wilderneſs,
The owl in deſert, I do match:
7 And, ſparrow-like, companionleſs,
Upon the houſe's top I watch.
8 I all day long am made a ſcorn,
Reproach'd by my malicious foes:
The madmen are againſt me ſworn,
The men againſt me that aroſe.
9 For I have aſhes eaten up,
To me as if they had been bread;
And with my drink I in my cup
Of bitter tears a mixture made.
10 Becauſe thy wrath was not appeas'd,
And dreadful indignation:
Therefore it was that thou me rais'd,
And thou again didſt caſt me down.
11 My days are like a ſhade alway,
Which doth declining ſwiftly paſs;
And I am withered away,
Much like unto the fading graſs.
12 But thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtill endure,
From change and all mutation free,
And to all generations ſure
Shall thy remembrance ever be.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and mercy yet
Thou to mount Sion ſhalt extend:
Her time for favour which was ſet,
Behold is now come to an end.
14 Thy ſaints take pleaſure in her ſtones,
Her very duſt to them is dear.
15 All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth thy glorious name ſhall fear.
16 God in his glory ſhall appear,
When Sion he builds and repairs.
17 He ſhall regard and lend his ear
Unto the needy's humble pray'rs:
Th' afflicted's pray'r he will not ſcorn.
18 All times this ſhall be on record:
And generations yet unborn
Shall praiſe and magnify the Lord.
19 He from his holy place look'd down,
The earth he view'd from heav'n on high;
20 To hear the pris'ners' mourning groan,
And free them that are doom'd to die;
21 That Sion, and Jerus'lem too,
His name and praiſe may well record,
22 When people and the kingdoms do
Aſſemble all to praiſe the Lord.
23 My ſtrength he weaken'd in the way,
My days of life he ſhortened.
24 My God, O take me not away
In mid-time of my days, I ſaid:
Thy years throughout all ages laſt.
25 Of old thou haſt eſtabliſhed
The earth's foundation firm and faſt:
Thy mighty hands the heav'ns have made.
26 They periſh ſhall, as garments do,
But thou ſhalt evermore endure;
As veſtures, thou ſhalt change them ſo;
And they ſhall all be changed ſure:

27 But

27 But from all changes thou art free;
Thy endleſs years do laſt for ay.
28 Thy ſervants, and their ſeed who be,
Eſtabliſh'd ſhall before thee ſtay.

PSALM CIII.

1 O THOU my ſoul, bleſs God the Lord;
and all that in me is,
Be ſtirred up his holy name
to magnify and bleſs.
2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the Lord thy God,
and not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
he hath beſtow'd on thee.
3 All thine iniquities who doth
moſt graciouſly forgive:
Who thy diſeaſes all and pains
doth heal, and thee relieve.
4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
to death may'ſt not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindneſs doth
and tender mercies crown:
5 Who with abundance of good things
doth ſatisfy thy mouth:
So that, ev'n as the eagle's age,
renewed is thy youth.
6 God righteous judgment executes
for all oppreſſed ones.
7 His ways to Moſes, he his acts
made known to Iſr'el's ſons.
8 The Lord our God is merciful,
and he is gracious,
Long-ſuffering, and ſlow to wrath,
in mercy plenteous.
9 He will not chide continually,
nor keep his anger ſtill.
10 With us he dealt not as we ſinn'd,
nor did requite our ill.
11 For as the heaven in its height
the earth ſurmounteth far;
So great to thoſe that do him fear
his tender mercies are:
12 As far as eaſt is diſtant from
the weſt, ſo far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
all our iniquity.
13 Such pity as a father hath
unto his children dear;
Like pity ſhews the Lord to ſuch
as worſhip him in fear.
14 For he remembers we are duſt,
and he our frame well knows.
15 Frail man, his days are like the graſs,
as flow'r in field he grows:
16 For over it the wind doth paſs,
and it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
it ſhall no more be known.
17 But unto them that do him fear
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children ſtill
his righteouſneſs extends:
18 To ſuch as keep his covenant,
and mindful are alway
Of his moſt juſt commandements,
that they may them obey.
19 The Lord prepared hath his throne
in heavens firm to ſtand;
And ev'ry thing that being hath
his kingdom doth command.
20 O ye his angels, that excel
in ſtrength, bleſs ye the Lord;
Ye who obey what he commands,
and hearken to his word.
21 O bleſs and magnify the Lord,
ye glorious hoſts of his;
Ye miniſters, that do fulfil
whate'er his pleaſure is.
22 O bleſs the Lord, all ye his works,
wherewith the world is ſtor'd
In his dominions ev'ry where.
My ſoul, bleſs thou the Lord.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS God, my ſoul. O Lord my God,
thou art exceeding great;
With honour and with majeſty
thou clothed art in ſtate.
2 With light, as with a robe, thyſelf
thou covereſt about;
And, like unto a curtain, thou
the heavens ſtretcheſt out.
3 Who of his chambers doth the beams
within the waters lay;
Who doth the clouds his chariot make,
on wings of wind make way.
4 Who flaming fire his miniſters,
his angels ſp'rits, doth make.
5 Who earth's foundations did lay,
that it ſhould never ſhake.
6 Thou didſt it cover with the deep,
as with a garment ſpread:
The waters ſtood above the hills,
when thou the word but ſaid.
7 But at the voice of thy rebuke
they fled, and would not ſtay;
They at thy thunder's dreadful voice
did haſte them faſt away.
8 They by the mountains do aſcend,
and by the valley ground
Deſcend, unto that very place
which thou for them didſt found.
9 Thou haſt a bound unto them ſet,
that they may not paſs over,
That they do not return again
the face of earth to cover.
10 He to the vallies ſends the ſprings,
which run among the hills:
11 They to all beaſts of field give drink,
wild aſſes drink their fills.
12 By them the fowls of heav'n ſhall have
their habitation,
Which do among the branches ſing
with delectation.
13 He from his chambers watereth
the hills, when they are dry'd:
With fruit and increaſe of thy works
the earth is ſatisfy'd.
14 For cattle he makes graſs to grow,
he makes the herb to ſpring
For th' uſe of man, that food to him
he from the earth may bring:
15 And wine, that to the heart of man
doth cheerfulneſs impart,
Oil that his face makes ſhine, and bread
that ſtrengtheneth his heart.
16 The trees of God are full of ſap;
the cedars that do ſtand
In Lebanon, which planted were
by his almighty hand.
17 Birds of the air upon their boughs
do chooſe their neſts to make;
As for the ſtork, the fir-tree ſhe
doth for her dwelling take.
18 The lofty mountains for wild goats
a place of refuge be;
The conies alſo to the rocks
do for their ſafety flee.
19 He ſets the moon in heav'n, thereby
the ſeaſons to diſcern:
From him the ſun his certain time
of going down doth learn.
20 Thou darkneſs mak'ſt, 'tis night, then
of foreſts creep abroad. [beaſts
21 The lions young roar for their prey,
and ſeek their meat from God.
22 The ſun doth riſe, and home they flock,
down in their dens they lie.
23 Man goes to work, his labour he
doth to the ev'ning ply.
24 How manifold, Lord, are thy works!
in wiſdom wonderful
Thou ev'ry one of them haſt made;
earth's of thy riches full:
25 So is this great and ſpacious ſea,
wherein things creeping are,
Which number'd cannot be; and beaſts
both ſmall and great are there.
26 There ſhips go; there thou mak'ſt to play
that leviathan great.
27 Theſe all wait on thee, that thou may'ſt
in due time give them meat.
28 That which thou giveſt unto them
they gather for their food:
Thine hand thou open'ſt lib'rally,
they filled are with good.
29 Thou hid'ſt thy face; they troubled are,
their breath thou tak'ſt away;
Then do they die, and to their duſt
return again do they.
30 Thy quick'ning Spirit thou ſend'ſt forth,
then they created be;
And then the earth's decayed face
renewed is by thee.
31 The glory of the mighty Lord
continue ſhall for ever:
The Lord JEHOVAH ſhall rejoice
in all his works together.
32 Earth, as affrighted, trembleth all,
if he on it but look;
And if the mountains he but touch,
they preſently do ſmoke.
33 I will ſing to the Lord moſt high
ſo long as I ſhall live;
And while I being have I ſhall
to my God praiſes give.
34 Of him my meditation ſhall
ſweet thoughts to me afford;
And, as for me, I will rejoice
in God, my only Lord.
35 From earth let ſinners be conſum'd,
let ill men no more be.
O thou my ſoul, bleſs thou the Lord.
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CV.

1 GIVE thanks to God, call on his name;
to men his deeds make known.
2 Sing ye to him, ſing pſalms; proclaim
his wondrous works each one.

3 See that ye in his holy name
to glory do accord:
And let the heart of ev'ry one
rejoice that ſeeks the Lord.

4 The Lord Almighty, and his ſtrength,
with ſtedfaſt hearts ſeek ye:
His bleſſed and his gracious face
ſeek ye continually.
5 Think on the works that he hath done,
which admiration breed;
His wonders, and the judgments all,
which from his mouth proceed;

6 O ye that are of Abr'ham's race,
his ſervant well approv'n;
And ye that Jacob's children are,
whom he choſe for his own.
7 Becauſe he, and he only, is
the mighty Lord our God;
And his moſt righteous judgments are
in all the earth abroad.

8 His cov'nant he remember'd hath,
that it may ever ſtand;
To thouſand generations
the word he did command.
9 Which covenant he firmly made
with faithful Abraham,
And unto Iſaac, by his oath,
he did renew the ſame:

10 And unto Jacob, for a law,
he made it firm and ſure,
A covenant to Iſrael,
which ever ſhould endure.
11 He ſaid, I'll give Canaan's land
for heritage to you;
12 While they were ſtrangers there, and few,
in number very few;

13 While yet they went from land to land
without a ſure abode;
And while, thro' ſundry kingdoms, they
did wander far abroad;
14 Yet, notwithſtanding, ſuffer'd he
no man to do them wrong:
Yea, for their ſakes, he did reprove
kings, who were great and ſtrong.

15 Thus did he ſay, Touch ye not thoſe
that mine anointed be,
Nor do the prophets any harm
that do pertain to me.
16 He call'd for famine on the land,
he brake the ſtaff of bread:
17 But yet he ſent a man before,
by whom they ſhould be fed;

Ev'n Joſeph, whom unnat'rally
ſell for a ſlave did they;
18 Whoſe feet with fetters they did hurt,
and he in irons lay;
19 Until the time that his word came
to give him liberty,
The word and purpoſe of the Lord
did him in priſon try.

20 Then ſent the king, and did command
that he enlarg'd ſhould be:
He that the people's ruler was
did ſend to ſet him free.
21 A lord to rule his family
he rais'd him, as moſt fit;
To him of all that he poſſeſs'd
he did the charge commit:

22 That he might at his pleaſure bind
the princes of the land;
And he might teach his ſenators
wiſdom to underſtand.
23 The people then of Iſrael
down into Egypt came;
And Jacob alſo ſojourned
within the land of Ham.

24 And he did greatly by his pow'r
increaſe his people there;
And ſtronger than their enemies
they by his bleſſing were.
25 Their heart he turned to envy
his folk maliciouſly,
With thoſe that his own ſervants were
to deal in ſubtilty.

26 His ſervant Moſes he did ſend,
Aaron his choſen one.
27 By theſe his ſigns and wonders great
in Ham's land were made known.
28 Darkneſs he ſent, and made it dark;
his word they did obey.
29 He turn'd their waters into blood,
and he their fiſh did ſlay.

30 The land in plenty brought forth frogs
in chambers of their kings.
31 His word all ſorts of flies and lice
in all their borders brings.
32 He hail for rain, and flaming fire,
into their land he ſent:
33 And he their vines and fig-trees ſmote;
trees of their coaſts he rent.

34 He ſpake, and caterpillers came,
locuſts did much abound,
35 Which in their land all herbs conſum'd,
and all fruits of their ground.
36 He ſmote all firſt-born in their land,
chief of their ſtrength each one.
37 With gold and ſilver brought them forth,
weak in their tribes were none.

38 Egypt was glad when forth they went,
their fear on them did light.
39 He ſpread a cloud for covering,
and fire to ſhine by night.
40 They aſk'd, and he brought quails: with
of heav'n he filled them. (bread
41 He open'd rocks, floods guſh'd, and ran
in deſerts like a ſtream.

42 For on his holy promiſe he,
and ſervant Abr'ham, thought.
43 With joy his people, his elect
with gladneſs, forth he brought.
44 And unto them the pleaſant lands
he of the Heathen gave;
That of the people's labour they
inheritance might have.

45 That they his ſtatutes might obſerve
according to his word;
And that they might his laws obey.
Give praiſe unto the Lord.

PSALM CVI.

1 GIVE praiſe and thanks unto the Lord,
for bountiful is he;
His tender mercy doth endure
unto eternity.
2 God's mighty works who can expreſs?
or ſhew forth all his praiſe?
3 Bleſſed are they that judgment keep,
and juſtly do always.

4 Remember me, Lord, with that love
which thou to thine doſt bear;
With thy ſalvation, O my God,
to viſit me draw near:
5 That I thy choſen's good may ſee,
and in their joy rejoice;
And may with thine inheritance
triumph with cheerful voice.

6 We with our fathers ſinned have,
and of iniquity
Too long we have the workers been;
we have done wickedly.
7 The wonders great, which thou, O Lord,
didſt work in Egypt land,
Our fathers, though they ſaw, yet them
they did not underſtand:

And they thy mercies' multitude
kept not in memory;
But at the ſea, ev'n the Red ſea,
provok'd him grievouſly.
8 Nevertheleſs he ſaved them,
ev'n for his own name's ſake;
That ſo he might to be well known
his mighty power make.

9 When he the Red ſea did rebuke,
then dried up it was:
Through depths, as through the wilder-
he ſafely made them paſs. [neſs,
10 From hands of thoſe that hated them
he did his people ſave;
And from the en'my's cruel hand
to them redemption gave.

11 The waters overwhelm'd their foes;
not one was left alive.
12 Then they believ'd his word, and praiſe
to him in ſongs did give.
13 But ſoon did they his mighty works
forget unthankfully,
And on his counſel and his will
did not wait patiently;

14 But much did luſt in wilderneſs,
and God in deſert tempt.
15 He gave them what they ſought, but to
their ſoul he leanneſs ſent.
16 And againſt Moſes in the camp
their envy did appear;
At Aaron they, the ſaint of God,
envious alſo were.

17 Therefore the earth did open wide,
and Dathan did devour,
And all Abiram's company
did cover in that hour.
18 Likewiſe among their company
a fire was kindled then;
And ſo the hot conſuming flame
burnt up theſe wicked men.

19 Upon the hill of Horeb they
an idol-calf did frame,
A molten image they did make,
and worſhipped the ſame.
20 And thus their glory, and their God,
moſt vainly changed they
Into the likeneſs of an ox
that eateth graſs or hay.

21 They did forget the mighty God,
that had their Saviour been,
By whom ſuch great things brought to
they had in Egypt ſeen. [paſs

22 In

22 In Ham's land he did wondrous works,
things terrible did he,
When he his mighty hand and arm
ſtretch'd out at the Red ſea.

23 Then ſaid he, He would them deſtroy,
had not, his wrath to ſtay,
His choſen Moſes ſtood in breach,
that them he ſhould not ſlay.
24 Yea, they deſpis'd the pleaſant land,
believed not his word:
25 But in their tents they murmured,
not heark'ning to the Lord.

26 Therefore in deſert them to ſlay
he lifted up his hand:
27 'Mong nations to o'erthrow their ſeed,
and ſcatter in each land.
28 They unto Baal-peor did
themſelves aſſociate;
The ſacrifices of the dead
they did profanely eat.

29 Thus, by their lewd inventions,
they did provoke his ire;
And then upon them ſuddenly
the plague brake in as fire.
30 Then Phin'has roſe, and juſtice did,
and ſo the plague did ceaſe:
31 That to all ages counted was
to him for righteouſneſs.

32 And at the waters, where they ſtrove,
they did him angry make,
In ſuch ſort that it fared ill
with Moſes for their ſake:
33 Becauſe they there his ſpirit meek
provoked bitterly,
So that he utter'd with his lips
words unadviſedly.

34 Nor, as the Lord commanded them,
did they the nations ſlay:
35 But with the Heathen mingled were,
and learn'd of them their way.
36 And they their idols ſerv'd, which did
a ſnare unto them turn.
37 Their ſons and daughters they to dev'ls
in ſacrifice did burn.

38 In their own children's guiltleſs blood
their hands they did imbrue,
Whom to Canaan's idols they
for ſacrifices ſlew:
So was the land defil'd with blood.
39 They ſtain'd with their own way,
And with their own inventions
a whoring they did ſtray.

40 Againſt his people kindled was
the wrath of God therefore,
Inſomuch that he did his own
inheritance abhor.
41 He gave them to the Heathen's hand;
their foes did them command.
42 Their en'mies them oppreſs'd, they were
made ſubject to their hand.

43 He many times deliver'd them,
but with their counſel ſo
They him provok'd, that for their ſin
they were brought very low.
44 Yet their affliction he beheld,
when he did hear their cry:
45 And he for them his covenant
did call to memory;
After his mercies multitude
46 he did repent: And made
Them to be pity'd of all thoſe
who did them captive lead.
47 O Lord our God, us ſave, and gather
the Heathen from among,
That we thy holy name may praiſe
in a triumphant ſong.

48 Bleſs'd be JEHOVAH, Iſr'el's God,
to all eternity:
Let all the people ſay, Amen.
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CVII.

1 PRAISE God, for he is good: for
his mercies laſting be. [ſtill
2 Let God's redeem'd ſay ſo, whom he
from th' en'mies hand did free:
3 And gather'd them out of the lands,
from north, ſouth, eaſt, and weſt.
4 They ſtray'd in deſert's pathleſs way,
no city found to reſt.

5 For thirſt and hunger in them faints
6 their ſoul. When ſtraits them preſs,
They cry unto the Lord, and he
them frees from their diſtreſs.
7 Them alſo in a way to walk
that right is he did guide,
That they might to a city go,
wherein they might abide.

8 O that men to the Lord would give
praiſe for his goodneſs then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the ſons of men!
9 For he the ſoul that longing is
doth fully ſatisfy;
With goodneſs he the hungry ſoul
doth fill abundantly.

10 Such as ſhut up in darkneſs deep,
and in death's ſhade abide,
Whom ſtrongly hath affliction bound,
and irons faſt have ty'd:
11 (Becauſe againſt the words of God
they wrought rebelliouſly,
And they the counſel did contemn
of him that is moſt High:)

12 Their heart he did bring down with grief,
they fell, no help could have:
13 In trouble then they cry'd to God,
he them from ſtraits did ſave.
14 He out of darkneſs did them bring,
and from death's ſhade them take;
Theſe bands wherewith they had been
aſunder quite he brake. [bound

15 O that men to the Lord would give
praiſe for his goodneſs then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the ſons of men!
16 Becauſe the mighty gates of braſs
in pieces he did tear,
By him in ſunder alſo cut
the bars of iron were.

17 Fools, for their ſin, and their offence,
do ſore affliction bear;
18 All kind of meat their ſoul abhors;
they to death's gates draw near.
19 In grief they cry to God; he ſaves
them from their miſeries.
20 He ſends his word, them heals, and them
from their deſtructions frees.

21 O that men to the Lord would give
praiſe for his goodneſs then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the ſons of men!
22 And let them ſacrifice to him
off'rings of thankfulneſs;
And let them ſhew abroad his works
in ſongs of joyfulneſs.

23 Who go to ſea in ſhips, and in
great waters trading be,
24 Within the deep theſe men God's works
and his great wonders ſee.
25 For he commands, and forth in haſte
the ſtormy tempeſt flies,
Which makes the ſea with rolling waves
aloft to ſwell and riſe.

26 They mount to heav'n, then to the depths
they do go down again;
Their ſoul doth faint, and melt away,
with trouble and with pain.
27 They reel and ſtagger like one drunk,
at their wits' end they be:
28 Then they to God in trouble cry,
who them from ſtraits doth free.

29 The ſtorm is chang'd into a calm
at his command and will;
So that the waves, which rag'd before,
now quiet are and ſtill.
30 Then are they glad, becauſe at reſt
and quiet now they be:
So to the haven he them brings,
which they deſir'd to ſee.

31 O that men to the Lord would give
praiſe for his goodneſs then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the ſons of men!
32 Among the people gathered
let them exalt his name;
Among aſſembled elders ſpread
his moſt renowned fame.

33 He to dry land turns water-ſprings,
and floods to wilderneſs;
34 For ſins of thoſe that dwell therein,
fat land to barrenneſs.
35 The burnt and parched wilderneſs
to water-pools he brings;
The ground that was dry'd up before
he turns to water-ſprings:

36 And there, for dwelling, he a place
doth to the hungry give,
That they a city may prepare
commodiouſly to live.
37 There ſow they fields, and vineyards
to yield fruits of increaſe. [plant,
38 His bleſſing makes them multiply,
lets not their beaſts decreaſe.

39 Again they are diminiſhed,
and very low brought down,
Through ſorrow and affliction,
and great oppreſſion.
40 He upon princes pours contempt,
and cauſeth them to ſtray,
And wander in a wilderneſs,
wherein there is no way.

41 Yet ſetteth he the poor on high
from all his miſeries,
And he, much like unto a flock,
doth make him families.

42 They that are righteous ſhall rejoice,
when they the ſame ſhall ſee;
And, as aſhamed, ſtop her mouth
ſhall all iniquity.

43 Whoſo is wiſe, and will theſe things
obſerve, and them record,
Ev'n they ſhall underſtand the love
and kindneſs of the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

1 MY heart is fix'd, Lord; I will ſing,
and with my glory praiſe.
2 Awake up, pſaltery and harp;
myſelf I'll early raiſe.
3 I'll praiſe thee 'mong the people, Lord;
'mong nations ſing will I:
4 For above heav'n thy mercy's great,
thy truth doth reach the ſky.

5 Be thou above the heavens, Lord,
exalted gloriouſly:
Thy glory all the earth above
be lifted up on high.
6 That thoſe who thy beloved are
delivered may be,
O do thou ſave with thy right hand,
and anſwer give to me.

7 God in his holineſs hath ſaid,
Herein I will take pleaſure;
Shechem I will divide, and forth
will Succoth's valley meaſure;
8 Gilead I claim as mine by right;
Manaſſeh mine ſhall be;
Ephraim is of my head the ſtrength;
Judah gives laws for me;

9 Moab's my waſhing-pot; my ſhoe
I'll over Edom throw;
Over the land of Paleſtine
I will in triumph go.
10 O who is he will bring me to
the city fortify'd?
O who is he that to the land
of Edom will me guide?

11 O God, thou who hadſt caſt us off,
this thing wilt thou not do?
And wilt not thou, ev'n thou, O God,
forth with our armies go?
12 Do thou from trouble give us help,
for helpleſs is man's aid.
13 Through God we ſhall do valiantly;
our foes he ſhall down tread.

PSALM CIX.

1 O THOU the God of all my praiſe,
do thou not hold thy peace;
2 For mouths of wicked men to ſpeak
againſt me do not ceaſe:
The mouths of vile deceitful men
againſt me open'd be;
And with a falſe and lying tongue
they have accuſed me.

3 They did beſet me round about
with words of hateful ſpight:
And though to them no cauſe I gave,
againſt me they did fight.
4 They for my love became my foes,
but I me ſet to pray.
5 Evil for good, hatred for love,
to me they did repay.

6 Set thou the wicked over him;
and upon his right hand
Give thou his greateſt enemy,
ev'n Satan, leave to ſtand.
7 And when by thee he ſhall be judg'd,
let him condemned be;
And let his pray'r be turn'd to ſin,
when he ſhall call on thee.

8 Few be his days, and in his room
his charge another take.
9 His children let be fatherleſs,
his wife a widow make.
10 His children let be vagabonds,
and beg continually;
And from their places deſolate
ſeek bread for their ſupply.

11 Let covetous extortioners
catch all he hath away:
Of all for which he labour'd hath
let ſtrangers make a prey.
12 Let there be none to pity him,
let there be none at all
That on his children fatherleſs
will let his mercy fall.

13 Let his poſterity from earth
cut off for ever be,
And in the foll'wing age their name
be blotted out by thee.
14 Let God his father's wickedneſs
ſtill to remembrance call;
And never let his mother's ſin
be blotted out at all.

15 But let them all before the Lord
appear continually,
That he may wholly from the earth
cut off their memory.
16 Becauſe he mercy minded not,
but perſecuted ſtill
The poor and needy, that he might
the broken-hearted kill.

17 As he in curſing pleaſure took,
ſo let it to him fall;
As he delighted not to bleſs,
ſo bleſs him not at all.
18 As curſing he like clothes put on,
into his bowels ſo,
Like water, and into his bones,
like oil, down let it go.

19 Like to the garment let it be
which doth himſelf array,
And for a girdle wherewith he
is girt about alway.
20 From God let this be their reward
that en'mies are to me,
And their reward that ſpeak againſt
my ſoul maliciouſly.

21 But do thou, for thine own name's ſake,
O God the Lord, for me:
Sith good and ſweet thy mercy is,
from trouble ſet me free.
22 For I am poor and indigent,
afflicted ſore am I,
My heart within me alſo is
wounded exceedingly.

23 I paſs like a declining ſhade,
am like the locuſt toſt:
24 My knees through faſting weaken'd are,
my fleſh hath fatneſs loſt.

25 I alſo am a vile reproach
unto them made to be;
And they that did upon me look
did ſhake their heads at me.
26 O do thou help and ſuccour me,
who art my God and Lord:
And, for thy tender mercy's ſake,
ſafety to me afford.
27 That thereby they may know that this
is thy almighty hand;
And that thou, Lord, haſt done the ſame,
they may well underſtand.
28 Although they curſe with ſpite, yet, Lord,
bleſs thou with loving voice:
Let them aſham'd be when they riſe;
thy ſervant let rejoice.
29 Let thou mine adverſaries all
with ſhame be clothed over;
And let their own confuſion
them, as a mantle, cover.
30 But as for me, I with my mouth
will greatly praiſe the Lord;
And I among the multitude
his praiſes will record.
31 For he ſhall ſtand at his right hand
who is in poverty,
To ſave him from all thoſe that would
condemn his ſoul to die.

PSALM CX.

1 THE LORD did ſay unto my Lord,
Sit thou at my right hand,
Until I make thy foes a ſtool,
whereon thy feet may ſtand.
2 The Lord ſhall out of Sion ſend
the rod of thy great pow'r:
In midſt of all thine enemies
be thou the governor.
3 A willing people, in thy day
of pow'r, ſhall come to thee,
In holy beauties from morn's womb;
thy youth like dew ſhall be.
4 The Lord himſelf hath made an oath,
and will repent him never,
Of th' order of Melchiſedec
thou art a prieſt for ever.
5 The glorious and mighty Lord,
that ſits at thy right hand,
Shall, in his day of wrath, ſtrike through
kings that do him withſtand.
6 He ſhall among the Heathen judge,
he ſhall with bodies dead
The places fill: o'er many lands
he wound ſhall ev'ry head.
7 The brook that runneth in the way
with drink ſhall him ſupply:
And, for this cauſe, in triumph he
ſhall lift his head on high.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: with my whole [heart
I will God's praiſe declare,
Where the aſſemblies of the juſt
and congregations are.
2 The whole works of the Lord our God
are great above all meaſure,
Sought out they are of ev'ry one
that doth therein take pleaſure.
3 His work moſt honourable is,
moſt glorious and pure,
And his untainted righteouſneſs
for ever doth endure.

4 His

4 His works moſt wonderful he hath
made to be thought upon:
The Lord is gracious, and he is
full of compaſſion.

5 He giveth meat unto all thoſe
that truly do him fear;
And evermore his covenant
he in his mind will bear.
6 He did the power of his works
unto his people ſhow,
When he the Heathen's heritage
upon them did beſtow.

7 His handy-works are truth and right;
all his commands are ſure:
8 And, done in truth and uprightneſs,
they evermore endure.
9 He ſent redemption to his folk;
his covenant for ay
He did command: holy his name
and rev'rend is alway.

10 Wiſdom's beginning is God's fear:
good underſtanding they
Have all that his commands fulfil:
his praiſe endures for ay.

PSALM CXII.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. The man is
that fears the Lord aright, [bleſs'd
He who in his commandements
doth greatly take delight.
2 His ſeed and offspring powerful
ſhall be the earth upon:
Of upright men bleſſed ſhall be
the generation.

3 Riches and wealth ſhall ever be
within his houſe in ſtore;
And his unſpotted righteouſneſs
endures for evermore.
4 Unto the upright light doth riſe,
though he in darkneſs be:
Compaſſionate, and merciful,
and righteous, is he.

5 A good man doth his favour ſhew,
and doth to others lend:
He with diſcretion his affairs
will guide unto the end.
6 Surely there is not any thing
that ever ſhall him move:
The righteous man's memorial
ſhall everlaſting prove.

7 When he ſhall evil tidings hear,
he ſhall not be afraid:
His heart is fix'd, his confidence
upon the Lord is ſtay'd.
8 His heart is firmly ſtabliſhed,
afraid he ſhall not be,
Until upon his enemies
he his deſire ſhall ſee.

9 He hath diſpers'd, giv'n to the poor,
his righteouſneſs ſhall be
To ages all; with honour ſhall
his horn be raiſed high.
10 The wicked ſhall it ſee, and fret,
his teeth gnaſh, melt away:
What wicked men do moſt deſire
ſhall utterly decay.

PSALM CXIII.

1 PRAISE God, ye ſervants of the Lord,
O praiſe, the Lord's name praiſe.
2 Yea, bleſſed be the name of God
from this time forth always.
3 From riſing ſun to where it ſets,
God's name is to be prais'd.
4 Above all nations God is high,
'bove heav'ns his glory rais'd.

5 Unto the Lord our God that dwells
on high, who can compare?
6 Himſelf that humbleth things to ſee
in heav'n and earth that are.
7 He from the duſt doth raiſe the poor,
that very low doth lie;
And from the dunghill lifts the man
oppreſs'd with poverty;

8 That he may highly him advance,
and with the princes ſet;
With thoſe that of his people are
the chief, ev'n princes great.
9 The barren woman houſe to keep
he maketh, and to be
Of ſons a mother full of joy.
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN Iſr'el out of Egypt went,
and did his dwelling change,
When Jacob's houſe went out from thoſe
that were of language ſtrange,
2 He Judah did his ſanctuary,
his kingdom Iſr'el make:
3 The ſea it ſaw, and quickly fled,
Jordan was driven back.

4 Like rams the mountains, and like lambs,
the hills ſkipp'd to and fro.
5 O ſea, why fledd'ſt thou? Jordan, back
why waſt thou driven ſo?
6 Ye mountains great, wherefore was it
that ye did ſkip like rams?
And wherefore was it, little hills,
that ye did leap like lambs?

7 O at the preſence of the Lord,
earth, tremble thou for fear,
While as the preſence of the God
of Jacob doth appear:
8 Who from the hard and ſtony rock
did ſtanding water bring;
And by his pow'r did turn the flint
into a water-ſpring.

PSALM CXV.

1 NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
but do thou glory take
Unto thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
and for thy mercy's ſake.
2 O wherefore ſhould the Heathen ſay,
Where is their God now gone?
3 But our God in the heavens is,
what pleas'd him he hath done.

4 Their idols ſilver are and gold,
work of men's hands they be.
5 Mouths have they, but they do not ſpeak;
and eyes, but do not ſee:
6 Ears have they, but they do not hear;
noſes, but ſavour not;
7 Hands, feet, but handle not, nor walk;
nor ſpeak they through their throat.

8 Like them their makers are, and all
on them their truſt that build.
9 O Iſr'el, truſt thou in the Lord,
he is their help and ſhield.
10 O Aaron's houſe, truſt in the Lord,
their help and ſhield is he.
11 Ye that fear God, truſt in the Lord,
their help and ſhield he'll be.

12 The Lord of us hath mindful been,
and he will bleſs us ſtill:
He will the houſe of Iſr'el bleſs,
bleſs Aaron's houſe he will.
13 Both ſmall and great, that fear the Lord,
he will them ſurely bleſs.
14 The Lord will you, you and your ſeed,
ay more and more increaſe.

15 O bleſſed are ye of the Lord,
who made the earth and heav'n.
16 The heav'n, ev'n heav'ns, are God's, but
earth to men's ſons hath giv'n. [the
17 The dead, nor who to ſilence go,
God's praiſe do not record.
18 But henceforth we for ever will
bleſs God. Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 I LOVE the Lord, becauſe my voice
and prayers he did hear.
2 I, while I live, will call on him,
who bow'd to me his ear.
3 Of death the cords and ſorrows did
about me compaſs round,
The pains of hell took hold on me:
I grief and trouble found.

4 Upon the name of God the Lord
then did I call, and ſay,
Deliver thou my ſoul, O Lord,
I do thee humbly pray.
5 God merciful and righteous is,
yea, gracious is our Lord.
6 God ſaves the meek: I was brought low,
he did me help afford.

7 O thou my ſoul, do thou return
unto thy quiet reſt;
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
his bounty hath expreſt.
8 For my diſtreſſed ſoul from death
deliver'd was by thee:
Thou didſt my mourning eyes from tears,
my feet from falling, free.

9 I in the land of thoſe that live
will walk the Lord before.
10 I did believe, therefore I ſpake:
I was afflicted ſore.
11 I ſaid, when I was in my haſte,
that all men liars be.
12 What ſhall I render to the Lord
for all his gifts to me?

13 I'll of ſalvation take the cup,
on God's name will I call:
14 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
before his people all.
15 Dear in God's ſight is his ſaints' death.
16 Thy ſervant, Lord, am I;
Thy ſervant ſure, thine handmaid's ſon:
my bands thou didſt untie.

17 Thank-off'rings I to thee will give,
and on God's name will call.
18 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
before his people all;

19 Within

19 Within the courts of God's own houſe,
within the midſt of thee,
O city of Jeruſalem.
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXVII.

1 O GIVE ye praiſe unto the Lord,
all nations that be;
Likewiſe, ye people all, accord,
his name to magnify.
2 For great to us-ward ever are
his loving-kindneſſes:
His truth endures for evermore.
The Lord O do ye bleſs.

PSALM CXVIII.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good;
his mercy laſteth ever.
2 Let thoſe of Iſrael now ſay,
His mercy faileth never.
3 Now let the houſe of Aaron ſay,
His mercy laſteth ever.
4 Let thoſe that fear the Lord now ſay,
His mercy faileth never.

5 I in diſtreſs call'd on the Lord;
the Lord did anſwer me:
He in a large place did me ſet,
from trouble made me free.
6 The mighty Lord is on my ſide,
I will not be afraid;
For any thing that man can do
I ſhall not be diſmay'd.

7 The Lord doth take my part with them
that help to ſuccour me:
Therefore on thoſe that do me hate
I my deſire ſhall ſee.
8 Better it is to truſt in God
than truſt in man's defence;
9 Better to truſt in God than make
princes our confidence.

10 The nations, joining all in one,
did compaſs me about;
But in the Lord's moſt holy name
I ſhall them all root out.
11 They compaſs'd me about; I ſay,
they compaſs'd me about:
But in the Lord's moſt holy name
I ſhall them all root out.

12 Like bees they compaſs'd me about;
like unto thorns that flame
They quenched are; for them ſhall I
deſtroy in God's own name.
13 Thou ſore haſt thruſt, that I might fall,
but my Lord helped me.
14 God my ſalvation is become,
my ſtrength and ſong is he.

15 In dwellings of the righteous
is heard the melody
Of joy and health; the Lord's right hand
doth ever valiantly.
16 The right hand of the mighty Lord
exalted is on high;
The right hand of the mighty Lord
doth ever valiantly.

17 I ſhall not die, but live, and ſhall
the works of God diſcover.
18 The Lord hath me chaſtiſed ſore,
but not to death giv'n over.

19 O ſet ye open unto me
the gates of righteouſneſs;
Then will I enter into them,
and I the Lord will bleſs.

20 This is the gate of God, by it
the juſt ſhall enter in.
21 Thee will I praiſe, for thou me heard'ſt,
and haſt my ſafety been.
22 That ſtone is made head corner-ſtone,
which builders did deſpiſe:
23 This is the doing of the Lord,
and wondrous in our eyes.

24 This is the day God made, in it
we'll joy triumphantly.
25 Save now, I pray thee, Lord; I pray,
ſend now proſperity.
26 Bleſſed is he in God's great name
that cometh us to ſave:
We, from the houſe which to the Lord
pertains, you bleſſed have.

27 God is the Lord, who unto us
hath made light to ariſe:
Bind ye unto the altar's horns
with cords the ſacrifice.
28 Thou art my God, I'll thee exalt;
my God, I will thee praiſe.
29 Give thanks to God, for he is good:
his mercy laſts always.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH. *The 1ſt Part.*

1 BLESSED are they that undefil'd,
and ſtraight are in the way;
Who in the Lord's moſt holy law
do walk, and do not ſtray.
2 Bleſſed are they who to obſerve
his ſtatutes are inclin'd;
And who do ſeek the living God
with their whole heart and mind.

3 Such in his ways do walk, and they
do no iniquity.
4 Thou haſt commanded us to keep
thy precepts carefully.
5 O that thy ſtatutes to obſerve
thou would'ſt my ways direct!
6 Then ſhall I not be ſham'd, when I
thy precepts all reſpect.

7 Then with integrity of heart
thee will I praiſe and bleſs,
When I the judgments all have learn'd
of thy pure righteouſneſs.
8 That I will keep thy ſtatutes all
firmly reſolv'd have I:
O do not then, moſt gracious God,
forſake me utterly.

BETH. *The 2d Part.*

9 By what means ſhall a young man learn
his way to purify?
If he according to thy word
thereto attentive be.
10 Unfeignedly thee have I ſought
with all my ſoul and heart:
O let me not from the right path
of thy commands depart.

11 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
that I offend not thee.
12 O Lord, thou ever bleſſed art,
thy ſtatutes teach thou me.

13 The judgments of thy mouth each one
my lips declared have;
14 More joy thy teſtimonies' way
than riches all me gave.

15 I will thy holy precepts make
my meditation;
And carefully I'll have reſpect
unto thy ways each one.
16 Upon thy ſtatutes my delight
ſhall conſtantly be ſet:
And, by thy grace, I never will
thy holy word forget.

GIMEL. *The 3d Part.*

17 With me thy ſervant, in thy grace,
deal bountifully, Lord;
That by thy favour I may live,
and duly keep thy word.
18 Open mine eyes, that of thy law
the wonders I may ſee.
19 I am a ſtranger on this earth,
hide not thy laws from me.

20 My ſoul within me breaks, and doth
much fainting ſtill endure,
Through longing that it hath all times
unto thy judgments pure.
21 Thou haſt rebuk'd the curſed proud,
who from thy precepts ſwerve.
22 Reproach and ſhame remove from me,
for I thy laws obſerve.

23 Againſt me princes ſpake with ſpite,
while they in council ſat:
But I thy ſervant did upon
thy ſtatutes meditate.
24 My comfort, and my heart's delight,
thy teſtimonies be;
And they, in all my doubts and fears,
are counſellors to me.

DALETH. *The 4th Part.*

25 My ſoul to duſt cleaves: quicken me
according to thy word.
26 My ways I ſhew'd, and me thou heard'ſt:
teach me thy ſtatutes, Lord.
27 The way of thy commandements
make me aright to know;
So all thy works that wondrous are
I ſhall to others ſhow.

28 My ſoul doth melt, and drop away,
for heavineſs and grief:
To me, according to thy word,
give ſtrength, and ſend relief.
29 From me the wicked way of lyes
let far removed be;
And graciouſly thy holy law
do thou grant unto me.

30 I choſen have the perfect way
of truth and verity:
Thy judgments that moſt righteous are
before me laid have I.
31 I to thy teſtimonies cleave;
ſhame do not on me caſt.
32 I'll run thy precepts' way, when thou
my heart enlarged haſt.

HE. *The 5th Part.*

33 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way
of thy precepts divine,
And to obſerve it to the end
I ſhall my heart incline.

34 Give

34 Give underſtanding unto me,
ſo keep thy law ſhall I;
Yea, ev'n with my whole heart I ſhall
obſerve it carefully.

35 In thy laws' path make me to go;
for I delight therein.
36 My heart unto thy teſtimonies,
and not to greed, incline.
37 Turn thou away my ſight and eyes
from viewing vanity;
And in thy good and holy way
be pleas'd to quicken me.

38 Confirm to me thy gracious word,
which I did gladly hear,
Ev'n to thy ſervant, Lord, who is
devoted to thy fear.
39 Turn thou away my fear'd reproach;
for good thy judgments be.
40 Lo, for thy precepts I have long'd;
in thy truth quicken me.

VAU. *The 6th Part.*

41 Let thy ſweet mercies alſo come
and viſit me, O Lord;
Ev'n thy benign ſalvation,
according to thy word.
42 So ſhall I have wherewith I may
give him an anſwer juſt,
Who ſpitefully reproacheth me;
for in thy word I truſt.

43 The word of truth out of my mouth
take thou not utterly;
For on thy judgments righteous
my hope doth ſtill rely.
44 So ſhall I keep for evermore
thy law continually.
45 And, ſith that I thy precepts ſeek,
I'll walk at liberty.

46 I'll ſpeak thy word to kings, and I
with ſhame ſhall not be mov'd;
47 And will delight myſelf always
in thy laws, which I lov'd.
48 To thy commandments, which I lov'd,
my hands lift up I will;
And I will alſo meditate
upon thy ſtatutes ſtill.

ZAIN. *The 7th Part.*

49 Remember, Lord, thy gracious word
thou to thy ſervant ſpake,
Which, for a ground of my ſure hope,
thou cauſedſt me to take.
50 This word of thine my comfort is
in mine affliction:
For in my ſtraits I am reviv'd
by this thy word alone.

51 The men whoſe hearts with pride are ſtuff'd
did greatly me deride:
Yet from thy ſtraight commandements
I have not turn'd aſide.
52 Thy judgments righteous, O Lord,
which thou of old forth gave,
I did remember, and myſelf
by them comforted have.

53 Horror took hold on me, becauſe
ill men thy law forſake.
54 I in my houſe of pilgrimage
thy laws my ſongs do make.
55 Thy name by night, Lord, I did mind,
and I have kept thy law.
56 And this I had, becauſe thy word
I kept, and ſtood in awe.

CHETH. *The 8th Part.*

57 Thou my ſure portion art alone,
which I did chooſe, O Lord:
I have reſolv'd, and ſaid, that I
would keep thy holy word.
58 With my whole heart I did entreat
thy face and favour free:
According to thy gracious word
be merciful to me.

59 I thought upon my former ways,
and did my life well try;
And to thy teſtimonies pure
my feet then turned I.
60 I did not ſtay, nor linger long,
as thoſe that ſlothful are;
But haſtily thy laws to keep
myſelf I did prepare.

61 Bands of ill men me robb'd; yet I
thy precepts did not ſlight.
62 I'll riſe at midnight thee to praiſe,
ev'n for thy judgments right.
63 I am companion to all thoſe
who fear, and thee obey.
64 O Lord, thy mercy fills the earth:
teach me thy laws I pray.

TETH. *The 9th Part.*

65 Well haſt thou with thy ſervant dealt,
as thou didſt promiſe give.
66 Good judgment me, and knowledge teach:
for I thy word believe.
67 Ere I afflicted was I ſtray'd;
but now I keep thy word.
68 Both good thou art, and good thou do'ſt:
teach me thy ſtatutes, Lord.

69 The men that are puff'd up with pride
againſt me forg'd a lie;
Yet thy commandements obſerve
with my whole heart will I.
70 Their hearts, thro' worldly eaſe and wealth,
as fat as greaſe they be:
But in thy holy law I take
delight continually.

71 It hath been very good for me
that I afflicted was,
That I might well inſtructed be,
and learn thy holy laws.
72 The word that cometh from thy mouth
is better unto me
Than many thouſands and great ſums
of gold and ſilver be.

JOD. *The 10th Part.*

73 Thou mad'ſt and faſhion'dſt me: thy laws
to know give wiſdom, Lord:
74 So who thee fear ſhall joy to ſee
me truſting in thy word.
75 That very right thy judgments are
I know, and do confeſs;
And that thou haſt afflicted me
in truth and faithfulneſs.

76 O let thy kindneſs merciful,
I pray thee, comfort me,
As to thy ſervant faithfully
was promiſed by thee.
77 And let thy tender mercies come
to me, that I may live;
Becauſe thy holy laws to me
ſweet delectation give.

78 Lord, let the proud aſhamed be;
for they, without a cauſe,
With me perverſely dealt; but I
will muſe upon thy laws.
79 Let ſuch as fear thee, and have known
thy ſtatutes, turn to me.
80 My heart let in thy laws be found,
that ſham'd I never be.

CAPH. *The 11th Part.*

81 My ſoul for thy ſalvation faints;
yet I thy word believe.
82 Mine eyes fail for thy word: I ſay,
When wilt thou comfort give?
83 For like a bottle I'm become,
that in the ſmoke is ſet:
I'm black, and parch'd with grief; yet I
thy ſtatutes not forget.
84 How many are thy ſervant's days?
when wilt thou execute
Juſt judgment on theſe wicked men
that do me perſecute?
85 The proud have digged pits for me,
which is againſt thy laws.
86 Thy words all faithful are: help me,
purſu'd without a cauſe.

87 They ſo conſum'd me, that on earth
my life they ſcarce did leave:
Thy precepts yet forſook I not,
but cloſe to them did cleave.
88 After thy loving-kindneſs, Lord,
me quicken, and preſerve:
The teſtimony of thy mouth
ſo ſhall I ſtill obſerve.

LAMED. *The 12th Part.*

89 Thy word for ever is, O Lord,
in heaven ſettled faſt:
90 Unto all generations
thy faithfulneſs doth laſt:
The earth thou haſt eſtabliſhed,
and it abides by thee.
91 This day they ſtand as thou ordain'dſt;
for all thy ſervants be.

92 Unleſs in thy moſt perfect law
my ſoul delights had found,
I ſhould have periſhed, when as
my troubles did abound.
93 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget;
they quick'ning to me brought.
94 Lord, I am thine; O ſave thou me:
thy precepts I have ſought.

95 For me the wicked have laid wait,
me ſeeking to deſtroy:
But I thy teſtimonies true
conſider will with joy.
96 An end of all perfection
here have I ſeen, O God:
But as for thy commandement,
it is exceeding broad.

MEM. *The 13th Part.*

97 O how love I thy law! it is
my ſtudy all the day:
98 It makes me wiſer than my foes;
for it doth with me ſtay.

99 Than all my teachers now I have
more underſtanding far;
Becauſe my meditation
thy teſtimonies are.

100 In underſtanding I excel
thoſe that are ancients;
For I endeavoured to keep
all thy commandements.

101 My feet from each ill way I ſtay'd,
that I may keep thy word.

102 I from thy judgments have not ſwerv'd;
for thou haſt taught me, Lord.

103 How ſweet unto my taſte, O Lord,
are all thy words of truth!
Yea, I do find them ſweeter far
than honey to my mouth.

104 I through thy precepts, that are pure,
do underſtanding get:
I therefore ev'ry way that's falſe
with all my heart do hate.

NUN. *The 14th Part.*

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
and to my path a light.

106 I ſworn have, and I will perform,
to keep thy judgments right.

107 I am with ſore affliction
ev'n overwhelm'd, O Lord:
In mercy raiſe and quicken me,
according to thy word.

108 The free-will off'rings of my mouth
accept, I thee beſeech:
And unto me thy ſervant, Lord,
thy judgments clearly teach.

109 Though ſtill my ſoul be in my hand.
thy laws I'll not forget.

110 I err'd not from them, though for me
the wicked ſnares did ſet.

111 I of thy teſtimonies have
above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for ay;
for they my heart rejoice.

112 I carefully inclined have
my heart ſtill to attend,
That I thy ſtatutes may perform
alway unto the end.

SAMECH. *The 15th Part.*

113 I hate the thoughts of vanity,
but love thy law do I.

114 My ſhield and hiding-place thou art:
I on thy word rely.

115 All ye that evil-doers are,
from me depart away;
For the commandments of my God
I purpoſe to obey.

116 According to thy faithful word
uphold and ſtabliſh me,
That I may live, and of my hope
aſhamed never be.

117 Hold thou me up, ſo ſhall I be
in peace and ſafety ſtill;
And to thy ſtatutes have reſpect
continually I will.

118 Thou tread'ſt down all that love to ſtray;
falſe their deceit doth prove.

119 Lew'd men, like droſs, away thou putt'ſt;
therefore thy law I love.

120 For fear of thee my very fleſh
doth tremble, all diſmay'd;
And of thy righteous judgments, Lord,
my ſoul is much afraid.

AIN. *The 16th Part.*

121 To all men I have judgment done,
performing juſtice right;
Then let me not be left unto
my fierce oppreſſors' might.

122 For good unto thy ſervant, Lord,
thy ſervant's ſurety be:
From the oppreſſion of the proud
do thou deliver me.

123 Mine eyes do fail with looking long
for thy ſalvation,
The word of thy pure righteouſneſs
while I do wait upon.

124 In mercy with thy ſervant deal,
thy laws me teach and ſhow.

125 I am thy ſervant, wiſdom give,
that I thy laws may know.

126 'Tis time thou work, Lord, for they have
made void thy law divine.

127 Therefore thy precepts more I love
than gold, yea, gold moſt fine.

128 Concerning all things thy commands
all right I judge therefore;
And ev'ry falſe and wicked way
I perfectly abhor.

PE. *The 17th Part.*

129 Thy ſtatutes, Lord, are wonderful,
my ſoul them keeps with care.

130 The entrance of thy words gives light,
makes wiſe who ſimple are.

131 My mouth I have wide opened,
and panted earneſtly,
While after thy commandements
I long'd exceedingly.

132 Look on me, Lord, and merciful
do thou unto me prove,
As thou art wont to do to thoſe
thy name who truly love.

133 O let my footſteps in thy word
aright ſtill order'd be:
Let no iniquity obtain
dominion over me.

134 From man's oppreſſion ſave thou me;
ſo keep thy laws I will.

135 Thy face make on thy ſervant ſhine;
teach me thy ſtatutes ſtill.

136 Rivers of waters from mine eyes
did run down, when I ſaw
How wicked men run on in ſin,
and do not keep thy law.

TSADDI. *The 18th Part.*

137 O Lord, thou art moſt righteous;
thy judgments are upright.

138 Thy teſtimonies thou command'ſt
moſt faithful are and right.

139 My zeal hath ev'n conſumed me,
becauſe mine enemies
Thy holy words forgotten have,
and do thy laws deſpiſe.

140 Thy word's moſt pure, therefore on it
thy ſervant's love is ſet.

141 Small, and deſpis'd I am, yet I
thy precepts not forget.

142 Thy righteouſneſs is righteouſneſs
which ever doth endure:
Thy holy law, Lord, alſo is
the very truth moſt pure.

143 Trouble and anguiſh have me found,
and taken hold on me:
Yet in my trouble my delight
thy juſt commandments be.

144 Eternal righteouſneſs is in
thy teſtimonies all;
Lord, to me underſtanding give,
and ever live I ſhall.

KOPH. *The 19th Part.*

145 With my whole heart I cry'd, Lord, hear;
I will thy word obey.

146 I cry'd to thee; ſave me, and I
will keep thy laws alway.

147 I of the morning did prevent
the dawning, and did cry:
For all mine expectation
did on thy word rely.

148 Mine eyes did timeouſly prevent
the watches of the night,
That in thy word with careful mind
then meditate I might.

149 After thy loving-kindneſs hear
my voice, that calls on thee:
According to thy judgment, Lord,
revive and quicken me.

150 Who follow miſchief they draw nigh;
they from thy law are far:

151 But thou art near, Lord; moſt firm truth
all thy commandments are.

152 As for thy teſtimonies all,
of old this have I try'd,
That thou haſt ſurely founded them
for ever to abide.

RESH. *The 20th Part.*

153 Conſider mine affliction,
in ſafety do me ſet:
Deliver me, O Lord, for I
thy law do not forget.

154 After thy word revive thou me;
ſave me, and plead my cauſe.

155 Salvation is from ſinners far;
for they ſeek not thy laws.

156 O Lord, both great and manifold
thy tender mercies be:
According to thy judgments juſt
revive and quicken me.

157 My perſecutors many are,
and foes that do combine:
Yet from thy teſtimonies pure
my heart doth not decline.

158 I ſaw tranſgreſſors, and was griev'd;
for they kept not thy word.

159 See how I love thy law! as thou
art kind, me quicken, Lord.

160 From the beginning all thy word
hath been moſt true and ſure;
Thy righteous judgments ev'ry one
for evermore endure.

SCHIN. *The 21ſt Part.*

161 Princes have perſecuted me,
although no cauſe they ſaw:
But ſtill of thy moſt holy word
my heart doth ſtand in awe.

162 I at thy word rejoice, as one
of ſpoil that finds great ſtore.
163 Thy law I love, but lying all
I hate and do abhor.
164 Sev'n times a-day it is my care
to give due praiſe to thee:
Becauſe of all thy judgments, Lord,
which righteous ever be.
165 Great peace have they who love thy law;
offence they ſhall have none.
166 I hop'd for thy ſalvation, Lord,
and thy commands have done.
167 My ſoul thy teſtimonies pure
obſerved carefully:
On them my heart is ſet, and them
I love exceedingly.
168 Thy teſtimonies and thy laws
I kept with ſpecial care;
For all my works and ways each one
before thee open are.

TAU. *The 22d Part.*

169 O let my earneſt pray'r and cry
come near before thee, Lord;
Give underſtanding unto me,
according to thy word.
170 Let my requeſt before thee come:
after thy word me free.
171 My lips ſhall utter praiſe, when thou
haſt taught thy laws to me.
172 My tongue of thy moſt bleſſed word
ſhall ſpeak, and it confeſs;
Becauſe all thy commandements
are perfect righteouſneſs.
173 Let thy ſtrong hand make help to me:
thy precepts are my choice.
174 I long'd for thy ſalvation, Lord,
and in thy law rejoice.
175 O let my ſoul live, and it ſhall
give praiſes unto thee;
And let thy judgments gracious
be helpful unto me.
176 I, like a loſt ſheep, went aſtray;
thy ſervant ſeek, and find:
For thy commands I ſuffer'd not
to ſlip out of my mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN my diſtreſs to God I cry'd,
and he gave ear to me.
2 From lying lips, and guileful tongue,
O Lord, my ſoul ſet free.
3 What ſhall be giv'n thee, or what ſhall
be done to thee, falſe tongue?
4 Ev'n burning coals of juniper,
ſharp arrows of the ſtrong.
5 Woe's me that I in Meſech am
a ſojourner ſo long;
That I in tabernacles dwell
to Kedar that belong.
6 My ſoul with him that hateth peace
hath long a dweller been.
7 I am for peace: but when I ſpeak,
for battle they are keen.

PSALM CXXI.

1 I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
from whence doth come mine aid.
2 My ſafety cometh from the Lord,
who heav'n and earth hath made.
3 Thy foot he'll not let ſlide, nor will
he ſlumber that thee keeps.
4 Behold, he that keeps Iſrael,
he ſlumbers not nor ſleeps.
5 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy ſhade
on thy right hand doth ſtay:
6 The moon by night thee ſhall not ſmite,
nor yet the ſun by day.
7 The Lord ſhall keep thy ſoul; he ſhall
preſerve thee from all ill.
8 Henceforth thy going out and in,
God keep for ever will.

PSALM CXXII.

1 I JOY'D when to the houſe of God,
Go up, they ſaid to me.
2 Jeruſalem, within thy gates
our feet ſhall ſtanding be.
3 Jerus'lem, as a city, is
compactly built together:
4 Unto that place the tribes go up,
the tribes of God go thither:
To Iſr'el's teſtimony, there
to God's name thanks to pay.
5 For thrones of judgment, ev'n the thrones
of David's houſe, there ſtay.
6 Pray that Jeruſalem may have
peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
have ſtill proſperity.
7 Therefore I wiſh that peace may ſtill
within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
proſperity retain.
8 Now, for my friends' and brethren's ſakes,
Peace be in thee, I'll ſay.
9 And for the houſe of God our Lord,
I'll ſeek thy good alway.

PSALM CXXIII.

1 O THOU that dwelleſt in the heav'ns,
I lift mine eyes to thee.
2 Behold, as ſervants' eyes do look,
their maſters' hand to ſee,
As handmaid's eyes her miſtreſs' hand;
ſo do our eyes attend
Upon the Lord our God, until
to us he mercy ſend.
3 O Lord, be gracious to us,
unto us gracious be;
Becauſe repleniſh'd with contempt
exceedingly are we.
4 Our ſoul is fill'd with ſcorn of thoſe
that at their eaſe abide,
And with the inſolent contempt
of thoſe that ſwell in pride.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord been on our ſide,
may Iſrael now ſay;
2 Had not the Lord been on our ſide,
when men roſe us to ſlay;
3 They had us ſwallow'd quick, when as
their wrath 'gainſt us did flame;
4 Waters had cover'd us, our ſoul
had ſunk beneath the ſtream.
5 Then had the waters, ſwelling high,
over our ſoul made way.
6 Bleſs'd be the Lord, who to their teeth
us gave not for a prey.
7 Our ſoul's eſcaped, as a bird,
out of the fowler's ſnare:
The ſnare aſunder broken is,
and we eſcaped are.
8 Our ſure and all-ſufficient help
is in JEHOVAH's name;
His name, who did the heav'n create,
and who the earth did frame.

Another of the ſame.

1 NOW Iſrael
may ſay, and that truly,
If that the Lord
had not our cauſe maintain'd;
2 If that the Lord
had not our right ſuſtain'd,
When cruel men
againſt us furiouſly
Roſe up in wrath,
to make of us their prey:
3 Then certainly
they had devour'd us all,
And ſwallow'd quick,
for ought that we could deem:
Such was their rage,
as we might well eſteem.
4 And as fierce floods
before them all things drown,
So had they brought
our ſoul to death quite down.
5 The raging ſtreams,
with their proud ſwelling waves,
Had then our ſoul
o'erwhelmed in the deep.
6 But bleſs'd be God,
who doth us ſafely keep,
And hath not giv'n
us for a living prey
Unto their teeth,
and bloody cruelty.
7 Ev'n as a bird
out of the fowler's ſnare
Eſcapes away,
ſo is our ſoul ſet free:
Broke are their nets,
and thus eſcaped we.
8 Therefore our help
is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth
by his great pow'r did frame.

PSALM CXXV.

1 THEY in the Lord that firmly truſt
ſhall be like Sion hill,
Which at no time can be remov'd,
but ſtandeth ever ſtill.
2 As round about Jeruſalem
the mountains ſtand alway,
The Lord his folk doth compaſs ſo,
from henceforth and for ay.
3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
of juſt men ſhall not lie;
Leſt righteous men ſtretch forth their hands
unto iniquity.
4 Do thou to all thoſe that be good
thy goodneſs, Lord, impart;
And do thou good to thoſe that are
upright within their heart.

5 But as for ſuch as turn aſide
after their crooked way,
God ſhall lead forth with wicked men:
on Iſr'el peace ſhall ſtay.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHEN Sion's bondage God turn'd back,
as men that dream'd were we.
2 Then fill'd with laughter was our mouth,
our tongue with melody:
They 'mong the Heathen ſaid, The Lord
great things for them hath wrought.
3 The Lord hath done great things for us,
whence joy to us is brought.

4 As ſtreams of water in the ſouth,
our bondage, Lord, recall.
5 Who ſow in tears, a reaping-time
of joy enjoy they ſhall.
6 That man, who, bearing precious ſeed,
in going forth doth mourn,
He, doubtleſs, bringing back his ſheaves,
rejoicing ſhall return.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 EXCEPT the Lord do build the houſe,
the builders loſe their pain:
Except the Lord the city keep,
the watchmen watch in vain.
2 'Tis vain for you to riſe betimes,
or late from reſt to keep,
To feed on ſorrows' bread; ſo gives
he his beloved ſleep.

3 Lo, children are God's heritage,
the womb's fruit his reward.
4 The ſons of youth as arrows are,
for ſtrong men's hands prepar'd.
5 O happy is the man that hath
his quiver fill'd with thoſe;
They unaſhamed in the gate
ſhall ſpeak unto their foes.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 BLESS'D is each one that fears the Lord,
and walketh in his ways:
2 For of thy labour thou ſhalt eat,
and happy be always.
3 Thy wife ſhall as a fruitful vine
by thy houſe' ſides be found:
Thy children like to olive plants
about thy table round.

4 Behold, the man that fears the Lord
thus bleſſed ſhall he be.
5 The Lord ſhall out of Sion give
his bleſſing unto thee:
Thou ſhalt Jerus'lem's good behold
whilſt thou on earth doſt dwell.
6 Thou ſhalt thy children's children ſee,
and peace on Iſrael.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 OFT did they vex me from my youth,
may Iſr'el now declare:
2 Oft did they vex me from my youth,
yet not victorious were.
3 The plowers plow'd upon my back;
they long their furrows drew.
4 The righteous Lord did cut the cords
of the ungodly crew.

5 Let Sion's haters all be turn'd
back with confuſion.
6 As graſs on houſes' tops be they,
which fades ere it be grown:
7 Whereof enough to fill his hand
the mower cannot find;
Nor can the man his boſom fill,
whoſe work is ſheaves to bind.

8 Neither ſay they who do go by,
God's bleſſing on you reſt;
We in the name of God the Lord
do wiſh you to be bleſt.

PSALM CXXX.

1 LORD, from the depths to thee I cry'd.
2 My voice, Lord, do thou hear:
Unto my ſupplication's voice
give an attentive ear.
3 Lord, who ſhall ſtand, if thou, O Lord,
ſhould'ſt mark iniquity?
4 But yet with thee forgiveneſs is,
that fear'd thou mayeſt be.

5 I wait for God, my ſoul doth wait,
my hope is in his word.
6 More than they that for morning watch,
my ſoul waits for the Lord;
I ſay, more than they that do watch
the morning light to ſee.
7 Let Iſrael hope in the Lord,
for with him mercies be;
And plenteous redemption
is ever found with him.
8 And from all his iniquities
he Iſr'el ſhall redeem.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 MY heart not haughty is, O Lord,
mine eyes not lofty be;
Nor do I deal in matters great,
or things too high for me.
2 I ſurely have myſelf behav'd
with quiet ſp'rit and mild,
As child of mother wean'd: my ſoul
is like a weaned child.

3 Upon the Lord let all the hope
of Iſrael rely,
Ev'n from the time that preſent is
unto eternity.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 DAVID, and his afflictions all,
Lord, do thou think upon:
2 How unto God he ſware, and vow'd
to Jacob's mighty One.
3 I will not come within my houſe,
nor reſt in bed at all;
4 Nor ſhall mine eyes take any ſleep,
nor eyelids ſlumber ſhall;

5 Till for the Lord a place I find,
where he may make abode;
A place of habitation
for Jacob's mighty God.
6 Lo, at the place of Ephratah
of it we underſtood;
And we did find it in the fields,
and city of the wood.

7 We'll go into his tabernacles,
and at his footſtool bow.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, into thy reſt,
th' ark of thy ſtrength, and thou,

9 O let thy prieſts be clothed, Lord,
with truth and righteouſneſs;
And let all thoſe that are thy ſaints
ſhout loud for joyfulneſs.

10 For thine own ſervant David's ſake,
do not deny thy grace;
Nor of thine own anointed one
turn thou away the face.
11 The Lord in truth to David ſware,
he will not turn from it,
I of thy body's fruit will make
upon thy throne to ſit.

12 My cov'nant if thy ſons will keep,
and laws to them made known,
Their children then ſhall alſo ſit
for ever on thy throne.
13 For God of Sion hath made choice;
there he deſires to dwell.
14 This is my reſt, here ſtill I'll ſtay;
for I do like it well.

15 Her food I'll greatly bleſs; her poor
with bread will ſatisfy.
16 Her prieſts I'll clothe with health; her ſaints
ſhall ſhout forth joyfully.
17 And there will I make David's horn
to bud forth pleaſantly:
For him that mine anointed is
a lamp ordain'd have I.

18 As with a garment I will clothe
with ſhame his en'mies all:
But yet the crown that he doth wear
upon him flouriſh ſhall.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
and how becoming well,
Together ſuch as brethren are
in unity to dwell!
2 Like precious ointment on the head,
that down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the ſkirts
did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
on Sion hills deſcend:
For there the bleſſing God commands,
life that ſhall never end.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 BEHOLD, bleſs ye the Lord, all ye
that his attendants are,
Ev'n you that in God's temple be,
and praiſe him nightly there.
2 Your hands within God's holy place
lift up, and praiſe his name.
3 From Sion hill the Lord thee bleſs,
that heav'n and earth did frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, the Lord's name praiſe;
his ſervants, praiſe ye God.
2 Who ſtand in God's houſe, in the courts
of our God make abode.
3 Praiſe ye the Lord, for he is good;
unto him praiſes ſing:
Sing praiſes to his name, becauſe
it is a pleaſant thing.

4 For Jacob to himſelf the Lord
did chooſe of his good pleaſure,
And he hath choſen Iſrael
for his peculiar treaſure.

5 Becauſe

5 Becauſe I know aſſuredly
the Lord is very great,
And that our Lord above all gods
in glory hath his ſeat.

6 What thing ſoever pleas'd the Lord,
that in the heav'n did he,
And in the earth, the ſeas, and all
the places deep that be.

7 He from the ends of earth doth make
the vapours to aſcend;
With rain he lightnings makes, and wind
doth from his treaſure ſend.

8 Egypt's firſt-born, from man to beaſt
9 who ſmote. Strange tokens he
On Pharaoh and his ſervants ſent,
Egypt, in midſt of thee.

10 He ſmote great nations, ſlew great kings:
11 Sihon of Heſhbon king,
And Og of Baſhan, and to nought
did Canaan's kingdoms bring:

12 And for a wealthy heritage
their pleaſant land he gave,
An heritage which Iſrael,
his choſen folk, ſhould have.

13 Thy name, O Lord, ſhall ſtill endure,
and thy memorial
With honour ſhall continu'd be
to generations all.

14 For why? the righteous God will judge
his people righteouſly;
Concerning thoſe that do him ſerve,
himſelf repent will he.

15 The idols of the nations
of ſilver are and gold,
And by the hands of men is made
their faſhion and mould.

16 Mouths have they, but they do not ſpeak;
eyes, but they do not ſee:
17 Ears have they, but hear not; and in
their mouths no breathing be.

18 Their makers are like them; ſo are
all that on them rely.

19 O Iſr'el's houſe, bleſs God; bleſs God,
O Aaron's family.

20 O bleſs the Lord, of Levi's houſe
ye who his ſervants are;
And bleſs the holy name of God,
all ye the Lord that fear.

21 And bleſſed be the Lord our God,
from Sion's holy hill,
Who dwelleth at Jeruſalem.
The Lord O praiſe ye ſtill.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 GIVE thanks to God, for good is he:
for mercy hath he ever.
2 Thanks to the God of gods give ye:
for his grace faileth never.
3 Thanks give the Lord of lords unto:
for mercy hath he ever.
4 Who only wonders great can do:
for his grace faileth never.
5 Who by his wiſdom made heav'ns high:
for mercy hath he ever.
6 Who ſtretch'd the earth above the ſea:
for his grace faileth never.
7 To him that made the great lights ſhine:
for mercy hath he ever.
8 The ſun to rule till day decline:
for his grace faileth never.
9 The moon and ſtars to rule by night:
for mercy hath he ever.
10 Who Egypt's firſt-born kill'd outright:
for his grace faileth never.
11 And Iſr'el brought from Egypt land:
for mercy hath he ever.
12 With ſtretch'd-out arm, and with ſtrong hand:
for his grace faileth never.

13 By whom the Red ſea parted was:
for mercy hath he ever.
14 And through its midſt made Iſr'el paſs:
for his grace faileth never.
15 But Pharaoh and his hoſt did drown:
for mercy hath he ever.
16 Who through the deſert led his own:
for his grace faileth never.

17 To him great kings who overthrew:
for he hath mercy ever.
18 Yea, famous kings in battle ſlew:
for his grace faileth never.
19 Ev'n Sihon, king of Amorites:
for he hath mercy ever.
20 And Og, the king of Baſhanites:
for his grace faileth never.

21 Their land in heritage to have:
(for mercy hath he ever.)
22 His ſervant Iſr'el right he gave:
for his grace faileth never.
23 In our low ſtate who on us thought:
for he hath mercy ever.
24 And from our foes our freedom wrought:
for his grace faileth never.

25 Who doth all fleſh with food relieve:
for he hath mercy ever.
26 Thanks to the God of heaven give:
for his grace faileth never.

Another of the ſame.

1 PRAISE God, for he is kind:
His mercy laſts for ay.
2 Give thanks with heart and mind
To God of gods alway:
For certainly
His mercies dure
Moſt firm and ſure
Eternally.

3 The Lord of lords praiſe ye,
Whoſe mercies ſtill endure.
4 Great wonders only he
Doth work by his great pow'r:
For certainly, &c.

5 Which God omnipotent,
By might and wiſdom high,
The heav'n and firmament
Did frame, as we may ſee:
For certainly, &c.

6 To him who did outſtretch
This earth, ſo great and wide,
Above the waters' reach
Making it to abide:
For certainly, &c.

7 Great lights he made to be:
For his grace laſteth ay;
8 Such as the ſun we ſee,
To rule the lightſome day:
For certainly, &c.

9 Alſo the moon ſo clear,
Which ſhineth in our ſight;
The ſtars that do appear,
To guide the darkſome night:
For certainly, &c.

10 To him that Egypt ſmote,
Who did his meſſage ſcorn:
And in his anger hot
Did kill all their firſt-born:
For certainly, &c.

11 Thence Iſr'el out he brought:
For his grace laſteth ever.
12 With a ſtrong hand he wrought,
And ſtretch'd-out arm deliver:
For certainly, &c.

13 The ſea he cut in two:
For his grace laſteth ſtill:
14 And through its midſt to go
Made his own Iſrael:
For certainly, &c.

15 But overwhelm'd and loſt
Was proud king Pharaoh,
With all his mighty hoſt,
And chariots there alſo:
For certainly, &c.

16 To him who pow'rfully
His choſen people led,
Ev'n through the deſert dry,
And in that place them fed:
For certainly, &c.

17 To him great kings who ſmote:
For his grace hath no bound.
18 Who ſlew, and ſpared not
Kings famous and renown'd:
For certainly, &c.

19 Sihon the Am'rites' king:
For his grace laſteth ever.
20 Og alſo who did reign
The land of Baſhan over:
For certainly, &c.

21 Their land by lot he gave:
For his grace faileth never;
22 That Iſr'el might it have
In heritage for ever.
For certainly, &c.

23 Who hath remembered
Us in our low eſtate;
24 And us delivered
From foes which did us hate
For certainly, &c.

25 Who to all fleſh gives food:
For his grace faileth never.
26 Give thanks to God moſt good,
The God of heav'n, for ever:
For certainly, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 BY Babel's ſtreams we ſat and wept
when Sion we thought on.
2 In midſt thereof we hang'd our harps
the willow-trees upon.
3 For there a ſong required they
who did us captive bring:
Our ſpoilers call'd for mirth, and ſaid,
A ſong of Sion ſing.

4 O how the Lord's ſong ſhall we ſing
within a foreign land?
5 If thee, Jerus'lem, I forget,
ſkill part from my right hand.
6 My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
if I do thee forget,
Jeruſalem, and thee above
my chief joy do not ſet.

7 Remember Edom's children, Lord,
who in Jerus'lem's day,
Ev'n unto its foundation,
Raze, raze it quite, did ſay.
8 O daughter thou of Babylon,
near to deſtruction;
Bleſs'd ſhall he be that thee rewards,
as thou to us haſt done.

9 Yea, happy ſurely ſhall he be
thy tender little ones
Who ſhall lay hold upon, and them
ſhall daſh againſt the ſtones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 THEE will I praiſe with all my heart,
I will ſing praiſe to thee
2 Before the gods: And worſhip will
toward thy ſanctuary.
I'll praiſe thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
and kindneſs of thy love;
For thou thy word haſt magnify'd
all thy great name above.

3 Thou didſt me anſwer in the day
when I to thee did cry;
And thou my fainting ſoul with ſtrength
didſt ſtrengthen inwardly.
4 All kings upon the earth that are
ſhall give thee praiſe, O Lord;
When as they from thy mouth ſhall hear
thy true and faithful word.

5 Yea, in the righteous ways of God
with gladneſs they ſhall ſing:
For great's the glory of the Lord,
who doth for ever reign.
6 Though God be high, yet he reſpects
all thoſe that lowly be;
Whereas the proud and lofty ones
afar off knoweth he.

7 Though I in midſt of trouble walk,
I life from thee ſhall have:
'Gainſt my foes' wrath thou'lt ſtretch
thine hand,
thy right hand ſhall me ſave.
8 Surely that which concerneth me
the Lord will perfect make:
Lord, ſtill thy mercy laſts; do not
thine own hands' works forſake.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1 O LORD, thou haſt me ſearch'd and
known.
2 Thou know'ſt my ſitting down,
And riſing up; yea, all my thoughts
afar to thee are known.
3 My footſteps, and my lying down,
thou compaſſeſt always;
Thou alſo moſt entirely art
acquaint with all my ways.
4 For in my tongue, before I ſpeak,
not any word can be,
But altogether, lo, O Lord,
it is well known to thee.

5 Behind, before, thou haſt beſet,
and laid on me thine hand.
6 Such knowledge is too ſtrange for me,
too high to underſtand.

7 From thy Sp'rit whither ſhall I go?
or from thy preſence fly?
8 Aſcend I heav'n, lo, thou art there;
there, if in hell I lie.
9 Take I the morning wings, and dwell
in utmoſt parts of ſea;
10 Ev'n there, Lord, ſhall thy hand me lead,
thy right hand hold ſhall me.

11 If I do ſay that darkneſs ſhall
me cover from thy ſight,
Then ſurely ſhall the very night
about me be as light.
12 Yea, darkneſs hideth not from thee,
but night doth ſhine as day;
To thee the darkneſs and the light
are both alike alway.

13 For thou poſſeſſed haſt my reins,
and thou haſt cover'd me,
When I within my mother's womb
incloſed was by thee.
14 Thee will I praiſe; for fearfully
and ſtrangely made I am!
Thy works are marv'llous, and right well
my ſoul doth know the ſame.

15 My ſubſtance was not hid from thee,
when as in ſecret I
Was made; and in earth's loweſt parts
was wrought moſt curiouſly.
16 Thine eyes my ſubſtance did behold,
yet being unperfect;
And in the volume of thy book
my members all were writ;

Which after in continuance
were faſhion'd ev'ry one,
When as they yet all ſhapeleſs were,
and of them there was none.
17 How precious alſo are thy thoughts,
O gracious God, to me!
And in their ſum how paſſing great
and numberleſs they be!

18 If I ſhould count them, than the ſand
they more in number be:
What time ſoever I awake,
I ever am with thee.
19 Thou, Lord, wilt ſure the wicked ſlay:
hence from me bloody men.
20 Thy foes againſt thee loudly ſpeak,
and take thy name in vain.

21 Do not I hate all thoſe, O Lord,
that hatred bear to thee?
With thoſe that up againſt thee riſe
can I but grieved be?
22 With perfect hatred them I hate,
my foes I them do hold.
23 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
try me, my thoughts unfold:
24 And ſee if any wicked way
there be at all in me;
And in thine everlaſting way
to me a leader be.

PSALM CXL.

1 LORD, from the ill and froward man
give me deliverance,
And do thou ſafe preſerve me from
the man of violence:

2 Who in their heart miſchievous things
are meditating ever;
And they for war aſſembled are
continually together.
3 Much like unto a ſerpent's tongue
their tongues they ſharp do make;
And underneath their lips there lies
the poiſon of a ſnake.
4 Lord, keep me from the wicked's hands,
from vi'lent men me ſave;
Who utterly to overthrow
my goings purpos'd have.

5 The proud for me a ſnare have hid,
and cords; yea, they a net
Have by the way-ſide for me ſpread;
they grins for me have ſet.
6 I ſaid unto the Lord, Thou art
my God: unto the cry
Of all my ſupplications,
Lord, do thine ear apply.
7 O God the Lord, who art the ſtrength
of my ſalvation;
A cov'ring in the day of war
my head thou haſt put on.
8 Unto the wicked man, O Lord,
his wiſhes do not grant;
Nor further thou his ill device,
leſt they themſelves ſhould vaunt.

9 As for the head and chief of thoſe
about that compaſs me,
Ev'n by the miſchief of their lips
let thou them cover'd be.
10 Let burning coals upon them fall,
them throw in fiery flame,
And in deep pits, that they no more
may riſe out of the ſame.

11 Let not an evil ſpeaker be
on earth eſtabliſhed:
Miſchief ſhall hunt the vi'lent man
till he be ruined.
12 I know God will th' afflicted's cauſe
maintain, and poor men's right.
13 Surely the juſt ſhall praiſe thy name;
th' upright dwell in thy ſight.

PSALM CXLI.

1 O LORD, I unto thee do cry,
do thou make haſte to me,
And give an ear unto my voice,
when I cry unto thee.
2 As incenſe let my prayer be
directed in thine eyes;
And the uplifting of my hands
as th' ev'ning ſacrifice.

3 Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
keep of my lips the door.
4 My heart incline thou not unto
the ills I ſhould abhor:
To practiſe wicked works with men
that work iniquity;
And with their delicates my taſte
let me not ſatisfy.

5 Let him that righteous is me ſmite,
it ſhall a kindneſs be;
Let him reprove, I ſhall it count
a precious oil to me:
Such ſmiting ſhall not break my head;
for yet the time ſhall fall,
When I in their calamities
to God pray for them ſhall.

6 When as their judges down ſhall be
in ſtony places caſt,
Then ſhall they hear my words; for they
ſhall ſweet be to their taſte.
7 About the grave's devouring mouth
our bones are ſcatter'd round,
As wood which men do cut and cleave
lies ſcatter'd on the ground.

8 But unto thee, O God the Lord,
mine eyes uplifted be;
My ſoul do not leave deſtitute;
my truſt is ſet on thee.
9 Lord, keep me ſafely from the ſnares
which they for me prepare;
And from the ſubtile grins of them
that wicked workers are.

10 Let workers of iniquity
into their own nets fall,
Whilſt I do, by thine help, eſcape
the danger of them all.

PSALM CXLII.

1 I WITH my voice cry'd to the Lord,
with it made my requeſt:
2 Pour'd out to him my plaint, to him
my trouble I expreſt.
3 When in me was o'erwhelm'd my ſp'rit,
then well thou knew'ſt my way;
Where I did walk a ſnare for me
they privily did lay.

4 I look'd on my right hand, and view'd,
but none to know me were;
All refuge failed me, no man
did for my ſoul take care.
5 I cry'd to thee; I ſaid, Thou art
my refuge, Lord, alone;
And in the land of thoſe that live
thou art my portion.

6 Becauſe I am brought very low,
attend unto my cry:
Me from my perſecutors ſave,
who ſtronger are than I.
7 From priſon bring my ſoul, that I
thy name may glorify:
The juſt ſhall compaſs me, when thou
with me deal'ſt bounteouſly.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my pray'r, attend my
and in thy faithfulneſs [ſuits;
Give thou an anſwer unto me,
and in thy righteouſneſs.
2 Thy ſervant alſo bring thou not
in judgment to be try'd:
Becauſe no living man can be
in thy ſight juſtify'd.

3 For th' en'my hath purſu'd my ſoul,
my life to ground down tread:
In darkneſs he hath made me dwell,
as who have long been dead.
4 My ſp'rit is therefore overwhelm'd
in me perplexedly;
Within me is my very heart
amazed wondrouſly.

5 I call to mind the days of old,
to meditate I uſe
On all thy works; upon the deeds
I of thy hands do muſe.

6 My hands to thee I ſtretch; my ſoul
thirſts, as dry land, for thee.
7 Haſte, Lord, to hear, my ſpirit fails:
hide not thy face from me;
Leſt like to them I do become
that go down to the duſt.
8 At morn let me thy kindneſs hear;
for in thee do I truſt:
Teach me the way that I ſhould walk;
I lift my ſoul to thee.
9 Lord, free me from my foes; I flee
to thee to cover me.
10 Becauſe thou art my God, to do
thy will do me inſtruct:
Thy Sp'rit is good, me to the land
of uprightneſs conduct.

11 Revive and quicken me, O Lord,
ev'n for thine own name's ſake;
And do thou, for thy righteouſneſs,
my ſoul from trouble take.
12 And of thy mercy ſlay my foes;
let all deſtroyed be
That do afflict my ſoul; for I
a ſervant am to thee.

Another of the ſame.

1 OH! hear my prayer, Lord,
And unto my deſire
To bow thine ear accord,
I humbly thee require;
And, in thy faithfulneſs,
Unto me anſwer make,
And, in thy righteouſneſs,
Upon me pity take.

2 In judgment enter not
With me thy ſervant poor;
For why? this well I wot,
No ſinner can endure
The ſight of thee, O God;
If thou his deeds ſhalt try,
He dare make none abode
Himſelf to juſtify.

3 Behold, the cruel foe
Me perſecutes with ſpite,
My ſoul to overthrow:
Yea, he my life down quite
Unto the ground hath ſmote,
And made me dwell full low
In darkneſs, as forgot,
Or men dead long ago.

4 Therefore my ſp'rit much vex'd,
O'erwhelm'd is me within;
My heart right ſore perplex'd
And deſolate hath been.
5 Yet I do call to mind
What ancient days record,
Thy works of ev'ry kind
I think upon, O Lord.

6 Lo, I do ſtretch my hands
To thee, my help alone;
For thou well underſtands
All my complaint and moan:
My thirſting ſoul deſires
And longeth after thee,
As thirſty ground requires
With rain refreſh'd to be.

7 Lord, let my pray'r prevail,
To anſwer it make ſpeed;
For, lo, my ſp'rit doth fail:
Hide not thy face in need;
Leſt I be like to thoſe
That do in darkneſs ſit,
Or him that downward goes
Into the dreadful pit.

8 Becauſe I truſt in thee,
O Lord, cauſe me to hear
Thy loving-kindneſs free,
When morning doth appear:
Cauſe me to know the way
Wherein my path ſhould be;
For why? my ſoul on high
I do lift up to thee.

9 From my fierce enemy
In ſafety do me guide,
Becauſe I flee to thee,
Lord, that thou may'ſt me hide.
10 My God alone art thou,
Teach me thy righteouſneſs:
Thy Sp'rit's good, lead me to
The land of uprightneſs.

11 O Lord, for thy name's ſake,
Be pleas'd to quicken me;
And, for thy truth, forth take
My ſoul from miſery.
12 And of thy grace deſtroy
My foes, and put to ſhame
All who my ſoul annoy;
For I thy ſervant am.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 O BLESSED ever be the Lord,
who is my ſtrength and might,
Who doth inſtruct my hands to war,
my fingers teach to fight.
2 My goodneſs, fortreſs, my high tow'r,
deliverer, and ſhield,
In whom I truſt: who under me
my people makes to yield.

3 Lord, what is man? that thou of him
doſt ſo much knowledge take!
Or ſon of man? that thou of him
ſo great account doſt make!
4 Man is like vanity; his days,
as ſhadows, paſs away.
5 Lord, bow thy heav'ns, come down, touch
the hills, and ſmoke ſhall they. [thou
6 Caſt forth thy lightning, ſcatter them;
thine arrows ſhoot, them rout.
7 Thine hand ſend from above, me ſave;
from great depths draw me out:
And from the hand of children ſtrange,
8 Whoſe mouth ſpeaks vanity;
And their right hand is a right hand is
that works deceitfully.

9 A new ſong I to thee will ſing,
Lord, on a pſaltery;
I on a ten-ſtring'd inſtrument
will praiſes ſing to thee.
10 Ev'n he it is that unto kings
ſalvation doth ſend,
Who his own ſervant David doth
from hurtful ſword defend.

11 O free me from ſtrange children's hand,
whoſe mouth ſpeaks vanity;
And their right hand a right hand is
that works deceitfully.
12 That as the plants our ſons may be
in youth grown up that are;
Our daughters like to corner-ſtones,
carv'd like a palace fair.

13 That,

13 That, to afford all kind of ſtore,
our garners may be fill'd;
That our ſheep thouſands, in our ſtreets
ten thouſands they may yield.
14 That ſtrong our oxen be for work,
that no in-breaking be,
Nor going out; and that our ſtreets
may from complaints be free.
15 Thoſe people bleſſed are who be
in ſuch a caſe as this;
Yea, bleſſed all thoſe people are,
whoſe God JEHOVAH is.

PSALM CXLV.

1 I'LL thee extol, my God, O King;
I'll bleſs thy name always.
2 Thee will I bleſs each day, and will
thy name for ever praiſe.
3 Great is the Lord, much to be prais'd;
his greatneſs ſearch exceeds.
4 Race unto race ſhall praiſe thy works,
and ſhew thy mighty deeds.
5 I of thy glorious majeſty
the honour will record;
I'll ſpeak of all thy mighty works,
which wondrous are, O Lord.
6 Men of thine acts the might ſhall ſhow,
thine acts that dreadful are:
And I, thy glory to advance,
thy greatneſs will declare.
7 The mem'ry of thy goodneſs great
they largely ſhall expreſs;
With ſongs of praiſe they ſhall extol
thy perfect righteouſneſs.
8 The Lord is very gracious,
in him compaſſions flow;
In mercy he is very great,
and is to anger ſlow.
9 The Lord JEHOVAH unto all
his goodneſs doth declare;
And over all his other works
his tender mercies are.
10 Thee all thy works ſhall praiſe, O Lord,
and thee thy ſaints ſhall bleſs:
11 They ſhall thy kingdoms glory ſhow,
thy pow'r by ſpeech expreſs:
12 To make the ſons of men to know
his acts done mightily,
And of his kingdom th' excellent
and glorious majeſty.
13 Thy kingdom ſhall for ever ſtand,
thy reign through ages all.
14 God raiſeth all that are bow'd down,
upholdeth all that fall.
15 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
the giver of all good;
And thou in time convenient
beſtows on them their food:
16 Thine hand thou open'ſt lib'rally,
and of thy bounty gives
Enough to ſatisfy the need
of ev'ry thing that lives.
17 The Lord is juſt in all his ways,
holy in his works all.
18 God's near to all that call on him,
in truth that on him call.
19 He will accompliſh the deſire
of thoſe that do him fear:
He alſo will deliver them,
and he their cry will hear.
20 The Lord preſerves all who him love,
that nought can them annoy:
But he all thoſe that wicked are
will utterly deſtroy.
21 My mouth the praiſes of the Lord
to publiſh ceaſe ſhall never:
Let all fleſh bleſs his holy name
for ever and for ever.

Another of the ſame.

1 O LORD, thou art my God and King;
Thee will I magnify and praiſe.
I will thee bleſs, and gladly ſing
Unto thy holy name always.
2 Each day I riſe I will thee bleſs,
And praiſe thy name time without end.
3 Much to be prais'd, and great God is;
His greatneſs none can comprehend.
4 Race ſhall thy works praiſe unto race,
The mighty acts ſhow done by thee.
5 I will ſpeak of the glorious grace,
And honour of thy majeſty;
Thy wondrous works I will record.
6 By men the might ſhall be extoll'd
Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord:
And I thy greatneſs will unfold.
7 They utter ſhall abundantly
The mem'ry of thy goodneſs great;
And ſhall ſing praiſes cheerfully,
Whilſt they thy righteouſneſs relate.
8 The Lord our God is gracious,
Compaſſionate is he alſo;
In mercy he is plenteous,
But unto wrath and anger ſlow.
9 Good unto all men is the Lord:
O'er all his works his mercy is.
10 Thy works all praiſe to thee afford;
Thy ſaints, O Lord, thy name ſhall bleſs.
11 The glory of thy kingdom ſhow
Shall they, and of thy power tell:
12 That ſo men's ſons his deeds may know,
His kingdom's grace that doth excel.
13 Thy kingdom hath none end at all,
It doth through ages all remain.
14 The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
The caſt-down raiſeth up again.
15 The eyes of all things, Lord, attend,
And on thee wait that here do live,
And thou, in ſeaſon due, doſt ſend
Sufficient food them to relieve.
16 Yea, thou thine hand doſt open wide,
And ev'ry thing doſt ſatisfy
That lives, and doth on earth abide,
Of thy great liberality.
17 The Lord is juſt in his ways all,
And holy in his works each one.
18 He's near to all that on him call,
Who call in truth on him alone.
19 God will the juſt deſire fulfil
Of ſuch as do him fear and dread:
Their cry regard, and hear he will,
And ſave them in the time of need.
20 The Lord preſerves all, more and leſs,
That bear to him a loving heart:
But workers all of wickedneſs
Deſtroy will he, and clean ſubvert.
21 Therefore my mouth and lips I'll frame
To ſpeak the praiſes of the Lord:
To magnify his holy name
For ever let all fleſh accord.

PSALM CXLVI.

1 PRAISE God. The Lord praiſe, O my
2 I'll praiſe God while I live; [ſoul.
While I have being to my God
in ſongs I'll praiſes give.
3 Truſt not in princes, nor man's ſon,
in whom there is no ſtay:
4 His breath departs, to's earth he turns;
that day his thoughts decay.

5 O happy is that man, and bleſt,
whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whoſe hope upon the Lord doth reſt,
and on his God is ſtaid:
6 Who made the earth, and heavens high,
who made the ſwelling deep,
And all that is within the ſame:
who truth doth ever keep:

7 Who righteous judgment executes
for thoſe oppreſs'd that be;
Who to the hungry giveth food:
God ſets the pris'ners free.
8 The Lord doth give the blind their ſight;
the bowed down doth raiſe:
The Lord doth dearly love all thoſe
that walk in upright ways.

9 The ſtrangers' ſhield, the widows' ſtay,
the orphans' help, is he.
But yet by him the wicked's way
turn'd upſide down ſhall be.
10 The Lord ſhall reign for evermore:
thy God, O Sion, he
Reigns to all generations.
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: for it is good
praiſe to our God to ſing;
For it is pleaſant, and to praiſe
it is a comely thing.
2 God doth build up Jeruſalem;
and he it is alone
That the diſpers'd of Iſrael
doth gather into one.

3 Thoſe that are broken in their heart,
and grieved in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds
he tenderly up-binds.
4 He counts the number of the ſtars;
he names them ev'ry one.
5 Great is our Lord, and of great pow'r;
his wiſdom ſearch can none.

6 The Lord lifts up the meek; and caſts
the wicked to the ground.
7 Sing to the Lord, and give him thanks;
on harp his praiſes ſound;
8 Who covereth the heav'n with clouds,
who for the earth below
Prepareth rain, who maketh graſs
upon the mountains grow.

9 He gives the beaſt his food, he feeds
the ravens young that cry.
10 His pleaſure not in horſes' ſtrength,
nor in man's legs, doth ly.
11 But in all thoſe that do him fear
the Lord doth pleaſure take;
In thoſe that to his mercy do
by hope themſelves betake.

12 The

12 The Lord praiſe, O Jeruſalem;
Sion, thy God confeſs:
13 For thy gates' bars he maketh ſtrong;
thy ſons in thee doth bleſs.
14 He in thy borders maketh peace;
with fine wheat filleth thee.
15 He ſends forth his command on earth,
his word runs ſpeedily.

16 Hoar-froſt, like aſhes, ſcatt'reth he;
like wool he ſnow doth give:
17 Like morſels caſteth forth his ice;
who in its cold can live?
18 He ſendeth forth his mighty word
and melteth them again;
His wind he makes to blow, and then
the waters flow amain.

19 The doctrine of his holy word
to Jacob he doth ſhow;
His ſtatutes and his judgments he
gives Iſrael to know.
20 To any nation never he
ſuch favour did afford;
For they his judgments have not known.
O do ye praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 PRAISE God. From heavens praiſe the Lord,
in heights praiſe to him be.
2 All ye his angels, praiſe ye him;
his hoſts all, praiſe him ye.
3 O praiſe ye him, both ſun and moon,
praiſe him, all ſtars of light.
4 Ye heav'ns of heav'ns him praiſe, and
above the heavens' height. [floods

5 Let all the creatures praiſe the name
of our almighty Lord;
For he commanded, and they were
created by his word.
6 He alſo, for all times to come,
hath them eſtabliſh'd ſure;
He hath appointed them a law,
which ever ſhall endure.

7 Praiſe ye JEHOVAH from the earth,
dragons, and ev'ry deep:
8 Fire, hail, ſnow, vapour, ſtormy wind,
his word that fully keep.
9 All hills and mountains, fruitful trees,
and all ye cedars high:
10 Beaſts, and all cattle, creeping things,
and all ye birds that fly.
11 Kings of the earth, all nations,
princes, earth's judges all:
12 Both young men, yea, and maidens too,
old men, and children ſmall.

13 Let them God's name praiſe; for his name
alone is excellent:
His glory reacheth far above
the earth and firmament.
14 His people's horn, the praiſe of all
his ſaints, exalteth he;
Ev'n Iſr'el's ſeed, a people near
to him. The Lord praiſe ye.

Another of the ſame.

1 THE Lord of heav'n confeſs,
On high his glory raiſe.
2 Him let all angels bleſs,
Him all his armies praiſe.
3 Him glorify,
Sun, moon, and ſtars;
4 Ye higher ſpheres,
And cloudy ſky.

5 From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make;
You all created were,
When he the word but ſpake.
6 And from that place,
Where fix'd you be
By his decree,
You cannot paſs.

7 Praiſe God from earth below,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps:
8 Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and ſnow,
Whom in command he keeps.
9 Praiſe ye his name,
Hills great and ſmall,
Trees low and tall;
10 Beaſts wild and tame;
All things that creep or fly.
11 Ye kings, ye vulgar throng,
All princes mean or high;
12 Both men and virgins young,
Ev'n young and old,
13 Exalt his name;
For much his fame
Should be extoll'd.

O let God's name be prais'd
Above both earth and ſky:
14 For he his ſaints hath rais'd,
And ſet their horn on high;
Ev'n thoſe that be
Of Iſr'el's race,
Near to his grace.
The Lord praiſe ye.

PSALM CXLIX.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: unto him ſing
a new ſong, and his praiſe
In the aſſembly of his ſaints
in ſweet pſalms do ye raiſe.
2 Let Iſr'el in his Maker joy,
and to him praiſes ſing:
Let all that Sion's children are
be joyful in their King.
3 O let them unto his great name
give praiſes in the dance;
Let them with timbrel and with harp
in ſongs his praiſe advance.
4 For God doth pleaſure take in thoſe
that his own people be:
And he with his ſalvation
the meek will beautify.
5 And in his glory excellent
let all his ſaints rejoice:
Let them to him upon their beds
aloud lift up their voice.
6 Let in their mouth aloft be rais'd
the high praiſe of the Lord,
And let them have in their right hand
a ſharp two-edged ſword;
7 To execute the vengeance due
upon the Heathen all,
And make deſerved puniſhment
upon the people fall.
8 And ev'n with chains, as pris'ners, bind
their kings that them command;
Yea, and with iron fetters ſtrong,
the nobles of their land.
9 On them the judgment to perform
found written in his word:
This honour is to all his ſaints.
O do ye praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CL.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. God's praiſe
his ſanctuary raiſe; [within
And to him in the firmament
of his pow'r give ye praiſe.
2 Becauſe of all his mighty acts,
with praiſe him magnify:
O praiſe him, as he doth excel
in glorious majeſty.
3 Praiſe him with trumpet's ſound; his praiſe
with pſaltery advance;
4 With timbrel, harp, ſtring'd inſtruments,
and organs, in the dance.
5 Praiſe him on cymbals loud, him praiſe
on cymbals ſounding high.
6 Let each thing breathing praiſe the Lord.
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

THE END OF THE PSALMS.

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THE END.

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES,

IN VERSE,

OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

I. GENESIS i.

1 LET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
said the Almighty Lord:
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
at his creating word.
2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep:
God said, "Let there be light:"
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
and scatter'd ancient night.

3 He bade the clouds ascend on high;
the clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
and float upon the air.
4 The liquid element below
was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
and leave the solid land.

5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
the new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
or sun to warm the ground.
6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
he plac'd two orbs of light,
He set the sun to rule the day,
the moon to rule the night.

7 Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
did vital beings frame;
Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
and fish of ev'ry name.
8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
sprung from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
at last was Adam made;
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
and glory crown'd his head.
10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
the whole creation stood.
He view'd the fabrick he had rais'd;
his word pronounc'd it good.

II. GENESIS xxviii. 20—22.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
of their succeeding race.

3 Thro' each perplexing path of life
our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.
4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
and portion evermore.

III. JOB i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
and enter'd life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
and mix with kindred dust.
2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
belongs to heav'n's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
are soon to be restor'd.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or sinks them in the grave;
He gives; and, when he takes away,
he takes but what he gave.
4 Then, ever blessed be his name!
his goodness swell'd our store;
His justice but resumes its own;
'tis ours still to adore.

IV. JOB iii. 17—20.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave;
where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's decree,
receives us all at last.
2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
from all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
from slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, small and great,
partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
of those who once were foes.

5 All, levell'd by the hand of Death,
lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
to meet their final doom.

V. JOB v. 6—12.

1 THOUGH trouble springs not from the dust,
nor sorrow from the ground;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
in man's estate are found.
2 As sparks in close succession rise,
so man, the child of woe,
Is doom'd to endless cares and toils
through all his life below.

3 But with my God I leave my cause;
from him I seek relief;
To him, in confidence of pray'r,
unbosom all my grief.
4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,
unsearchable his ways;
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
the bowed down to raise.

VI. JOB viii. 11—22.

1 THE rush may rise where waters flow,
and flags beside the stream;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
before the scorching beam:
2 So is the sinner's hope cut off;
or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
from ev'ry breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his house he leans; his house
and all its props decay:
He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
the tott'ring frame gives way.
4 Fair, in his garden, to the sun
his boughs with verdure smile;
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
unshaken stand a while.

5 But forth the sentence flies from Heav'n,
that sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo!

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
who Heav'n's high laws despise:
They quickly fall; and in their room
as quickly others rise.

7 But, for the just, with gracious care,
God will his pow'r employ;
He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
and fill their hearts with joy.

VII. JOB ix. 2—10.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
be pure before their God?
If he contends in righteousness,
we sink beneath his rod.
2 If he should mark my words and thoughts
with strict inquiring eyes,
Could I for one of thousand faults
the least excuse devise?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
who dares with him contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
shall prosper in the end?
4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
and their old seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
and all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
th' obedient sun forbears.
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
and seals up all the stars.
6 He walks upon the raging sea;
flies on the stormy wind:
None can explore his wondrous way,
or his dark footsteps find.

VIII. JOB xiv. 1—15.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
"and shalt to dust return."
2 Behold the emblem of thy state
in flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
that mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
before thy sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
a hallow'd stream afford?
4 Determin'd are the days that fly
successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
that lays thee with the dead.

5 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
the short allotted span
That bounds the few and weary days
of pilgrimage to man.
6 All nature dies, and lives again:
the flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
and boughs and blossoms yield,

7 Resign the honours of their form
at Winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
a desolated waste.

8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
and flourish green again.

9 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
ah! never to return:
Shall any following spring revive
the ashes of the urn?
10 The mighty flood that rolls along
its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
from that abyss again.

11 So days, and years, and ages past,
descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
back to the gates of light;
12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
the slumbers of the tomb.

13 O may the grave become to me
the bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
and mingle with the blest!
14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
when death shall set me free.

IX. JOB xxvi. 6, to the end.

1 WHO can resist th' Almighty arm
that made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
of God's all-seeing eye?
2 From him no cov'ring vails our crimes;
hell opens to his sight;
And all Destruction's secret snares
lie full disclos'd in light.

3 Firm on the boundless void of space
he pois'd the steady pole,
And in the circle of his clouds
bade secret waters roll.
4 While nature's universal frame
its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
an awful cloud conceals.

5 From where the rising day ascends,
to where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
and checks their threat'ning might.
6 The pillars that support the sky
tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth,
as though its centre shook.

7 He brings the waters from their beds
although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud
without the hand of foes.
8 With bright inhabitants above
he fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
dismay'd before him stand.

9 Few of his works can we survey;
these few our skill transcend:
But the full thunder of his pow'r
what heart can comprehend?

X. PROV. i. 20—31.

1 IN streets, and op'nings of the gates,
where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wisdom lifts her voice,
and cries to men aloud;
2 How long, ye scorners of the truth,
scornful will ye remain?
How long shall fools their folly love,
and hear my words in vain?

3 O turn, at last, at my reproof!
and, in that happy hour,
His bless'd effusions on your heart
my Spirit down shall pour.
4 But since so long, with earnest voice,
to you in vain I call,
Since all my counsels and reproofs
thus ineffectual fall;

5 The time will come, when humbled low,
in Sorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
but taught too late, to pray.
6 When, like the whirlwind, o'er the deep
comes Desolation's blast:
Pray'rs then extorted shall be vain,
the hour of mercy past.

7 The choice you made has fix'd your doom:
for this is Heav'n's decree,
That with the fruits of what he sow'd
the sinner fill'd shall be.

XI. PROV. iii. 13—17.

1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
his early, only choice.
2 For she has treasures greater far
than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
a length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
are what her left displays.
4 She guides the young with innocence,
in pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
so her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace.

XII. PROV. vi. 6—12.

1 YE indolent and slothful! rise,
View the ant's labours, and be wise;
She has no guide to point her way,
No ruler chiding her delay:
2 Yet see with what incessant cares
She for the winter's storm prepares;
In summer she provides her meat,
And harvest finds her store complete.

3 But when will slothful man arise?
How long shall sleep seal up his eyes?
Sloth more indulgence still demands:
Sloth shuts the eyes, and folds the hands.
4 But mark the end; want shall assail,
When all your strength and vigour fail;
Want, like an armed man, shall rush
The hoary head of age to crush.

XIII. PROV. viii. 22, to the end.

1 KEEP silence, all ye sons of men,
and hear with rev'rence due;
Eternal Wisdom from above
thus lifts her voice to you:
2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight
from everlasting days,
Ere yet his arm was stretched forth
the heav'ns and earth to raise.

3 Before the sea began to flow,
and leave the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at his right hand.
4 When first he rear'd the arch of heav'n,
and spread the clouds on air,
When first the fountains of the deep
he open'd, I was there.

5 There I was with him, when he stretch'd
his compass o'er the deep,
And charg'd the ocean's swelling waves
within their bounds to keep.
6 With joy I saw th' abode prepar'd
which men were soon to fill:
Them from the first of days I lov'd,
unchang'd I love them still.

7 Now therefore hearken to my words,
ye children, and be wise:
Happy the man that keeps my ways:
the man that shuns them dies.
8 Where dubious paths perplex the mind,
direction I afford;
Life shall be his that follows me,
and favour from the Lord.

9 But he who scorns my sacred laws
shall deeply wound his heart,
He courts destruction who contemns
the counsel I impart.

XIV. ECCLES. vii. 2—6.

1 WHILE others crowd the house of mirth,
and haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell,
frequent the house of woe.
2 Better to weep with those who weep,
and share th' afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys
that cheat and wound the heart.

3 When virtuous sorrow clouds the face,
and tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
and wafted to the sky.
4 The wise in heart revisit oft
grief's dark sequester'd cell;
The thoughtless still with levity
and mirth delight to dwell.

5 The noisy laughter of the fool
is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
in ashes to the ground.

XV. ECCLES. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 AS long as life its term extends,
Hope's blest dominion never ends;
For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.
2 Life is the season God hath giv'n
To fly from hell, and rise to heav'n:
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what thy thoughts design to do
Still let thy hands with might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom underneath the ground.
6 In the cold grave, to which we haste,
There are no acts of pardon past:
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns.

XVI. ECCLES. xii. 1.

1 IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
with vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
which beauty can disclose;
2 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
and character engrav'd.

3 For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
the sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils in endless round,
encompass all thy ways.
4 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
in mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
that now return no more.

XVII. ISAIAH i. 10—19.

1 RULERS of Sodom! hear the voice
of heav'n's eternal Lord:
Men of Gomorrah! bend your ear
submissive to his word.
2 'Tis thus he speaks: To what intent
are your oblations vain?
Why load my altars with your gifts,
polluted and profane?

3 Burnt-off'rings long may blaze to heav'n,
and incense cloud the skies;
The worship and the worshipper
are hateful in my eyes.
4 Your rites, your fasts, your pray'rs, I
and pomp of solemn days; [scorn,

I know your hearts are full of guile,
and crooked are your ways.

5 But cleanse your hands, ye guilty race,
and cease from deeds of sin;
Learn in your actions to be just,
and pure in heart within.
6 Mock not my name with honours vain,
but keep my holy laws;
Do justice to the friendless poor,
and plead the widow's cause.

7 Then though your guilty souls are stain'd
with sins of crimson die,
Yet, through my grace, with snow itself
in whiteness they shall vie.

XVIII. ISAIAH ii. 2—6.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
in latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
and draw the wond'ring eyes.
2 To this the joyful nations round,
all tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
and to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
shall all the world command.
4 Among the nations he shall judge;
his judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
and quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
to pruning hooks their spears. [swords,
6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
and study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
to worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
with holy beauties shine.

XIX. ISAIAH ix. 2—8.

1 THE race that long in darkness pin'd
have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
in death's surrounding night.
2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
the gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
the harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast remov'd,
and quell'd th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
in Midian's evil day.
4 To us a Child of hope is born;
to us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
him all the hosts of heav'n.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
for evermore ador'd,

The

The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
the great and mighty Lord.
6 His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
his reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
and peace abound below.

XX. ISAIAH xxvi. 1—7.

1 HOW glorious Sion's courts appear,
the city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
here fix'd his lov'd abode.
2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
no pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow,
Salvation is its bulwark sure
against th' assailing foe.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
the statutes of our King.
4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
and dwell in perfect peace,
Ye, who have known JEHOVAH's name,
and trusted in his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
and banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH dwells
eternal as his years.
6 What though the wicked dwell on high,
his arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
their lofty heads shall bow.

7 Along the dust shall then be spread
their tow'rs that brave the skies:
On them the needy's feet shall tread,
and on their ruins rise.

XXI. ISAIAH xxxiii. 13—18.

1 ATTEND, ye tribes that dwell remote,
ye tribes at hand, give ear;
Th' upright in heart alone have hope,
the false in heart have fear.
2 The man who walks with God in truth,
and ev'ry guile disdains;
Who hates to lift oppression's rod,
and scorns its shameful gains;

3 Whose soul abhors the impious bribe
that tempts from truth to stray,
And from th' enticing snares of vice
who turns his eyes away;
4 His dwelling, 'midst the strength of rocks,
shall ever stand secure;
His Father will provide his bread,
his water shall be sure.

5 For him the kingdom of the just
afar doth glorious shine;
And he the King of kings shall see
in majesty divine.

XXII. ISAIAH xl. 27, to the end.

1 WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious plaint,
despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
and did not heed thy grief?

2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
that firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him
who form'd the earth and sky?

3 Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail
when comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
grow weary or decay?
4 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r
the Rock of ages stands;
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
the working of his hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
his heav'nly aids impart.
6 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
and youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

7 They with unweary'd feet shall tread
the path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
with growing brightness shine.
8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
they rise to heav'n above.

XXIII. ISAIAH xlii. 1—13.

1 BEHOLD my Servant! see him rise
exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
my Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments he shall show
to earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
no threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
nor break the bruised reed.
4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
the weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
and make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and pow'r
shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
receive the law divine.
6 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
and bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
and form'd the human soul.

7 Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I rais'd,
my Prophet thee install,
In right I've rais'd thee, and in strength
I'll succour whom I call.
8 I will establish with the lands
a covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
and set the pris'ners free:

9 Asunder burst the gates of brass;
the iron fetters fall;
And gladsome light and liberty
are straight restor'd to all.
10 I am the Lord, and by the name
of great JEHOVAH known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
nor mount into my throne.

11 Lo! former scenes, predicted once,
conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
shall be accomplish'd too.
12 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains!
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
and fill the isles around!

13 O city of the Lord! begin
the universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
the cheerful notes prolong.
14 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
with accents rude rejoice;

15 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
the islands sound his praise;
And all combin'd, with one accord,
JEHOVAH's glories raise.

XXIV. ISAIAH xlix. 13—17.

1 YE heav'ns send forth your song of praise!
earth, raise your voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
and joy through nature flow.
2 Behold how gracious is our God!
hear the consoling strains,
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
and mitigates our pains.

3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
in sad dismay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his saints
forsaken or forlorn.
4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
the infant whom she bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
nor move compassion more?

5 She may forget: nature may fail
a parent's heart to move;
But Sion on my heart shall dwell
in everlasting love.
6 Full in my sight, upon my hands
I have engrav'd her name:
My hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
and raise her broken frame.

XXV. ISAIAH liii.

1 HOW few receive with cordial faith
the tidings which we bring?
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
of heav'n's eternal King?
2 The Saviour comes! no outward pomp
bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in him
to draw the carnal eye.

3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
amidst the desert grows,

So slighted by a rebel race
the heav'nly Saviour rose.
4 Rejected and despis'd of men,
behold a man of woe!
Grief was his close companion still
through all his life below.

5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
ours were the woes he bore:
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
with bitter anguish tore.
6 We held him as condemn'd by Heav'n,
an outcast from his God,
While for our sins he groan'd, he bled,
beneath his Father's rod.

7 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
from sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
reviv'd our souls again.
8 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
in ruin's fatal road:
On him were our transgressions laid;
he bore the mighty load.

9 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly he
in patient silence stood!
Mute, as the peaceful harmless lamb,
when brought to shed its blood.
10 Who can his generation tell?
from prison see him led!
With impious shew of law condemn'd,
and number'd with the dead.

11 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay;
the rich a grave supply'd:
Unspotted was his blameless life;
unstain'd by sin he dy'd.
12 Yet God shall raise his head on high,
though thus he brought him low;
His sacred off'ring, when complete,
shall terminate his woe.

13 For, saith the Lord, my pleasure then
shall prosper in his hand;
His shall a num'rous offspring be,
and still his honours stand.
14 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
the purchase of his pain:
And all the guilty whom he sav'd
shall bless Messiah's reign.

15 He with the great shall share the spoil,
and baffle all his foes;
Though rank'd with sinners, here he fell,
a conqueror he rose.
16 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men,
that sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them and defend,
and plead their cause in heav'n.

XXVI. ISAIAH lv.

1 HO! ye that thirst approach the spring
where living waters flow:
Free to that sacred fountain all
without a price may go.
2 How long to streams of false delight
will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
on trifles, light as air?

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
that health and pleasure give:
Incline your ear, and come to me;
the soul that hears shall live.
4 With you a cov'nant I will make,
that ever shall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
my mercy hath made sure.

5 Behold he comes! your leader comes,
with might and honour crown'd;
A witness who shall spread my name
to earth's remotest bound.
6 See! nations hasten to his call
from ev'ry distant shore;
Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to him,
and Isr'el's God adore.

7 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
is open to your call;
While offer'd mercy still is near,
before his footstool fall.
8 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
their evil thoughts forego:
And God, when they to him return,
returning grace will show.

9 He pardons with o'erflowing love:
for, hear the voice divine!
My nature is not like to yours,
nor like your ways are mine:
10 But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs
beyond earth's spot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
your ways and thoughts transcend.

11 And as the rains from heav'n distil,
nor thither mount again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
and all its tribes sustain:
12 So not a word that flows from me
shall ineffectual fall;
But universal nature prove
obedient to my call.

13 With joy and peace shall then be led
The glad converted lands;
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
the forests clap their hands.
14 Where briers grew 'midst barren wilds,
shall firs and myrtles spring;
And nature, thro' its utmost bounds,
eternal praises sing.

XXVII. ISAIAH lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS speaks the high and lofty One;
ye tribes of earth, give ear;
The words of your Almighty King
with sacred rev'rence hear:

2 Amidst the majesty of heav'n
my throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity I hear
the praises of the sky:

3 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
the humble hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn
'tis my delight to dwell;
4 The downcast spirit to revive,
the sad in soul to cheer;
And from the bed of dust the man
of heart contrite to rear.

5 With me dwells no relentless wrath
against the human race;
The souls which I have form'd shall find
a refuge in my grace.

XXVIII. ISAIAH lviii. 5—9.

1 ATTEND, and mark the solemn fast
which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false unhallow'd mask
which vain dissemblers wear.
2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
saith he who reigns above;
The hanging head and rueful look,
will they attract my love?

3 Let such as feel oppression's load
thy tender pity share:
And let the helpless, homeless poor
be thy peculiar care.
4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
with thy abundance blest:
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
and spread the couch of rest.

5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
by thee be warm'd and clad,
Be thine the blissful task to make
the downcast mourner glad.
6 Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
in peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
shall shine on all thy ways.

XXIX. LAMENT. iii. 37—40.

1 AMIDST the mighty, where is he
who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
is from the Lord alone.
He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
or clothes in sorrow's shroud;
His hand hath form'd the light, his hand
hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

3 Why should a living man complain
beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us, and the cross
must bring us back to God.
4 O sons of men! with anxious care
your hearts and ways explore;
Return from paths of vice to God:
return, and sin no more!

XXX. HOSEA vi. 1—4.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
with contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
the desolate to mourn.
2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
and stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
the dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
with gladness in his sight.

4 Our

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
like morning songs his voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
diffusing fragrance round;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
and cheer the thirsty ground:
6 So shall his presence bless our souls,
and shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
the sorrows of the night.

XXXI. MICAH vi. 6—9.

1 THUS speaks the heathen: How shall
the Pow'r Supreme adore? [man
With what accepted off'rings come
his mercy to implore?
2 Shall clouds of incense to the skies
with grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
upon the altar bleed?

3 Does justice nobler blood demand
to save the sinner's life?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's side,
the father plunge the knife?
4 No: God rejects the bloody rites
which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
the message brought to man.

5 He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race! to thee;
And what doth God require of those
who bend to him the knee?
6 Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
thy heart, let mercy fill;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
to him resign thy will.

XXXII. HABAK. iii. 17,18.

1 WHAT though no flow'rs the figtree
clothe,
though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
and fields no meat supply?
2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
my flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
where herds were wont to be?

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
and glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.
4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
the swiftness of the roe:
Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
beyond the reach of woe.

5 God is the treasure of my soul,
the source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
nor death itself destroy.

XXXIII. MATTH. vi. 9—14.

1 FATHER of all! we bow to thee,
who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
But present still through all thy works,
the universal Lord.
2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
by all beneath the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
with hearts resign'd to thee,
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
on earth so let it be.
4 From day to day we humbly own
the hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
contented in thy will.

5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
we mercy beg from Heav'n.
6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
from evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
permit us not to stray.
7 for thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine;
all glory's due to thee:
Thine from eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

XXXIV. MATTH. xi. 25, to the end.

1 THUS spoke the Saviour of the world,
and rais'd his eyes to heav'n:
To thee, O Father! Lord of all,
eternal praise be giv'n.
2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
hast heav'nly truth reveal'd;
Which from the self-conceited mind
thy wisdom hath conceal'd.

3 Ev'n so! thou, Father, hast ordain'd
thy high decree to stand;
Nor men nor angels may presume
the reason to demand.
4 Thou only know'st the Son: from thee
my kingdom I receive;
And none the Father know but they
who in the Son believe.

5 Come then to me, all ye who groan,
with guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
and I will give you rest.
6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
the meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
repose and peace shall find.

7 For light and gentle is my yoke;
the burden I impose
Shall ease the heart which groan'd before
beneath a load of woes.

XXXV. MATTH. xxvi. 26—29.

1 'TWAS on that night, when doom'd to
know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread:
2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.
4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd:

5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

XXXVI. LUKE i. 46—56.

1 MY soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
my God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
his humble handmaid raise.
2 Me bless'd of God the God of might,
all ages shall proclaim;
From age to age his mercy lasts,
and holy is his name.

3 Strength with his arm th' Almighty
the proud his looks abas'd; [shew'd;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
the meek to honour rais'd.
4 The hungry with good things were fill'd,
the rich with hunger pin'd:
He sent his servant Isr'el help,
and call'd his love to mind;
5 Which to our fathers' ancient race
his promise did ensure,
To Abrah'm and his chosen seed,
for ever to endure.

XXXVII. LUKE ii. 8—15.

1 WHILE humble shepherds watch'd
their flocks
in Bethleh'm's plains by night,
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
and fill'd the plains with light.
2 Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you, and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
and this shall be the sign:
4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
to human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling-bands,
and in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
address'd their joyful song:
6 All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace;

Good-will

Good-will is shown by Heav'n to men,
and never more shall cease.

XXXVIII. LUKE ii. 25—33.

1 JUST and devout old Simeon liv'd;
to him it was reveal'd,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should see,
ere death his eyelids seal'd.
2 For this consoling gift of Heav'n
to Isr'els fallen state,
From year to year with patient hope
the aged saint did wait.

3 Nor did he wait in vain; for, lo!
revolving years brought round,
In season due, the happy day,
which all his wishes crown'd.
4 When Jesus, to the temple brought
by Mary's pious care,
As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
To God was offer'd there.

5 Simeon into those sacred courts
a heav'nly impulse drew;
He saw the Virgin hold her Son,
and straight his Lord he knew.
6 With holy joy upon his face
the good old father smil'd;
Then fondly in his wither'd arms
he clasp'd the promis'd child:

7 And while he held the heav'n-born Babe,
ordain'd to bless mankind,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and heart
exulting, yet resign'd:
8 Now, Lord! according to thy word,
let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
and gladness fills my heart.

9 At length my arms embrace my Lord,
now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
now let them close in peace.
10 This great salvation, long prepar'd,
and now disclos'd to view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
and promises were true.

11 That Sun I now behold, whose light
shall heathen darkness chase;
And rays of brightest glory pour
around thy chosen race.

XXXIX. LUKE iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes:
the Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
and ev'ry voice be song!
2 On him the Spirit, largely shed,
exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
his holy breast inspire.

3 He comes! the pris'ners to relieve,
in Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.
4 He comes! from dark'ning scales of vice
to clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
to pour celestial light.

5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
t'enrich the humble poor.
6 The sacred year has now revolv'd,
accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promise is fulfill'd,
and Isr'el is restor'd.

7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!
thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
with thy most honour'd name.

XL. LUKE xv. 13—25.

1 THE wretched prodigal behold
in mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high estate,
and plung'd in want and woe.
2 While I, despis'd and scorn'd, he cries,
starve in a foreign land,
The meanest in my father's house
is fed with bounteous hand:

3 I'll go, and with a mourning voice,
fall down before his face:
Father! I've sinn'd 'gainst Heav'n and thee,
nor can deserve thy grace.
4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
to seek his father's love:
The father sees him from afar,
and all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
embrac'd and kiss'd his son:
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
the follies he had done.
6 No more, my father, can I hope
to find paternal grace;
My utmost wish is to obtain
a servant's humble place.

7 Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
the joyful father said;
To him each mark of grace be shown,
and ev'ry honour paid.
8 A day of feasting I ordain:
let mirth and song abound:
My son was dead, and lives again!
was lost, and now is found!

9 Thus joy abounds in paradise
among the hosts of heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
repents, and is forgiv'n.

XLI. JOHN iii. 14—19.

1 AS when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
the brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd,
the people ceas'd to die:
2 So from the Saviour on the cross
a healing virtue flows;
Who looks to him with lively faith
is sav'd from endless woes.

3 For God gave up his Son to death,
so gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
eternal life above.
4 Not to condemn the sons of men
the Son of God appear'd;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
nor voice of terror heard:

5 He came to raise our fallen state,
and our lost hopes restore:
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
and bids us fear no more.
6 But vengeance just for ever lies
on all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
and scorn his offer'd grace.

XLII. JOHN xiv. 1—7.

1 LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
be troubled or dismay'd;
But trust in Providence divine,
and trust my gracious aid.
2 I to my Father's house return;
there num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
through all the happy land.

3 I go your entrance to secure,
and your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
when I, your friend, am there.
4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,
to take you home with me;
There we shall meet to part no more,
and still together be.

5 I am the way, the truth, the life:
no son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
shall see my Father's face.

XLIII. JOHN xiv. 25—28.

1 YOU now must hear my voice no more,
my Father calls me home;
But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,
your Comforter, shall come.
2 That heav'nly Teacher, sent from God,
shall your whole soul inspire;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
your hearts with sacred fire.

3 Peace is the gift I leave with you;
my peace to you bequeath;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
and cheer your souls in death.
4 I give not as the world bestows,
with promise false and vain;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
in which my words remain.

XLIV. JOHN xix. 30.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
a spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
the blood incessant flow;
2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
and trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
and life his drooping head!

3 'Tis

3 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;
these sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
and suffer'd pain no more.
4 'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
for sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
and Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.

5 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past;
his blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
and crown'd him with their spoils.
6 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
and gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
and a new world begun.

XLV. ROMANS ii. 4—8.

1 UNGRATEFUL sinners! whence this scorn
of God's long-suffering grace?
And whence this madness that insults
th' Almighty to his face?
2 Is it because his patience waits
and pitying bowels move,
You multiply transgressions more,
and scorn his offer'd love?

3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded man,
his goodness is design'd
To wake repentance in thy soul,
and melt thy harden'd mind?
4 And wilt thou rather chuse to meet
th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treasure up his wrath in store
against the day of woe?

5 Soon shall that fatal day approach
that must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments, now unknown,
in awful pomp reveal;
6 While they, who full of holy deeds
to glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end,
shall gain th' immortal prize.

XLVI. ROMANS iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
their actions full of guilt.
2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
without one vaunting word;
And, humbled low, confess their guilt
before heav'n's righteous Lord.

3 No hope can on the law be built
of justifying grace;
The law that shows the sinner's guilt,
condemns him to his face.
4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
when in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
that makes the sinner just.

XLVII. ROMANS vi. 1—7.

1 AND shall we then go on to sin,
that grace may more abound?
Great God, forbid that such a thought
should in our breast be found!
2 When to the sacred fount we came,
did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin, and all its stains,
new creatures we became?

3 With Christ the Lord we dy'd to sin;
with him to life we rise,
To life, which now begun on earth,
is perfect in the skies.
4 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's sway,
we now are slaves no more;
For Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin,
our freedom to restore.

XLVIII. ROMANS viii. 31, to the end.

1 LET Christian faith and hope dispel
the fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
and who can prove a foe?
2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,
gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
that goodness can supply?

3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
and perfect bliss above!
4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
since God hath justify'd?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
for whom the Saviour dy'd?

5 The Saviour dy'd, but rose again
triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
omnipotent to save.
6 Who then can e'er divide us more
from Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
the earth to heav'n above?

7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
and days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
and more than conquer all.
8 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
or make his love decay.

9 Each future period that will bless
as it has bless'd the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time,
he loves us to the last.

XLIX. 1 CORINTH. xiii.

1 THOUGH perfect eloquence adorn'd
my sweet persuading tongue,
Though I could speak in higher strains
than ever angel sung;
2 Though prophecy my soul inspir'd,
and made all myst'ries plain:
Yet, were I void of Christian love,
these gifts were all in vain.

3 Nay, though my faith with boundless pow'r
ev'n mountains could remove,
I still am nothing, if I'm void
of charity and love.
4 Although with lib'ral hand I gave
my goods the poor to feed,
Nay, gave my body to the flames,
still fruitless were the deed.

5 Love suffers long; love envies not;
but love is ever kind;
She never boasteth of herself,
nor proudly lifts the mind.
6 Love harbours no suspicious thought,
is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when she hears of sins and crimes,
and in the truth is glad.

7 Love no unseemly carriage shows,
nor selfishly confin'd;
She glows with social tenderness,
and feels for all mankind.
8 Love beareth much, much she believes,
and still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
though sore with hardship press'd.

9 Love still shall hold an endless reign
in earth and heav'n above,
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
and ev'ry gift but love.
10 Here all our gifts imperfect are;
but better days draw nigh,
When perfect light shall pour its rays,
and all those shadows fly.

11 Like children here we speak and think,
amus'd with childish toys;
But when our pow'rs their manhood reach,
we'll scorn our present joys.
12 Now dark and dim, as through a glass,
are God and truth beheld;
Then shall we see as face to face,
and God shall be unvail'd.

13 Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
and earth by them is blest;
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
of all the graces best.
14 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
and Faith be sight above:
These are the means, but this the end;
for saints for ever love.

L. 1 CORINTH. xv. 52, to the end.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
this rending earth shall shake,
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
and dust to life awake;
2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
immortal in the skies.

3 Behold what heav'nly prophets sung
is now at last fulfill'd,
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
and, vanquish'd, quit the field.
4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
and thus begin to sing;
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
and where, O Death! thy sting?

5 Thy

5 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt,
'twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
to pierce the sinner's heart:
6 But God, whose name be ever blest!
disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
through Christ our living head.

7 Then steadfast let us still remain,
though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
yet more and more abound;
8 Assur'd that though we labour now,
we labour not in vain,
But, through the grace of heav'n's great Lord,
th' eternal crown shall gain.

LI. 2 CORINTH. v. 1—11.

1 SOON shall this earthly frame, dissolv'd,
in death and ruins lie;
But better mansions wait the just,
prepar'd above the sky.
2 An house eternal, built by God,
shall lodge the holy mind;
When once those prison-walls have fall'n
by which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of clay,
we groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which sets us free,
and brings us home to God.
4 We know, that when the soul, uncloth'd,
shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
with life that cannot die.

5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just;
these hopes their God hath giv'n;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
and seals their souls for heav'n.
6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
faith grounded on his word;
But while this body is our home,
we mourn an absent Lord.

7 What faith rejoices to believe,
we long and pant to see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
and present, Lord! with thee,
8 But still, or here, or going hence,
to this our labours tend,
That, in his service spent, our life
may in his favour end.

9 For, lo! before the Son, as judge,
th' assembled world shall stand,
To take the punishment or prize
from his unerring hand.
10 Impartial retributions then
our diff'rent lives await;
Our present actions, good or bad,
shall fix our future fate.

LII. PHILIP. ii. 6—12.

1 YE who the name of Jesus bear,
his sacred steps pursue;
And let that mind which was in him
be also found in you.
2 Though in the form of God he was,
his only Son declar'd,
Nor to be equally ador'd
as robb'ry did regard;

3 His greatness he for us abas'd,
for us his glory vail'd;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
his majesty conceal'd:
4 Nor only as a man appears,
but stoops a servant low;
Submits to death, nay, bears the cross,
in all its shame and woe.

5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men
with honours just hath crown'd,
And rais'd the name of Jesus far
above all names renow'd:
6 That at this name, with sacred awe,
each humble knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
and nations spread below:

7 That all the prostrate pow'rs of hell
might tremble at his word,
And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
confess that he is Lord.

LIII. 1 THESSAL. iv. 13, to the end.

1 TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
in Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
why then dejected weep?
2 Why inconsolable, as those
to whom no hope is giv'n?
Death is the messenger of peace,
and calls the soul to heav'n.

3 As Jesus dy'd and rose again
victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise, and reign
with their triumphant Head.
4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
the heav'ns and earth shall rend.

5 Then they who live shall changed be,
and they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
and earth's foundations shake.
6 The saints of God, from death set free,
with joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
shall meet them in the sky.

7 Together to their Father's house
with joyful hearts they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
beyond the reach of woe.
8 A few short years of evil past,
we reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
shall meet, to part no more.

LIV. 2 TIM. i. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
and honour all his laws.
2 Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
his name is all my boast;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with him remains,
protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
till the decisive hour.
4 Then will he own his servant's name
before his father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

LV. 2 TIM. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 MY race is run; my warfare's o'er;
the solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
shall wing its flight on high.
2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
depending on his word.

3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
a crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
shall place it on my head.
4 Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord decreed
this prize for me alone;
But for all such as love like me
th' appearance of his Son.

5 From ev'ry snare and evil work
his grace shall me defend,
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
shall bring me in the end.

LVI. TITUS iii. 3—9.

1 HOW wretched was our former state,
when, slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
o'erwhelm'd in sin we lay!
2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
for ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
of folly, sin, and shame.

3 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
flows to the human race.
4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
that all our hopes begin;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
and wash'd our souls from sin.

5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
rekindles in our hearts.
6 Thence rais'd from death, we live anew;
and, justify'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
and see our Father's face.

7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
in holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
by active virtue crown'd.

LVII. HEB. iv. 14, to the end.

1 JESUS, the Son of God, who once
for us his life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest,
and never dying friend.
2 Through life, through death, let us to him
with constancy adhere;
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope
shall banish ev'ry fear.

3 To human weakness not severe
is our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
his bowels melt with love.
4 With sympathetick feelings touch'd,
he knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
for he has felt the same.

5 But tho' he felt temptation's pow'r,
unconquer'd he remain'd:
Nor, 'midst the frailty of our frame,
by sin was ever stain'd.
6 As, in the days of feeble flesh,
he pour'd forth cries and tears;
So, though exalted, still he feels
what ev'ry Christian bears.

7 Then let us, with a filial heart,
come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs,
and all our wants make known:
8 That mercy we may there obtain
for sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
while days of trial last.

LVIII. *Another version of the same passage.*

1 WHERE high the heav'nly temple
stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

LIX. HEB. xii. 1—13.

1 BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
encompass us around;
Men, once like us, with suff'ring try'd,
but now with glory crown'd.
2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
begin the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, at once the finisher
and author of our faith.
4 He for the joy before him set,
so gen'rous was his love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
and now he reigns above.

5 If he the scorn of wicked men
with patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he dy'd
to murmur or complain?
6 Have ye like him to blood, to death,
the cause of truth maintain'd?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
forgotten or disdain'd?

7 My son, saith he, with patient mind
endure the chast'ning rod;
Believe, when by afflictions try'd,
that thou art lov'd by God.
8 His children thus most dear to him,
their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
of sorrows and of pains.

9 We know he owns us for his sons,
when we correction share;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
without our Father's care.
10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
on earth have often heard;
The Father of our spirits now
demands the same regard.

11 Parents may err; but he is wise,
nor lifts the rod in vain;
His chast'nings serve to cure the soul
by salutary pain.
12 Affliction, when it spreads around,
may seem a field of woe;
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
of righteousness shall grow.

13 Then let our hearts no more despond,
our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
his wisdom still adore.

LX. HEB. xiii. 20, 21.

1 FATHER of peace, and God of love!
we own thy pow'r to save,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
victorious o'er the grave.
2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
when, by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
th' eternal cov'nant stood.

3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
and mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
but keep thy precepts still;
4 That to perfection's sacred height
we nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
be pleasing in thine eyes.

LXI. 1 PETER i. 3—5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
the Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his majesty ador'd.
2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
and call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
that they should never die.

3 To an inheritance divine
he taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
unfading in the skies.
4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
till the salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here;
but Christ shall call us home.

LXII. 2 PETER iii. 3—14.

1 LO! in the last of days behold
a faithless race arise;
Their lawless lust their only rule;
and thus the scoffer cries;
2 Where is the promise, deem'd so true,
that spoke the Saviour near;
E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
no change has reach'd our ear.

3 Years roll'd on years successive glide,
since first the world began,
And on the tide of time still floats,
secure, the bark of man.
4 Thus speaks the scoffer; but his words
conceal the truth he knows,
That from the waters' dark abyss
the earth at first arose.

5 But when the sons of men began
with one consent to stray,
At Heav'n's command a deluge swept
the godless race away.
6 A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
for Nature's trembling frame;
Soon shall her orbs be all enwrapt
in one devouring flame.

7 Reserv'd are sinners for the hour
when to the gulf below,
Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign pow'r,
the Judge consigns his foe.
8 Tho' now, ye just! the time appears
protracted, dark, unknown,
An hour, a day, a thousand years,
to heav'n's great Lord are one.

9 Still all may share his sov'reign grace,
in ev'ry change secure;
The meek, the suppliant contrite race,
shall find his mercy sure.
10 The contrite race he counts his friends,
forbids the suppliant's fall;
Condemns reluctant, but extends
the hope of grace to all.

11 Yet as the night-wrapp'd thief who lurks
to seize th' expected prize,
Thus steals the hour when Christ shall come,
and thunder rend the skies.
12 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,
the heav'ns shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame
at Nature's final day.

13 Since all this frame of things must end,
as Heav'n has so decreed,
How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
and watch o'er ev'ry deed.
14 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
when, Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
where sin is known no more.

LXIII. 1 JOHN iii. 1—4.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
the Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
to call us sons of God!
2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
by this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
ev'n God's eternal Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess;
but higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
is hid from mortal eyes:
4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,
shall bear his image bright;
For all his glory, full disclos'd,
shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great, and so divine,
may trials well endure;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
as Christ himself is pure.

LXIV. REV. i. 5—9.

1 TO him that lov'd the souls of men,
and wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
and made us priests to God;
2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
and ev'ry heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
and nobler songs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
his saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
in anguish and dismay.
4 I am the First, and I the Last;
time centres all in me;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
and evermore shall be.

LXV. REV. v. 6, to the end.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
and songs before unknown.

2 Lo! elders worship at his feet;
the church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
and harps of sweetest sound.

3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints,
these sounds the hymns they raise;
God bends his ear to their requests,
he loves to hear their praise.
4 Who shall the Father's record search,
and hidden things reveal?
Behold the Son that record takes,
and opens ev'ry seal!

5 Hark how th' adoring hosts above
with songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;
but all their hearts are one.
6 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
to be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
for he was slain for us.

7 To him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,
and endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
for ever on his head!
8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,
and set the pris'ners free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
and we shall reign with thee.

9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
thou brought'st thy chosen race;
And distant lands and isles have shar'd
the riches of thy grace.
10 Let all that dwell above the sky,
or on the earth below,
With fields, and floods, and ocean's shores,
to thee their homage show.

11 To Him who sits upon the throne,
the God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
be glory evermore.

LXVI. REV. vii. 13, to the end.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
of everlasting day?
2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
the glories of the sky.
4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
with glad hosannahs ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
diffuse eternal day.
6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
and all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

LXVII. REV. xxi. 1—9.

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
to our admiring eyes!
The former seas have pass'd away,
the former earth and skies.
2 From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
all worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at last renew'd,
and paradise restor'd!

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
and the bright armies sing;
Mortals! behold the sacred seat
of your descending King!
4 The God of glory down to men
removes his bless'd abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
and he his people's God.

5 His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
from ev'ry weeping eye:
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
and death itself, shall die.
6 Behold, I change all human things!
saith he, whose words are true;
Lo! what was old is pass'd away,
and all things are made new!

7 I am the First, and I the Last,
through endless years the same;
I AM, is my memorial still,
and my eternal name.
8 Ho! ye that thirst! to you my grace
shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the sacred spring,
whence life for ever flows.

9 Bless'd is the man that overcomes;
I'll own him for a son;
A rich inheritance rewards
the conquests he hath won.
10 But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
and all the lying race,
The faithless and the scoffing crew,
who spurn at offer'd grace;

11 They, seiz'd by justice, shall be doom'd
in dark abyss to lie,
And in the fiery burning lake
the second death shall die.
12 O may we stand before the Lamb,
when earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
with blessings on our head!

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
my rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
in wonder, love, and praise.
2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
the gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
but Thou canst read it there.

3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
and all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
and hung upon the breast.
4 To all my weak complaints and cries
thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
to form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
from whom these comforts flow'd.
6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
with heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
and led me up to man:

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
it gently clear'd my way; [deaths,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
more to be fear'd than they.
8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
with health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
hath doubled all my store.
10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
that tastes these gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life
thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
resume the glorious theme.
12 When nature fails, and day and night
divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity to thee
a joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
to utter all thy praise.

HYMN II.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangl'd heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
2 Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN III.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
o'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
2 If yet while pardon may be found,
and mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
and trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand dis-
in majesty severe, [clos'd
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
who doth her sins lament,
That timely grief for errors past
shall future woe prevent.

5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
to give those sorrows weight.
6 For never shall my soul despair
of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
thy justice to atone.

HYMN IV.

1 BLEST morning! whose first dawning rays
beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
and leave his dark abode.
2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
the great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
the third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force
to hold our Lord in vain;
Sudden the Conqueror arose,
and burst their feeble chain.
4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord!
we sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
the triumphs of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
to our victorious King!
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
with glad hosannahs ring.
6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
and shall be evermore.

HYMN V.

1 THE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home:
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
6 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

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